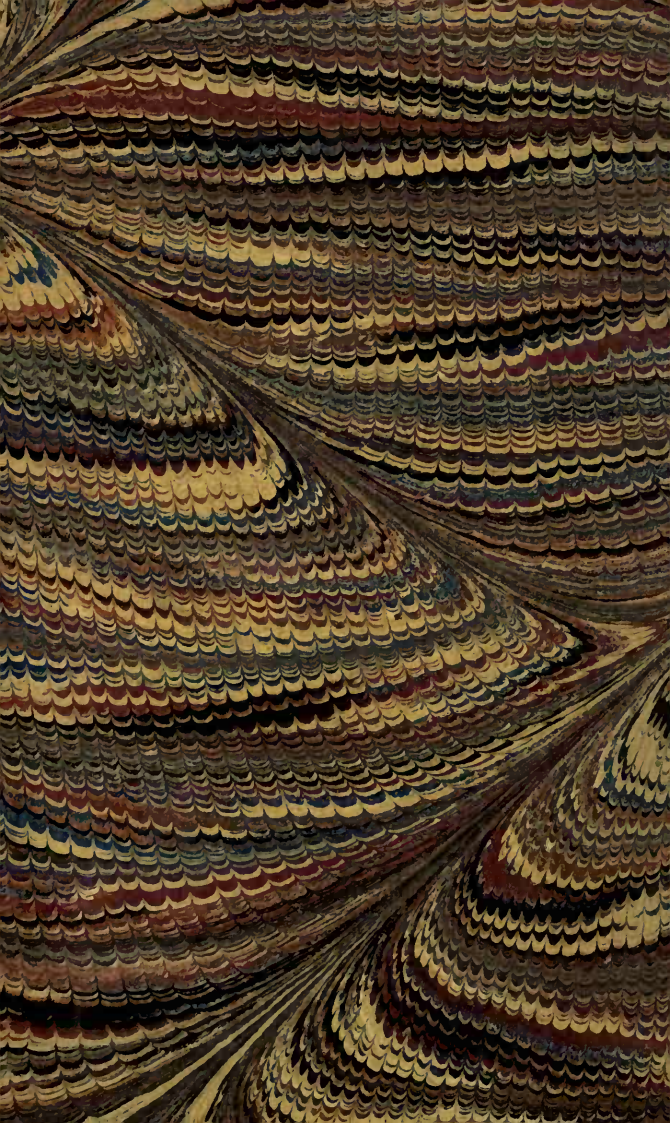
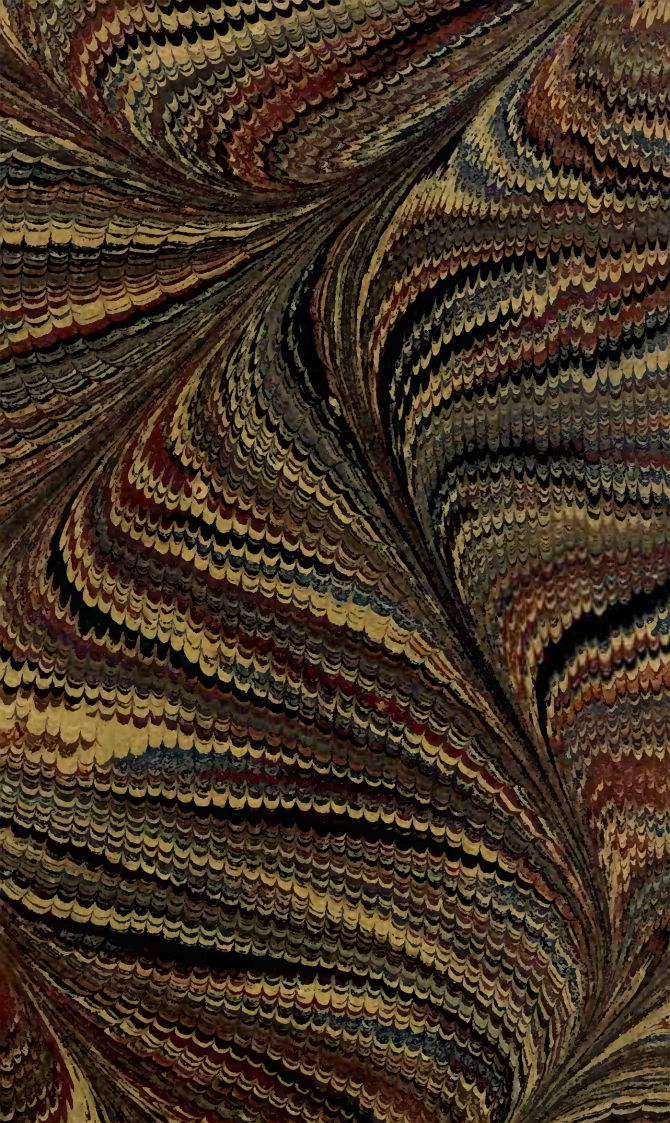


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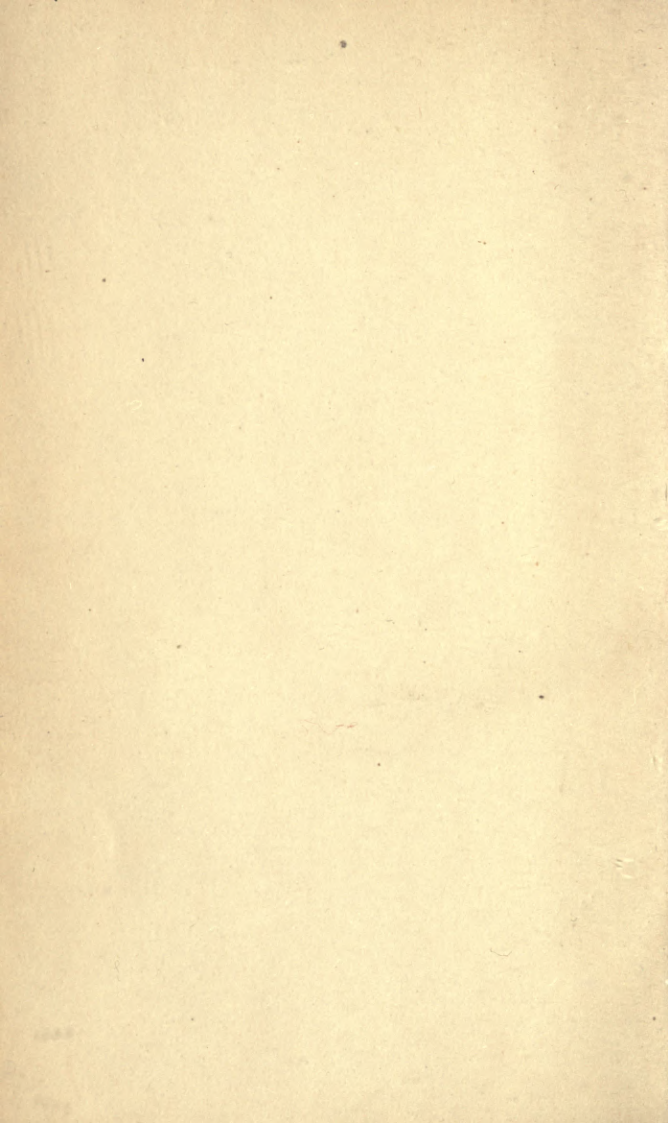


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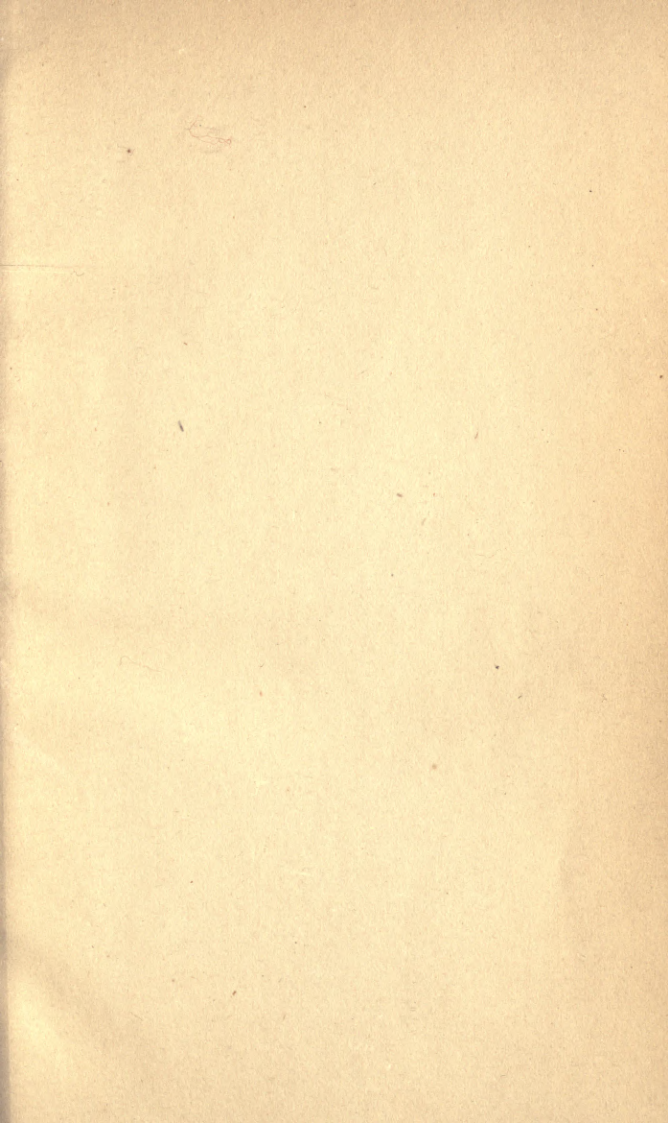




















*Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyll*

OBITU 1661.

= Lawson, John Parker =

# HISTORICAL TALES

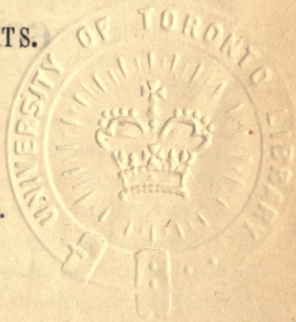
OF THE

## WARS OF SCOTLAND,

AND OF THE

BORDER RAIDS, FORAYS, AND  
CONFLICTS.

VOL. I.



EDINBURGH, LONDON, AND DUBLIN:  
A. FULLARTON & CO.

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## PREFACE.

THE present Work consists of a series of *Historiettes*, or Narratives connected with Scottish History, which, it is hoped, will not be deemed uninteresting to the experienced reader; while to young persons, and those of mature age, who have not access to many books, or leisure to peruse them, it will supply them with much valuable information concerning the several localities with which they are acquainted. These HISTORICAL TALES are constructed on the same principle as Sir Walter Scott's "TALES OF A GRANDFATHER," differing only in this circumstance, that, as every Narrative is complete, no chronological arrangement is followed. This may be alleged as injudicious by some readers, but the plan was adopted to combine variety with agreeable information. The Work pretends to nothing new, nor does it interfere with any of the existing Histories of Scotland; and as it is designed for general use, the great object is to condense the substance of many large and valuable volumes in a convenient compass, the whole being carefully selected and compiled from the most authentic Histories, Chronicles, Diaries, and original MSS. preserved in the public Libraries and in

private Collections. These Narratives are designated **HISTORICAL TALES**, for the same reason that Sir Walter Scott calls his History of Scotland, for such it is on a small scale, **TALES OF A GRANDFATHER**. There is neither fiction nor romance introduced, and the Authorities are laid before the reader at the commencement of each Narrative.

Although the leading subject of the Work is Tales of the Scottish Wars, and of those on the Continent under the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and other Sovereigns, in which Scotsmen were engaged, numerous individual anecdotes, private encounters, and biographical sketches, are introduced. While the wars with the English, the battles of Wallace and of Bruce, and the exploits of the great Montrose, are prominently brought forward, the Border Raids, Forays, and Conflicts, the chivalrous inroads into the Lowlands of the indomitable Highland Clans, and their mutual battles, encounters, and attacks, are not omitted. On the whole, it is humbly hoped that the Work will be received with favour by the Public, as much on account of its cheapness as of any merits it may possess.

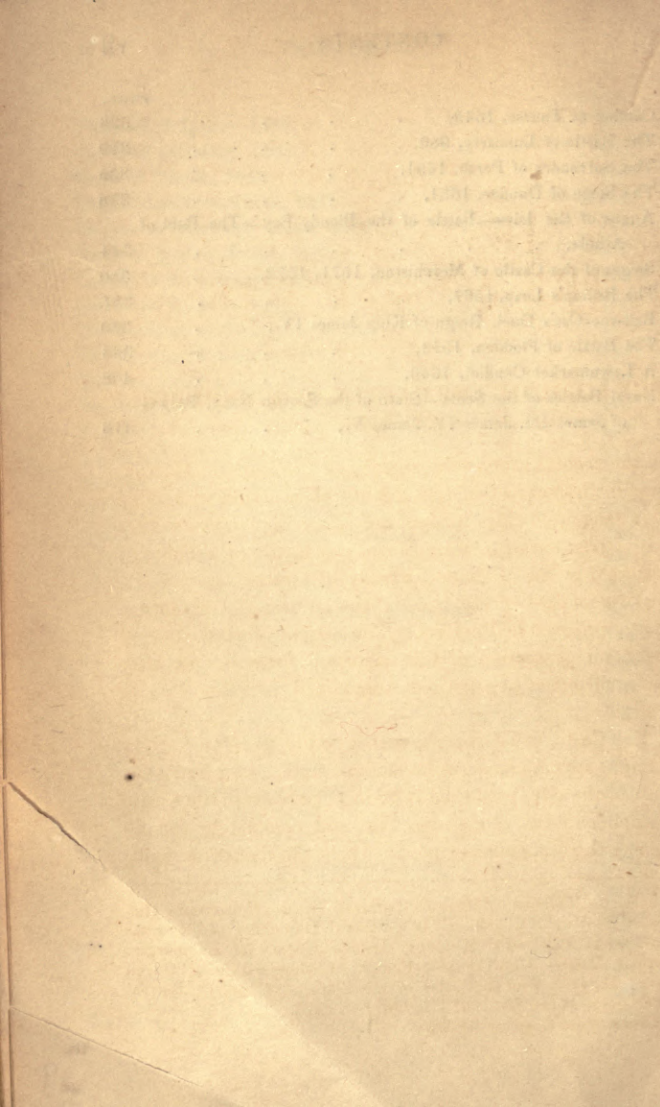
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# TALES

OF

## THE SCOTISH WARS.

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### THE SIEGE OF THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH.\* A.D. 1573.

IN the second year of the regency of the Earl of Morton, the fourth and last of the regents of Scotland who filled that dangerous office in the brief space of five years after the deposition of Queen Mary, the Castle of Edinburgh was held by Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, one of the bravest soldiers of his time, in the interest of the Queen, then a prisoner in England. The Regent Morton resolved to obtain possession of this important fortress, and, after various fruitless negotiations, summoned Kirkaldy to surrender.

The Castle of Edinburgh, at that period, presented a very different appearance from its modern state. In a bird's-eye view of the city, published in 1575,† the walls of the Castle are delineated as almost circular, and completely encompassing the stupendous rock on which the fortress is built.

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\* *Scotia Rediviva*; *Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*; *Robertson's History of Scotland*; *Chambers' Biographical Dictionary of Illustrious Scotsmen*; *Maitland's History*; *Arnot's History of Edinburgh*; *Birrell's Diary*; *Churchyard's Poems*; *Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary*; *Dalyell's Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*; *Journal of the Siege of the Castle of Edinburgh in 1573.*

† *Theatre des Cités du Monde.*

Towers are represented as strengthening, at intervals, the walls ; on the highest part of the rock is a series of buildings, almost square, part of which forms the present range, in which are Queen Mary's apartments, the rooms for the Regalia, and other conveniences ; and near the half-moon battery stood a tall pile, inhabited by the soldiers of the garrison. The entrance to the fortress was much the same as at present, though destitute of the batteries and guard-houses ; and a lofty wall opposed itself to the city. An Italian artist represents the castle very nearly in the same manner in 1580.

Kirkaldy of Grange had been appointed governor of the castle by the Regent Moray, when he was opposed to the supporters of Queen Mary ; but after the assassination of that nobleman at Linlithgow, he declared in favour of the Queen's party, and kept possession of the fortress, in defiance of the succeeding regents, Lennox, Mar, and Morton, in the hope of receiving aid from France, and especially from the celebrated Duke of Alva. He had been abandoned by all his associates, except Lord Home, the Bishop of Dunkeld, Maitland of Lethington, and his own brother ; yet, although the whole of Scotland had submitted to the authority of Morton, in the name of James VI. he resolved to hold out, and to wait the arrival of the promised succours. To the summons of Morton to surrender, Kirkaldy answered in language of bold and obstinate defiance, reminding the regent of sundry events in his past life which could not fail to exasperate him, and exhorting him to return to his allegiance as a subject of the Queen. John Knox, who knew Kirkaldy when he was one of the intrepid defenders of the Reformation, and still loved him, though he lamented what he considered his apostacy, sent him a message, characteristic of the political sagacity of that extraordinary man. " His soul is dear to me," said Knox, " and I would not willingly see it perish. Go, and tell him from me

that if he persists in his folly, neither that crag in which he miserably confides, nor the carnal wit of that man [Maitland] whom he counts a demi-god, shall save him; but he shall be dragged forth, and hanged in the face of the sun." Kirkaldy returned a contemptuous answer, dictated by Maitland; but he afterwards with tears, when Knox was in the grave, remembered this warning, which he had received nearly two years before.

In 1572, Kirkaldy had greatly exasperated the citizens against him by firing upon the town, and killing a number of the inhabitants, as well as of Morton's soldiers. Towards the end of that year, a truce had been agreed upon between him and the Regent till the first of January; and during the cessation of hostilities, the latter erected two bulwarks across the Lawnmarket to protect the city from the canons of the Castle. The day of the truce had no sooner expired, than Grange commenced a furious cannonade from the Castle. His artillery was chiefly directed against the Fishmarket, then recently erected in what is now called the Old Fishmarket Close; and the bullets, lighting among the numerous baskets of fish exposed for sale, scattered them about the streets, and, according to Arnot, beat some of them so high, that even the tops of the houses received them in their fall. This induced a number of persons to run into the streets; and the poor, thinking it a favourable opportunity of procuring a gratuitous supply of fish, ran to gather them, regardless of the danger to which they were exposed. While thus engaged in appropriating to themselves the scattered contents of numerous creels and baskets, a bullet fell among them, by which five were killed, and about twenty dangerously wounded. This accident increased the odium of the citizens against Kirkaldy, which was aggravated by his proceedings some days afterwards. On a stormy night he ordered his artillery to be directed against some houses, chiefly covered with thatch,

at the end of the West Port. The houses took fire, the boisterous wind spread the flames, yet Kirkaldy persisted in his cannonade, to prevent any persons assisting to extinguish them.

Morton, having formed a treaty with the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, the powerful family of Hamilton, and other leaders of the Queen's party, from the mutual benefits of which Kirkaldy was excluded, now solicited the assistance of Queen Elizabeth to reduce the Castle. The Regent was in want of everything requisite for a siege, but Kirkaldy was in no better condition for defence. He was amply supplied with powder and ammunition, but his provisions were limited, and the water of the garrison was liable to be stopped. This, in fact, had been partially done. At the foot of the perpendicular rock of the Castle, on the north side, are still the ruins of the *Well-House Tower*, in which there is a spring of excellent water, and which afforded, in ancient times, a supply for the garrison. The soldiers of Kirkaldy exerted themselves to defend this important well, and erected a bulwark to protect it; but the besiegers at length obtained possession of it, though not without several bloody skirmishes and considerable loss. In addition to this mortification, Kirkaldy was discouraged by the seizure of a considerable sum of money, being one year's rent of Queen Mary's dowry, remitted to him from France, and entrusted to the care of James Kirkaldy, his brother. Finding it impossible to approach near the Castle, as all access to it and to the city were vigilantly guarded, this gentleman landed at Blackness. The governor of that fortress had been in the interest of the Queen, but finding his party declining, he made his peace with Morton by surrendering Blackness, in which was Sir James Kirkaldy, with his treasure.

Sir William Drury, governor of Berwick, who had made a "raid" into Scotland in 1570, was ordered to march to the assistance of the Regent Morton at the head of 1200



men and a considerable train of artillery. It ought to be noticed that Sir William Drury had been sent from Berwick to Edinburgh, some weeks before the siege, on some feigned business. He was most imprudently allowed by Kirkaldy to enter the Castle as if from curiosity, and he saw the nature of its defences and the points of attack—which accounts for the skill exhibited by the besiegers in planting their batteries. Having joined the forces of the Regent Morton, the trenches were opened, and approaches were regularly carried on against the fortress on the 25th of April. On the 2d of May the batteries were completed, and five pieces of artillery placed on each—one battery on the Castle Hill, one in the Greyfriars churchyard, one at the West Port, and one beyond the North Loch. These batteries were designated after the names of their respective commanders—King's Mount, Drury's Mount, Lee's Mount, Carey's Mount, and Sutton's Mount.

Those batteries did such effectual execution against the Castle, that three towers were demolished on the second day after, as Birrell states, they “began to shoute.” Kirkaldy, excited by despair, continued to defend himself with great bravery. He resisted the repeated attacks of the besiegers thirty-three days, and it is quaintly said of him, that “he would not give over, but shot at them continually both with great shot and small, so that there was a very great slaughter among the English cannoneers, sundries of them having their legs and arms torn from their bodies in the air by the violence of the great shot.” The besiegers, nevertheless, continued to push their attacks with courage and determination, for Elizabeth, who felt that her influence in Scotland was insecure as long as the Castle remained in hostile hands, had resolved, as her secretary Walsingham expresses it, *to pull the garrison out by the ears.*

But the bravery of Kirkaldy was unavailing, and indeed

it was scarcely to be expected, that a governor and a garrison could withstand a commander who had been allowed to examine their defences. There was a fortification called the *Spur*, a building of great strength, and very imperfectly manned, taken by storm, with the loss of eight men killed, and twenty-three wounded. A tower, called *David's Tower*, probably after David I., whose gardens lay at the north base of the Castle rock, and which this tower overlooked, was completely demolished; trenches were raised upon the east side which prevented any ingress or egress from the fortress; the gates were choked up with rubbish; and, to add to the distress of the garrison, their provisions were not only nearly exhausted, but one of the wells had dried up, and the other was filled with the crumbling walls, so that their supply of water was stopped. Yet, even under these disastrous circumstances, the spirit of Kirkaldy was not subdued, and he would have fallen gloriously behind his last intrenchment rather than have yielded to his enemies, but his garrison were not animated by the same enthusiasm, and threatened to mutiny if he did not capitulate.

It was indeed impossible to attempt any farther resistance. The fortifications were destroyed, the walls battered down, and the sufferings which the garrison endured for want of water and other necessities were great. A truce was in consequence demanded, and Kirkaldy requested a conference with Sir William Drury. He was let over the wall by ropes, along with Sir Robert Melville—a safe-conduct having been given, and held an interview with the English commander near the battery erected in the Lawnmarket. Drury, who was intimately acquainted with Kirkaldy, after extolling his bravery and his gallant defence, seriously advised him to surrender, as it was impossible for him to benefit by the foreign assistance he expected, on account of the whole coast being vigilantly

guarded. Kirkaldy readily acquiesced in Sir William Drury's statements, and offered to surrender on the conditions that their lives and fortunes would be secured—that Lord Home and Maitland of Lethington would be permitted to retire to England—and that he was to be allowed to accompany them, or to stay in Scotland, as he pleased—and, above all, that he and his friends were to be protected from the revenge of the insidious and arbitrary Regent.

These conditions were refused through the influence of Morton, who said that he could get Kirkaldy into his power without any stipulations. He was well aware of the state of the garrison from the report of two gentlemen, Colville of Cleish and his brother, whom he had sent to the Castle under the pretence of proposing an agreement, but in reality to ascertain the state of the fortress, and to excite the soldiers to mutiny, or to effect their escape, in which they were partially successful. Kirkaldy returned to the fortress with the intention of burying himself under its ruins; but the garrison refused to hazard a new assault, and in case of another attack by the besiegers, they even threatened to hang Maitland of Lethington over the walls, regarding him as the cause of their sufferings occasioned by the protracted defence.

Under these circumstances, nothing remained but an unconditional surrender, yet Kirkaldy, with all the enthusiasm of a Scotsman, could not endure the thought of delivering the fortress to an Englishman. He sent a private message to two gentlemen of Morton's troops, requesting them to appear with a party between the English battery and the Castle, and to them he surrendered the fortress, while he personally submitted to Drury, who had promised, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, that he would be favourably treated. Along with Kirkaldy were taken prisoners Lord Home and the gentlemen already mentioned—his brother,

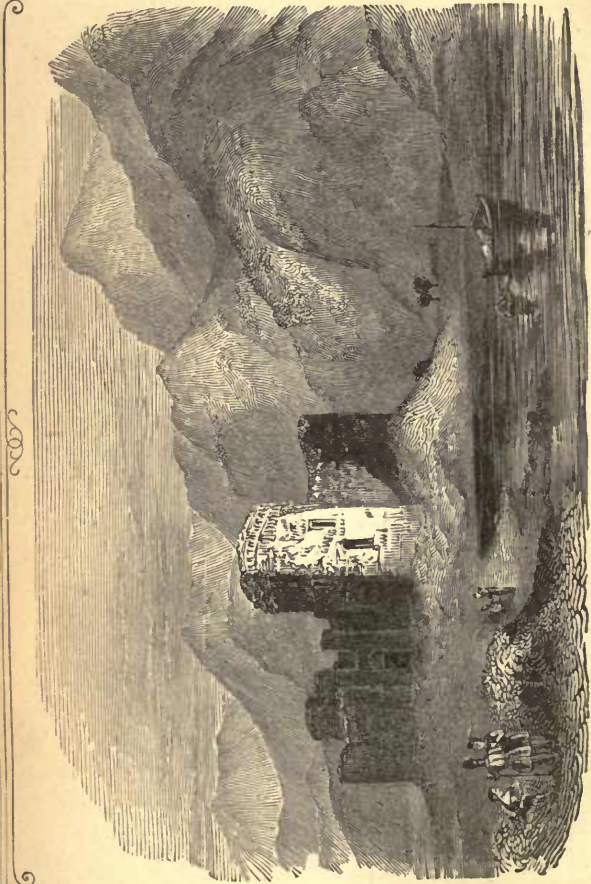
Sir James Kirkaldy, Sir Robert Melville, Maitland of Lethington, some citizens of Edinburgh, and about one hundred and sixty soldiers. It is said that after the Castle was surrendered some of the English troops entered it by a breach on the east side, that they might give out that they had won the fortress, but this was an empty boast, as it was not under the command of the Regent's brother, who would not even allow them to enter in any considerable number. The Castle of Edinburgh thus capitulated on the 29th of May 1573; but so odious had the garrison rendered themselves to the citizens by the losses their obstinate defence had occasioned, that it was necessary to procure an escort of English soldiers to protect them from violence.

The promise given to Kirkaldy was shamefully violated. Three days after the capitulation he and his companions were made prisoners. Maitland of Lethington escaped public execution by dying suddenly at Leith, which is supposed to have been caused by poison, to "prevent his coming to the shambles with the rest." A different fate awaited the brave and generous Sir William Kirkaldy and some of his associates. They at first remained in the custody of Drury, who treated them with the utmost kindness till the pleasure of Elizabeth was known, whose prisoners they were. But the Regent Morton, who had from the first resolved to destroy them, insisted that they should suffer the punishment merited by their obstinacy, declaring that his person and authority were not secure so long as they were allowed to live, and Elizabeth, without regard to the promise of Drury, placed them in his power. Overwhelmed with shame and sorrow at such perfidy, Drury retired from the command of Berwick.

Morton confined Kirkaldy and his associates in separate prisons, and at last procured the consent of Elizabeth for the execution of the unfortunate governor and his brother. On the 3d of August 1573, Kirkaldy, his brother and two







INVERLOCHY CASTLE.

citizens of Edinburgh named Mossman and Leckie, were hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, and their heads were placed on the most prominent places of the Castle walls. Such was the ignominious end of one of the bravest of Scottish knights. "This gallant gentleman," says Sir James Melville, "perished for being too little ambitious and greedy: but so soon as the King's Majesty came to perfect age, and understood how matters had gone during his minority, he caused to restore the heirs of the said Laird of Grange, whom he said was put to death contrary to the appointment made with the governor of Berwick, and also ordered his bones to be taken up and buried honourably in the ancient burial place of his predecessor at Kinghorn." As for Lord Home, the Regent "durst not meddle with him, he standing in awe of Alexander Home of Manderston, the Laird of Cowdenknows, and the rest of that name;" and Sir James Melville informs us that the life of his own brother, Sir Robert, was spared at the special request of the English ambassador. No other of the prisoners were put to death.

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## BATTLE AT INVERLOCHY—TALE OF OMERON CAMERON.\*

A.D. 1431.

THE turbulent and disorderly state of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland occupied the attention of James I., and, after concluding a truce with England in 1431, he turned his attention to these celebrated and remarkable

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\* Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Buchanan's History; Tytler's History; Wood's edition of Douglas Peerage; Note in Currie's edition of Burns' Works.

districts. The Lords of the Isles were then in their glory and maintained a dignity, importance, and independence, often rivalling that of the sovereign, and often opposed to his authority. One of these numerous battles between the Crown of Scotland and those fierce Island chiefs occurred in 1431. Donald Balloch, a near relation of the then potent Lord of the Isles, enraged at what he considered the pusillanimity of the chief in submitting to the King's authority, collected an army in the Hebrides, and, disembarking in Lochaber, ravaged that district in the most relentless manner. To check his ferocity, and defend the western coast, Allan, Earl of Caithness, and Alexander, Earl of Mar, marched with a considerable force, and met the Island warrior at the ancient Castle of Inverlochy, near Fort-William, in the county of Inverness.

A bloody conflict ensued, in which the royal troops were completely defeated. Such was the fury of the attack, that the superior discipline of the Lowlanders gave way before the battle-axes and broadswords of the men of the isles. The Earl of Caithness was slain, sixteen of his personal attendants, and many barons and knights, were left dead on the field, while the army was almost annihilated. The Earl of Mar escaped with the utmost difficulty, and was compelled to betake himself to the mountain fastnesses of the district, for safety and protection.

Few particulars of this battle are recorded by the Scottish historians beyond the fact itself, and the results. Buchanan merely says of it that the Hebridean leader "having been informed that his opponents were straggling disorderly, and without encamping regularly, or setting watches, silently landed his men during the night, attacked them unexpectedly, and made a great slaughter." But the battle is chiefly remarkable for a beautiful and romantic

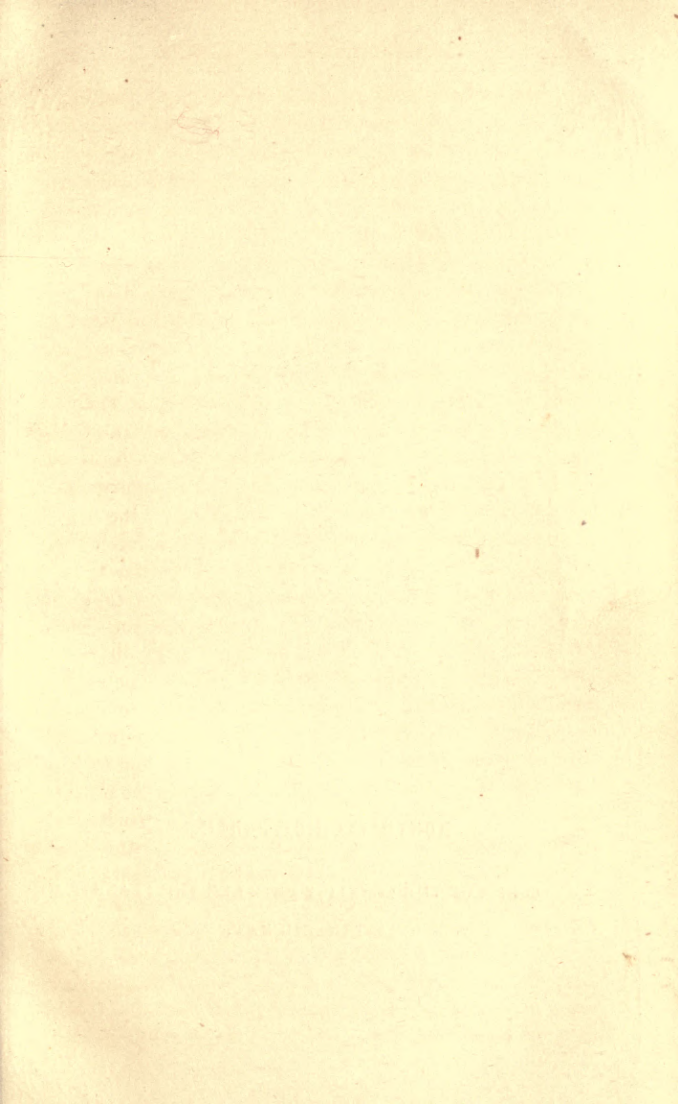


traditionary story, which of itself might be made the subject of an interesting imaginative tale. The Earl of Mar escaped in the dark without any attendants, and in the course of his flight came to the hut of a poor Highlander named Omeron Cameron. The Highlander was ignorant of the rank of his visitor, but received him with the utmost kindness. There happened to be no provisions in the hut, and, on discovering the state of his larder, he told his wife that he had resolved to kill the *maol-odhar*, or *brown humble cow*, to provide food for the stranger. "What!" exclaimed his wife, "Kill our only cow, our own and our little children's principal support?" Omeron, however, was deaf to her remonstrances, and resolved to observe the rights of hospitality, regardless of the future exigencies of his family. He killed the cow; the tenderest parts of the animal were roasted, and abundance of *innirich*, or Highland soup, was prepared to conclude the repast. The whole family and their guest ate heartily, and the time was spent in singing and in telling tales before a cheerful fire. The Earl forgot, in this humble Highland cot, his disasters, and even that he was liable every moment to be discovered and put to death by the victorious Islandmen—a fate which his kind entertainer and his family would also encounter. When it became necessary to retire to rest, Omeron brushed the hearth, spread the hide of the cow over it, and desired the Earl to lie down. The Earl wrapped his plaid about him, and slept soundly on the hide, and Omeron's family betook themselves to a corner in the same apartment.

On the following morning, after a hearty repast, the Earl prepared to depart, and he asked Omeron Cameron if he knew whom he had sheltered and entertained. "You are probably," said the poor Highlander, "one of the King's officers; but, whoever you may be, you came here in distress, and here it was my duty to protect you.

To what my cot has afforded, you are most welcome." "Your guest," replied the Earl, "is the Earl of Mar, and if hereafter you fall into any misfortune, fail not to come to the Castle of Kildrummy." "My blessing be with you, noble stranger," said Cameron, "and if ever I am in distress you shall soon see me."

The royal army was soon reinforced, and the MacDonalds, finding it hazardous to attempt a second encounter, withdrew to their insular retreats. Donald Balloch, their leader, fled to Ireland, to avoid the vengeance which he was certain would be awarded to him. But, before they left Lochaber, they got notice that Omeron Cameron had sheltered the Earl of Mar, and this poor Highland Eumæus was compelled by them to leave his native district. Omeron remembered the Earl's invitation, and, with his wife and family, made his way to the Castle of Kildrummy, in the Braemar district of Aberdeenshire, which was then the principal residence of the Mar family. The Highlander, poor and fatigued, appeared at the gate of the baronial castle with his wife and little ones, and demanded admittance with a confidence which ill corresponded with his dress and obvious condition. The keeper informed him rudely that the Earl was at dinner, and could on no account be disturbed. When Omeron found this Cerberus inexorable, deaf to all his entreaties, and ridiculing his story of the Earl's invitation as a fable, he became clamorous and indignant. His arrival was at length announced to the Earl, who, when he heard it, started from his seat, and exclaimed in a kind of poetical stanza—"I was a night in his house, and fared most plentifully, but naked of clothes was my bed. Omeron of Breugach is an excellent fellow!" Omeron was introduced to the assembled guests and retainers in the great hall of the castle, and was received with the welcome he deserved. When the Earl of Mar was informed of the treatment he had re-





**NORTH INCH OF PERTH.**

**SCENE OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CLANS  
CHATTAN AND KAY.**



ceived, ne gave him a "four merk" piece of ground near Kildrummy Castle, and it is said that there are still in that neighbourhood a number of the descendants of Omeron Cameron, though the castle and estate have passed from the family of its ancient proprietor.

The Earl of Mar, of whom this traditionary story is told, was Alexander Stuart, illegitimate son of Alexander, Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert II. His first public appearance was at the head of a band of robbers in the Highlands, and, having cast his eyes on Isabella Mar, Countess of Mar in her own right, he stormed her Castle of Kildrummy, and either by violence or persuasion he prevailed with her to marry him. It appears from the subsequent conduct of the Countess that she had no great aversion to him. The Earl died without issue in 1435. His colleague, the Earl of Caithness, who fell in the conflict at Inverlochy, was Allan Stuart, the second son of Walter Stuart, Earl of Atholl, second son of King Robert II., by his queen Euphemia Ross.

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### CONFLICT BETWEEN THE CLAN CHATTAN AND THE CLAN KAY ON THE NORTH INCH OF PERTH.\*

- A.D. 1396.

PERTH, popularly and most appropriately called the *Fair City*, has been the scene of many remarkable transactions, and is one of the most celebrated, as it is one of the most beautiful, cities in Scotland. If in modern times the regu-

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\* Memorabilia of Perth; Adamson's Muses Threnodie; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Morrison's History of Perth; Notes to the Fair Maid of Perth, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

larity of its streets, the beauty of its buildings, the enterprising spirit of its citizens, and its delightful situation, make it the admiration of every visitor, it was no less so some centuries ago, when its appearance was widely different—when its numerous and magnificent religious establishments and many splendid baronial mansions proclaimed it the favourite residence and locality of kings, nobles, and ecclesiastics of every rank. These edifices have been long swept away, but Perth is still the “*Fair City*,” surrounded by romantic hills, with towering mountains in the backgrounds, encompassed by fine plantations, flanked on the north and south by its extensive and verdant commons called *Inches*, and watered by the noble river Tay.

In the reign of Robert III. Perth was a walled city, as it was indeed long before and after that period, and the North and South Inches were the scenes of frequent combats. It was on the former of these fine plains, laved by the Tay, that a singular conflict took place between two clans of “wild Scottes,” as Winton designates them, or two clans of “Irmen,” according to Boece, in the presence of King Robert III. and a vast assemblance of spectators. The contending parties were the Clan *Chattan* and the Clan *Kay*. The former were the Macintoshes, but it is not agreed who are indicated by the Clan Kay. Some allege that they were the Mackays, but to this opinion there are various objections. The Clan Kay were followers of the Cumins, thus distinguishing them from the Mackays, who were always a numerous and independent clan. Mr Robert Mackay, in his “History of the House and Clan of Mackay,” follows the authority of Douglas in his Baronage, and maintains that the Clan Kay were Camerons, and the names by which they are distinguished by some of the old writers of this conflict—*Clanquhele* and *Clanweill*, or *Clanhewyll*, make it not probable that these are mere corruptions of *Clan Lochiel*, or Cameron, a name signifying *wry nose*, which

they obtained in more recent times from a blemish in the physiognomy of a heroic chief of the race of Lochiel; for about the period in question they appear to have been often designated *Macewans*. Sir Walter Scott, in his Notes to the "Fair Maid of Perth," inclines to the belief that the Mackays had no part in the Transaction. "The Mackays," he says, "were in that age seated, as they have since continued to be, in the extreme north of the island; and their chief at the time was a personage of such importance that his name and proper designation could not have been omitted in the early narratives of the occurrence. He, on one occasion, brought four thousand of his clan to the aid of the royal banner against the Lord of the Isles."

The conflict of the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, which was much on the principle of the Horatii and Curiatii in Roman history, is the more interesting on account of the romantic narrative interwoven with the story of the "Fair Maid of Perth." Sir Walter Scott says—"Two features of the story of this barrier battle on the Inch of Perth, the flight of one of the appointed champions, and the reckless heroism of a townsman that voluntarily offered, for a small piece of coin, to supply his place in the mortal encounter, suggested the imaginary persons on whom much of the novel is expended." The common tradition is, that the two clans had become notorious for their bitter feuds and ferocious hostility towards each other, which could neither be decided by equity nor reconciled by friends. The Earls of Crawford and Moray were sent by Robert III., at the head of a considerable force, to reduce them to obedience, or to adjust their quarrels. Aware that they would have great difficulty in subduing two fierce septs, who despised death, and who would probably unite for the time against the royal army, those noblemen resolved to accomplish by policy what might have been hazardous to attempt by force. They addressed the rival chiefs sepa-

rately, and after urging a variety of arguments, they submitted to them a method of adjusting their feuds, and putting a stop to bloodshed, neither dishonourable to themselves nor disagreeable to the King. This was that thirty combatants, selected from the Clan Chattan, otherwise Macintoshes, and thirty from the Clan Kay, armed with swords only, should decide the contention in presence of the King, the vanquished to have a free pardon for all past offences, and the victors to be suitably rewarded.

The proposal was accepted, a day was appointed for the combat, and the North Inch of Perth was named as the scene. On the day fixed, an immense number of spectators assembled at Perth, where an arena had been prepared for the contending parties, surrounded by a deep trench, and seats were constructed for the accommodation of the spectators. The specified number made their appearance under their respective chiefs, dressed in the half naked costume of their country. The scene was altogether singular, without being overcoloured or exaggerated by the florid additions of Boece and Leslie, or the speeches which Buchanan makes the contending savages to utter, after the most approved style and manner of Livy.

The gardens of the Dominicans, which at that time surrounded the monastery of that religious order, were of great extent, and part of them immediately adjoined the North Inch, covering all that space of ground now occupied by the fine buildings of Athole Place, the Crescent, and Rose Terrace. On a part of these grounds, overlooking the North Inch, and probably near the south end of Rose Terrace, stood a richly-decorated summer-house, called the *Gilten Arbour*, from the balconies of which King Robert is said to have witnessed the conflict. The judges were seated near the scene of strife. When the combatants on each side appeared and were ready to engage, it was discovered that one of the Macintoshes had withdrawn himself through

fear, or some other cause—at least one was amissing of the thirty men selected from the Clan Chattan. This accident delayed the encounter, and it was not decided in what manner to adjust the matter, when a common tradesman, belonging to Perth, named Henry Wynd, or Hal of the Wynd, still popularly called the *Gow Chrom*, or the *Bandy-legged smith of St Johnston*, offered to supply the place of the absent Mackintosh for half a French dollar of gold. The terms were accepted, and by the addition of this stranger, who had no earthly interest in the dispute, the number of the Clan Chattan was complete.

The two parties now stood, drawn up against each other, armed with swords only, when the signal was given by sound of trumpet, and they rushed impetuously to the mortal combat. The ferocious Highlanders, excited by ancient resentments, and animated by the honours and advantages proposed to the victors, assailed each other with redoubled fury; and the horror of the spectators was increased by witnessing the unsightly wounds, gashes, and torn limbs, aggravated by savage yells and exclamations of triumph and revenge, as the combatants fell on either side. In the conflict the gallant *Gow Chrom*, Henry of the Wynd, distinguished himself in a particular manner, and nothing could resist the impetuosity of his attacks, inflicting severe wounds and death among the unfortunate Clan Kay. Twenty-nine of the combatants of that clan at length lay dead on the Inch, one only remaining, and, strange to say, unhurt; of the Clan Chattan nineteen fell, leaving ten of their number and Henry Wynd alive, but most of them were severely wounded. The survivor of the combatants belonging to the Clan Kay, seeing that it was impossible for him to offer any resistance to such fearful odds, forced his way through the spectators, threw himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and escaped—his adversaries being unable to pursue him on account of their



wounds. Henry Wynd and his surviving associates claimed the victory, to which indeed the *Gow Chrom* chiefly contributed, and originated the old proverb still extant—" *He comes in for his ain hand, as Henry Wynd fought.*"

The various designations by which Henry of the Wynd was known have called forth a host of competitors who claim to be his descendants. The ingenious historian of Perth, Mr Morrison, says—" First we have the Henry or Hendrie families, who can produce many other instances besides their own, in which a Christian name has become that of a family or tribe, from the celebrity attached to it through the great deeds of some one of their ancestors by whom it was borne. Then follow the Hals, Halls, and Halleys, among whom even some of the ancient and honourable race of the Halkets have ranged themselves. All these claims are, however, esteemed very lightly by the Wynds, who to this day pride themselves on their thews and sinews, and consider that their ancestor, being styled *Henrie Winde* by the metrical historian of the town, is of itself proof sufficient that their claim is more solid than the name would altogether imply." It appears that the Gows are also found foremost among the claimants, and that the strife should lie chiefly between them and their Saxon namesakes the *Smiths*. " It only remains," adds Mr Morrison, " to notice the pretensions of the Chroms, Crooms, Crambs, or Crombies, a name which every school-boy will associate, if not with the athletic, at least with the gymnastic exercises for which the *Gow Chrom* and the Grammar School of Perth were equally celebrated. We need scarcely add, that while the Saxon name corresponding with the word *Gow* has brought a host of competitors into the field, there has not started any claimant resting his pretensions on the quality expressed in the epithet *Chrom*, or *Bandy-legged*."

It is observed by Pinkerton, that " the modern improve-

ments or corruptions of this tale are beneath notice, and unaccountably originate with Leslie and Buchanan. There is, however, nothing fabulous in the narratives of either of those authors, except the speeches which the latter makes the contending Clans to utter; and tradition is at all times entitled to respect, or at least to attention, when it transmits nothing repugnant to probability." When the times and the ferocious habits of the Clans are considered, even the animated account of this singular conflict, though professedly imaginary in its conversational details as given by Sir Walter Scott in the tale often mentioned, may be almost received as authentic. The chanter of one of the pibrochs which "poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan," is preserved in the family of a Highland chief to this day, and is much honoured under the name of the *Federan Dhu*, or *Black Chanter*. The name of this Highland chief is Cluny Macpherson, who is in possession of this ancient trophy of the presence of his Clan on the North Inch of Perth.

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### QUEEN MARY'S SURRENDER AT CARBERRY.\*

A.D. 1567.

EVERY reader of Scottish history is familiar with the misfortunes of Queen Mary—a princess whose name is still mentioned with devoted attachment, and whose unhappy fate has occasioned for her a sympathy which will never be forgotten. The rash and unfortunate marriage of Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, after the murder of her husband,

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\* Keith's History; Goodall's Queen Mary; Calderwood's MS.; History of King James VI.; Melville's Memoirs; Spottiswoode's History; Anderson's Collections; Stuart's History of Scotland; Chalmers' Life of Mary Queen of Scots; Birrell's Diary; Knox's History; Lesley's Defence of Queen Mary.

Lord Darnley, by that unprincipled nobleman, may be said to have been the climax of her fate. When in the great hall of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, and not in the Chapel-Royal, as her marriage with Darnley had been celebrated, Mary united herself to Bothwell, whom she had created Duke of Orkney, she formed a connection the bitterness of which she soon experienced. The great object of various snares and conspiracies having been thus accomplished, a powerful confederacy was formed against her by some of those very noblemen who were not only deeply implicated in the murder of Darnley, but who had actually urged both the Queen and Bothwell to this marriage. Their chief object was to dethrone Mary, and to crown her infant son, who was not a year old, by which procedure the ambition of several of the nobility would be amply rewarded by the prospect of a long minority. Of this confederacy the leading persons were the Earls of Argyle, Athole, Morton, Mar, and Glencairn, Lords Home, Sempill, and Lindsay, Kirkaldy of Grange, whose fate is narrated in the account of the Siege of Edinburgh Castle, Murray of Tullibardine, and Maitland of Lethington. The Earl of Moray was then in France, but he was nevertheless the concealed partner in this as in other combinations, and he was eventually the real gainer, for it procured for him the regency, the great object of all his aims.

Without entering into minute details of proclamations issued by the Queen which were disregarded, and representations published by the Confederates which abounded with false statements and studied perversions of the real state of affairs, it may be sufficient to observe, that the insurgents soon raised a considerable body of troops composed chiefly of their own vassals. Being supported by many of the people, they advanced upon Edinburgh, before the Queen's forces could assemble. Mary and Bothwell suspected that the gates of the Castle would be shut against

them, the fidelity of Sir James Balfour, the deputy-governor, having been corrupted by the Earl of Mar and Sir James Melville. The Queen, from what she had heard, considered it prudent to retire from Holyroodhouse to the Castle of Borthwick, about nine miles south-east of Edinburgh, accompanied by Bothwell. The associated Lords, informed of her flight, took the road to this baronial residence with 2000 horse, and Lord Home by a rapid march presented himself before it with the division under his command. The Castle was surrounded, with the intention of bringing the insurrection to a speedy issue by the capture of the Queen and of Bothwell, but the latter contrived to escape to Dunbar Castle, and the Queen also, disguised in male apparel, succeeded in reaching that sea-beaten fortress, where the strength of the fortification gave them a full security against any attempt at a surprise.

The Confederates now advanced to Edinburgh, where they resolved to augment their strength by new partizans. On the 12th of June they issued a proclamation, the substance of which was that the Queen, being detained in captivity, was neither able to govern her realm, nor to try the murderers of her husband; and they therefore commanded all the subjects of the Queen, and the citizens of Edinburgh, to assist in her deliverance, in preserving the prince, and in punishing the murderers of Darnley. The Earl of Huntly, Lord Boyd, the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishop of Ross, and the Abbot of Kilwinning, were on the side of the Queen, and they endeavoured to excite the inhabitants to defend the city, and to rise in behalf of their sovereign. Although the tide of popularity was rather in favour of the Confederates, yet the representations of Huntly and his colleagues were not without effect; and the only additions to their numbers which the insurgents appear to have received in consequence of their proclamations, and published libels, both in prose and rhyme, to

“move the hearts of the people,” were two hundred harquebusiers furnished by the Corporation of Edinburgh. The magistrates indeed ordered the gates of the city to be shut, but this was all the resistance to the Confederates which that body intended. They found an easy admittance by the gate at the Cowgate Port, near St Mary’s Wynd, and took possession of the city, while the Earl of Huntly and the Queen’s friends found refuge in the Castle, where Sir James Balfour agreed to protect them, though he was at the same time in treaty with the insurgents.

The Queen and Bothwell were in the meantime not inactive at Dunbar. The royal proclamations brought many vassals, and before three days elapsed two thousand men, chiefly belonging to the Merse and Lothian, flocked to her standard. On the 14th of June the Queen and Bothwell set out with their army towards Edinburgh, and halted at Gladsmuir, almost on the ground where, nearly two centuries afterwards, her descendant Prince Charles Edward Stuart routed the forces of George II. Here a proclamation was read to the army, replying to all the statements of the insurgents, and engaging to reward her followers for their valorous services. The Queen lay at Seaton, on the sea side, and her troops were quartered in the adjacent villages.

Intelligence of the movements of the Queen soon reached Edinburgh, and the Confederates instantly marched out of the city to Restalrig, in the neighbourhood, where they encamped for one night. On the morning of Sunday the 15th of June, they advanced to Musselburgh, five miles distant, where they refreshed themselves. Here they learned that the Queen had marched her forces to Carberry Hill, an eminence in the parish of Inveresk, above the town of Musselburgh, and commanding a fine view of the Frith, and of the adjacent country. This hill overlooks the scene



of that disastrous conflict called the Battle of Pinkie, fought a few years before, between the English and the Scots, and has ever since been known by the name of the *Queen's Seat*. It was here that the Queen sat upon a stone while she held a conference with Kirkaldy of Grange, before Bothwell took his final leave of her, and rode off the field to Dunbar. The proprietor of Carberry has marked this interesting spot by planting it with copsewood.

The Queen halted at Carberry, her forces being under the command of Bothwell, and under him Lords Seton, Borthwick, and Yester. Meanwhile the insurgents marched out of Musselburgh, and by taking a circuit they seemed to retreat to Dalkeith, but wheeling about they soon approached to offer battle. They were ranged in two divisions, the one commanded by the Earl of Morton and Lord Home; the other was directed by the Earls of Athole, Mar, and Glencairn, with Lords Lindsay, Ruthven, Sempill, and Sanquhar.

It is generally admitted, that if the Queen had not been imprudently advised to take the field so hastily, there was a chance that the Confederates would have dispersed, for they were not on this occasion supported in any way by England. Many of the nobility were adverse to the movement, and some of them neutral; they were ill provided with arms, and the chiefs, beginning to doubt the success of their cause, had thoughts of dissolving the association, if the Queen had remained a few days longer at Dunbar. But Bothwell could not hazard a delay, and his chief hope was that he would be able to surprise his adversaries. The two armies, almost equal in numbers, stood opposed to each other, when Le Croc, the French ambassador, advanced to the insurgent leaders, and endeavoured to effect an accommodation. He assured them that the Queen was desirous to prevent bloodshed, and wished for peace—that she would grant them pardons, and declare a general oblivion

of what had been done—and that they should all be indemnified for taking up arms against her. Morton replied that they were not in arms against the Queen, but they were in the field against the murderer of her husband, and if she would deliver him (Bothwell) to punishment, or separate from him, they would all return to their dutiful obedience. The Earl of Glencairn added, with his usual rudeness—“ That they were not come into the field to ask pardon for what they had done, but rather to give pardon to those who have offended.” The French ambassador, seeing that it was in vain to attempt a reconciliation, took leave of the Queen, and withdrew to Edinburgh.

The unfortunate Mary was fully alive to her perilous situation. She saw that she was surrounded with dangers on account of a man with whom she ought never to have been connected ; she rode through the ranks of her soldiers, and found them dispirited : whatever respect they entertained for her, they had none for him ; and his own retainers and dependants were only the persons willing to fight for him. Bothwell, however, threw down the gauntlet of defiance to his adversaries by offering single combat to prove his innocence. He sent a herald to the Confederates, and challenged any one of them. Murray of Tullibardine and his elder brother, the comptroller of the Queen's household, offered to accept the gauntlet of defiance, but Bothwell objected to them, because they were not peers. It is said that Kirkaldy of Grange also accepted the challenge, and was refused for the same reason.

Bothwell now challenged Morton, who is said to have accepted the defiance, and appointed the conflict to be on foot with two-handed swords. Lord Lindsay, however, stepped out, and entreated Morton to allow him the honour of fighting Bothwell, and the Earl readily assented, but the Queen interposed, and prohibited the combat. She saw that the most prudent course she could adopt was

to capitulate, for her soldiers were secretly deserting in small parties, and it would have been as dangerous to attempt to retreat as to fight. A herald was sent to the Confederates, desiring that Kirkaldy of Grange should confer with the Queen on terms of accommodation. This gallant soldier waited on Mary, authorized to effect a reconciliation. His proposal was that Bothwell, being suspected of Darnley's murder, should be allowed to *pass off the field* until the cause was tried, and that she would come over to them; and they in return would acknowledge their allegiance, and obey her as their sovereign.

To these conditions the Queen readily assented, and having intimated to the Confederates the result of his interview, they ratified the stipulations of Kirkaldy. He communicated this resolution to her, and taking Bothwell by the hand, advised him to depart, promising that no one should oppose or follow him. Overwhelmed with disappointment, remorse, and despair, this unhappy nobleman turned his eyes to Mary for the last time, and left the field. The Queen then held out her hand to Kirkaldy, who kissed it, and taking the bridle of her horse, led her to the confederated nobles. They affected to approach her with the greatest reverence. "I am come, my Lords," she said, "to express my respect, and to conclude our agreement. I am ready to be instructed by the wisdom of your counsels, and I am confident you will treat me as your sovereign." "Madam," replied Morton, "you are here among us in your proper place, and we will pay to you as much honour, service, and obedience, as ever in any former period was offered by the nobility to the princes your predecessors."

The Confederates returned in triumph from Carberry Hill, but the Queen had not been long among them till she was treated as a captive. They conducted her to Edinburgh by the road leading from Musselburgh in front of

Craigmillar Castle, and entering the road to Dalkeith, approached the city on the south, near the Kirk of Field, on the site of which the University is built. They entered the city about seven in the evening, and carried the Queen through the streets covered with dust and bedewed with tears. Instead of conveying her to the Palace of Holyrood, they led her to the dwelling-house of the Provost, at the top of Peebles Wynd, near the head of the present Niddry Street, but long since removed to make room for the buildings of the South Bridge. During her progress she was insulted by the mob, who exhibited before her eyes, swollen with excess of grief, a banner of white taffety, on which was painted the murdered Darnley, and the young prince James on his knees, exclaiming, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." Mary lodged in the Provost's house during that night, and it is unnecessary to say found little repose. The house was commonly called the *Black Turnpike*, and contained a small apartment thirteen feet square and eight feet in height, with a window to the High Street. Into this miserable room they thrust the Queen without a single female attendant to wait upon her. The Provost to whom this house belonged was Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, who held the civic office in 1567 and 1568. The insults of the people, aggravated by the perfidy of the nobility, increased her misery. In the morning the same banner was displayed before her, at the sight of which she burst into tears, and calling to the crowd who were gazing upon her from the street, she said, "Good people, either satisfy your cruelty and hatred by taking my miserable life, or relieve me from the hands of such inhuman and infamous traitors." But a feeling had now arisen in favour of the Queen, and the more respectable citizens, concluding that they had been deceived by the confederated nobles, felt indignant at her imprisonment. They were preparing to

rescue her from insult when they were pacified by the declarations of the Lords, who solemnly promised to restore her to her freedom and dignity. Though nothing was farther from their intention, it was necessary to make show of sincerity, and in the evening the Queen was removed to the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

This was the last time Queen Mary was under the roof of her Palace of Holyrood. Late in the evening of that day, (June 16,) or rather about midnight, the Queen was deprived of all her princely ornaments, compelled to array herself in coarse brown apparel, and in this disguise she was entrusted to the care of Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, who conveyed her to the destined place of her imprisonment, the insulated Castle of Lochleven, in the lake of that name, attended by a strong armed force. Kirkaldy of Grange protested against this perfidy, and expostulated with the Confederates for their breach of honour and veracity, but vague or false excuses were the only answers he received, in which they exhorted him to rely on the integrity of their motives, spoke of her passion for Bothwell, and maintained that it was dangerous to trust her with power. The Castle of Lochleven was the property and residence of William Douglas, uterine brother of the Earl of Moray, and the presumptive heir of the Earl of Morton. The mother of Moray and of Douglas resided in the Castle, and to her tender mercies was the unfortunate Queen committed, and doomed to experience a series of insults, from which she was only freed by her well known escape from the Castle. Here, however, she was compelled, on the 24th of July, to resign the crown to her son, and to appoint the Earl of Moray to the regency.

It only remains to be added, in this melancholy episode of Mary's unhappy history, that two days after her imprisonment in Lochleven Castle the associated nobles seized



her plate, jewels, and other valuable moveables in Holyroodhouse. They coined the whole of her plate, nor did they even spare an antique silver cupboard, but converted the whole of it into money. On the same day the Earl of Glencairn and his followers broke into the Chapel-Royal, and demolished all its furniture, ornaments, and decorations. This exploit, however, gave great offence to several of the insurgent leaders, as Glencairn committed this mischief without any order, and before they had finally determined how to dispose of the Queen.

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## THE SIEGE OF CAERLAVEROCK.\*

A.D. 1300.

CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE, which, it is admitted, furnished the antitype to the old Castle of Ellangowan in “GUY MANNERING,” is situated in the parish of the same name, on the shore of the Solway Frith, about nine miles below the flourishing town of Dumfries, at the south-eastern extremity of an irregular peninsula formed by the estuary of the Nith on the west, and the river and Moss of Lochar on the east. It was the seat of the powerful family of Maxwell as early as the reign of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century, when “Evan Macuswell of Caerlaverock” is recorded to have been at the siege of Alnwick in 1093. His successors retained the barony for many generations, distinguishing themselves in the wars of their times, and

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\* The Siege of Caerlaverock, with a Translation, a History of the Castle, and Memoirs of the Personages commemorated by the Poet, by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas; Pennant's Tour in Scotland; Cardonnel's Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland; Scots Magazine; Statistical Account of Scotland.

increasing their influence and hereditary possessions by matrimonial alliances and military services. The origin of this Castle, now a massive ruin, and standing in solitude, the venerable relic of a thousand years, is uncertain. The Romans possessed a station near it, and the remains of a camp are still seen a little to the west, but history does not record its masters from the sixth to the eleventh century. Its situation and natural defences are such as to have induced the rude inhabitants of the country to select it as a place of strength in those desolating wars and forays, when men had to dispute the possession of their homes with foreign invaders and predatory neighbours. Its venerable appearance and localities, at the present day, are in the highest degree interesting. To the south of the Castle lies the Solway Frith, to the nightly bark struggling amid the perilous waves of which it once formed a beacon; and beyond the Solway appear the lofty mountains of Cumberland in the vicinity of the Lakes. On the west is the mouth of the Nith, forming a magnificent bay, skirted with the woods of Newabbey and Kirkconnel; on the east are the river and wide expanse of the Moss of Lochar; and in the back-ground rises Criffel, the termination of a range of undulating hills which inclose the fertile vale of the Nith like an amphitheatre.

In the time of Herbert, eleventh Lord Maxwell, the Castle of Caerlaverock was besieged in person by Edward I., in one of his expeditions to conquer the Scottish nation. He was already in possession of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dunbar, Dundee, Brechin, and Dunnottar; and indeed almost every stronghold between Berwick and the Moray Frith had fallen into his hands. In Dumfries-shire, which, from its frontier situation, severely suffered in these wars, almost every fortress had yielded to the victorious arms of the English monarch, and probably Caerlaverock was the only remaining retreat of Scottish independence in the

country. To reduce this bulwark was therefore the fixed determination of Edward I., while its garrison was no less disposed to offer him an obstinate resistance.

All the nobility and barons of England, who owed military service, or held of the crown by military tenure, were summoned by writ to repair to Carlisle with their respective levies, at the Festival of St John the Baptist, A. D. 1300, which is celebrated on the 24th of June. A summons had been previously sent to the Castle, demanding its surrender, and the haughty refusal determined the King to appear before it in person. The royal mandate was punctually obeyed, and never perhaps had the ancient city of Carlisle such an array of royalty and chivalry within its walls. Edward I. one of the greatest princes who ever sat on the throne of England, his son the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Lincoln, the Earl of Hereford, the Earl of Warren, and his nephew Henry de Percy, the Earl of Warwick, John of Brittany, nephew of the King, Hugh de Vere, son of the Earl of Oxford, Lord Clifford, Hugh le Despenser, Hugh de Courtenay, Walter de Beauchamp, the Earl of Arundel, Maurice de Berkeley, and many other peers and knights, all assembled at the summons of their sovereign, whose exasperation against the Scots had been increased by the heroism of Wallace, and their indomitable courage in opposing the English sway.

Edward well knew the strength of Caerlaverock, and the preparations he made for the siege corresponded to the magnitude of the enterprise. As cannon were then unknown, engines of various constructions for discharging large stones, beams of wood, battering-rams, robinets, and springalds, were collected from different quarters. Some were brought from Carlisle and Skinburness, others from the Castles of Lochmaben, Jedburgh, and Roxburgh, accompanied by and under the charge of a retinue of engineers, smiths, carpenters, miners, armourers, and other

artisans to work the machinery. At that time the English used much the same mode of attack as the Greeks and Romans. The *robinets*, *springalds*, or *espringalls*, were the *catapultæ* or *balistæ* of the ancients—large cross-bows, wrought by machinery, capable of throwing stones, beams, and huge darts; and they were numbered among the heavy military engines of the age. They had also ponderous machines, moving on wheels, resembling the Roman *testudo*, formed with wooden planks, and covered with hides. The machine called a *sow* was of this description, and is thus noticed in an old ballad published in the “Border Minstrelsy:”—

“ They laid their sowies to the wall  
 Wi’ many a heavy peal;  
 But he threw o’er to them again  
 Baith pitch and tar barrell.”

In the ancient poem entitled “The Siege of Caerlaverock,” and supposed to have been written by Walter or Exeter, a celebrated Franciscan friar, who is also said to have been the author of the romantic history of Guy Earl of Warwick, there is an interesting account of the enterprise. About the 1st of July 1300, the English army left Carlisle commanded by Edward I. in person, attended by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., and the most distinguished peers and knights of the kingdom, to the number of eighty-seven. The men-at-arms amounted to 3000 chosen warriors, and this splendid array of chivalry, which “quite filled the roads to Caerlaverock,” presented an imposing spectacle to the rustic peasantry. The poet informs us that they “set forward against the Scots, not in coats and surtouts, but on powerful and noble chargers; and, that they might not be taken by surprise, well and securely armed. There were many rich caparisons, embroidered on silks and satins · many a

beautiful pennon fixed to a lance, and many a banner displayed. And afar off was the noise heard of the neighing of horses : mountains and valleys were everywhere covered with sumpter horses, and waggons with provisions, and sacks of tents and pavilions ; and the days were long and fine."

The English army was divided into four squadrons, in which manner they marched by easy journeys into Scotland. The first squadron was commanded by Henry, the "good Earl of Lincoln," namely, Henry de Lacy, a distinguished nobleman whose name occupies a prominent place in the records of almost every event of his time. John, the "good" Earl of Warren and Surrey, a powerful nobleman and celebrated soldier, headed the second squadron ; the third was commanded by Edward in person ; and the Prince of Wales, then in his seventeenth year, and bearing arms for the first time, led the fourth. In all these divisions or squadrons were the peers and knights of England, carrying their banners, with pennons streaming, and the whole resembled rather a military triumph than a formidable array to reduce the strong Castle of Caerlaverock.

The exact time of the siege is not mentioned, but it is conjectured that it must have taken place between the 6th and 14th of July ; for it appears from entries in the book of the King's Wardrobe, that Edward was at Dumfries on the 10th of that month, at Caerlaverock on the 13th and 14th, and at Lochrutton on the 17th. During his march, the King visited various churches and shrines, and made many oblations at the altars to propitiate the saints for success in the enterprise. At length this imposing array of England's chivalry appeared before Caerlaverock, and the picture of the castle and its situation, as given by the poet, is worthy of attention for its accuracy :—"Caerlaverock," he says, "was so strong a castle that it did not fear a siege



—it was always for its defence whenever it was required, with men, engines, and provisions. Its shape was that of a shield (triangular), for it had only three sides all round, with a tower on each angle ; but one of them was a double one, so high, so long, and so large, that under it was the gate with the drawbridge, well made and strong, and a sufficiency of other defences. It had good walls and good ditches filled to the edge with water ; and I believe there never was seen a castle more beautifully situated, for at once could be seen the Irish Sea towards the west, and to the north a fine country, surrounded by an arm of the sea ; so that no creature born could approach it on two sides, without putting himself in danger of the sea. Towards the south it was not easy, because there were numerous dangerous defiles of wood, and marshes, and ditches, where the sea is on each side of it, and where the river reaches it ; and therefore it was necessary for the host to approach it towards the east, where the hill slopes.”

As soon as the English army appeared before Caerlaverock, it was formed into three divisions by the King's command, and quartered by the marshal, and the soldiers proceeded to erect huts for their accommodation, of which the poet gives us a very picturesque account—the *coup d'œil* of ancient chivalry:—“ There might be seen houses built without carpenters or masons, of many different fashions ; and many a cord stretched with white and coloured cloth, with many pins driven into the ground ; many a large tree cut down to make huts ; and leaves, herbs, and flowers, gathered in the woods, which were strewn within ; and there our people took up their quarters.” The military engines and provisions were brought soon afterwards by the fleet, and it was not long before the siege was commenced. The footmen marched against the castle, and a sharp skirmish took place of about an hour's duration, in which several were killed and wounded. The men-at-arms hastened to

sustain the footmen or infantry in breathless silence, and "then there might be seen such kind of stones thrown, as if they would beat hats and helmets to powder, and break shields and targets in pieces; for to kill and wound was the game at which they played. Great shouts were among them when they perceived that any mischief had occurred." At this stage of the enterprise several knights distinguished themselves—the "good Bertram de Montbouchier," with him Gerard de Gondronville, an "active and handsome bachelor," who "threw up many a stone, and suffered many a heavy blow."

The first body engaged in the assault was formed of Bretons, and the second of soldiers of Lorraine, who rivalled each other in their heroic achievements, and pushed their way to the ditches. At that moment the soldiers of Sir Thomas de Richmond passed close up to the drawbridge, and summoned the garrison to surrender, but the only answer was a discharge of ponderous stones and other missiles. Sir Robert de Willoughby was wounded in the breast by a stone, and the valour of some other knights is specially mentioned. Ralph de Gorges fell "more than once to the ground from stones and the crowd, for he was of so haughty a spirit that he would not deign to retire." Sir John Fitz-Marmaduke was "like a post, but his banner received many stones, and many a rent difficult to mend." Sir Robert Hamsart "bore himself so nobly, that from his shield fragments might often be seen to fly in the air;" and "the good Baron of Wigton (John de Wigton) received such blows that it was the astonishment of all that he was not stunned, and, without excepting any Lord present, none showed a more resolute or unembarrassed countenance." Stones flew as "thick as rain;" blows were alternately given and received; and there were few that "remained unhurt, or brought back their shields entire."

The whole narrative in reality bears a strong resemblance to the storming of Front-de-Bœuf's castle in "Ivanhoe." The soldiers actively engaged were reinforced by the followers of the King and of the Prince of Wales, who conducted themselves with the greatest gallantry. Sir Adam de la Forde mined the walls with considerable effect, and many a heavy and crushing stone did Sir Richard de Kirkbride receive. Of this knight it is said—"so stoutly was the castle assailed by him, that never did smith with his hammer strike his iron as he and his did there." The soldiers emulated the gallantry of their leaders, and were indefatigable in their assaults on the massive stronghold.

The bravery and perseverance of the besieged were no less conspicuous. They showered upon their assailants such "huge stones, quarrels, and arrows, and with wounds and bruises they were so hurt and exhausted, that it was with very great difficulty they were able to retire." At this juncture Lord Robert Clifford sent his banner and many of his retinue, with Sir Bartholomew de Badlesmere, and Sir John Cromwell, to supply the places of those who retreated. But the besieged did not permit them to remain long; and when this party also retired, Sir Robert la Warde and Sir John de Grey renewed the attack, but the garrison was prepared to receive them, and "bent their bows and cross-bows, and kept their espringalls in readiness both to throw and to hurl."

The fierce retainers of the Earl of Brittany recommenced the assault, supported by the followers of Lord Hastings, and soon covered the entrance to the castle. The courage of the garrison was not subdued. We are told that as one of them became fatigued another supplied his place, and they defended the fortress the whole of one day and night, and until about nine o'clock in the morning of the following day, but the numerous stones thrown from the

robinet "without cessation, from the dawn of the preceding day till the evening," depressed their courage. They were farther intimidated by the erection of three large battering engines "of great power, and very destructive, which cut down and clave whatever they struck;" and every stroke, by "piercing, rending, and overturning the stones, caused the pieces to fall in such a manner that neither an iron hat nor wooden target" could protect them. The erection of these battering engines was the chief cause of their surrender. Finding resistance to be hopeless, and some of their number killed, they requested a cessation of hostilities, and hung out a pennon to that effect, but the soldier who exhibited it was shot through his hand to his face by an arrow. The rest demanded quarter, surrendered the castle, and submitted to the mercy of the King of England. The Marshal and Constable of the English forces immediately ordered hostilities to cease, and took possession of the place. The banner of Edward, with those of St Edmund, St George, and St Edward, and those of Segrave, Hereford, and Clifford, waved over the towers of Caerlaverock.

The English were amazed to find that the garrison amounted to only sixty men, and if we are to credit our poet's statement, Edward behaved on this occasion with great clemency, not only pardoning but rewarding this gallant band. "They were all kept," he says, "and guarded till the King commanded that life and limb should be given to them, and ordered to each of them a new garment." But in the Chronicle of Lanercost the account of their fate is entirely different, and it is affirmed that Edward ordered many of them to be hanged. As soon as the castle surrendered, Edward proceeded to Galloway, where he continued some weeks, visiting Kirkcudbright, Twynham, Fleet, and other places, and making several votive offerings to the altars in the churches to the saints,

for their fancied assistance after the capitulation of the castle. He returned to Caerlaverock on the 29th of August, where he found his queen, and Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come at the express command of the Pope with an epistle from his Holiness to the King in favour of the Scots, recommending peace. This led to a truce, and Edward finally left Caerlaverock for Carlisle on the 3d of November.

The castle was entrusted to Lord Clifford, who had particularly distinguished himself during the siege, in consequence of which his banner was placed on its battlements. This nobleman served in the third squadron, which was led by the King in person; and the poet, who celebrates his valour, descent, and prudence, says that if he were a young maiden, he would bestow on him his heart and person in consideration of his renown. Clifford was then little more than twenty-five years of age. The fortress of Caerlaverock remained in the possession of the English for several years; and it appears that in 1312, Sir Eustace Maxwell, its then proprietor, joined the English interest, though he soon afterwards distinguished himself in the rescue of Robert Bruce. It was again in consequence besieged, and was defended for several weeks, the assailants being compelled to retire. Fearing that it might again fall into the hands of the English, Sir Eustace Maxwell demolished a part of the fortifications, for which he was rewarded by King Robert Bruce. His son, Sir Herbert Maxwell, in 1347, swore fealty to Edward III. In 1353 the castle was taken from the English by Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who resided in it till he was barbarously murdered in 1357. The present castle of Caerlaverock is supposed to have been erected by Sir Robert Maxwell, the son of Sir John, who was the cousin of Sir Herbert, in whose family it still remains.

Such is the account of the Siege of Caerlaverock by



Edward I. as related by Walter of Exeter, the author of the History of Guy, Earl of Warwick—at least, that the account was written by an eye-witness who was an ecclesiastic, is confirmed from his laboured eulogium on Antony Beck, the famous military Bishop of Durham, who is celebrated in the wars and state politics of Edward I. This warlike prelate was not present at the Siege of Caerlaverock, but a number of his retinue were in the army, as it is mentioned that he sent the King one hundred and sixty men-at-arms. It is said by one authority, that “the Bishop of Durham is described in the roll of Caerlaverock as being absent from the siege on account of a wound,” but it rather appears that he was detained in England in consequence of some public transaction.

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### THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.\*

A.D. 1568.

THE escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven Castle, after a severe and insulting imprisonment of ten months, is well known to every reader of her unfortunate history. - On the 2d of May, by the assistance of George Douglas, a brother of the laird or baron of Lochleven, she safely landed on the shore of the lake, where she found some faithful followers ready to attend her. On that night she arrived at Niddrie Castle in West Lothian, attended by Lord Seton and a gentleman named Hamilton; and here, surrounded by her friends, she could not refrain from repeating with ecstasy,

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\* Chalmers' Life of Queen Mary, and of the Earl of Moray; Dalryell's Memoir of the Earl of Moray; Stuart's History of Scotland; Cleland's Annals of Glasgow; Statistical Account of Scotland Crawford's History of Renfrew; Tytler's History of Queen Mary.

“ I am once more a queen.” On the following day she proceeded to Hamilton, where she was received by the Earls of Argyle, Cassillis, Eglinton, and Rothies, Lords Sommerville, Yester, Borthwick, Herries, Maxwell, and other noblemen, with their friends and followers, to the number of one thousand men. In a general council she solemnly stated that the resignation of the government had been extorted from her, and those noblemen declared in consequence that resignation null and void. They also resolved that in the meantime the Queen should take possession of Dumbarton Castle, and there remain till her subjects flocked to her standard. A bond of defence, obliging themselves to protect the person of the Queen, her honour, and her right to the crown, was subscribed by eight earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, twelve abbots and priors, and nearly one hundred barons, aided by the powerful influence of the House of Hamilton. The Queen surveyed her strength, and found she could muster 6000 combatants.

The Regent Moray was at that time holding a justice-court at Glasgow, and, though taken by surprise, he refused to retire to Edinburgh or Stirling as he was advised, but resolved to meet the Queen's party in the field. He erected the banner of the young King, her son, and the Earls of Morton, Glencairn, and Mar, Lords Home, Lindsay, Ruthven, Sempill, Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, and other persons of distinction, with the vassals of the family of Lennox, and a number of the citizens of Glasgow, resolved strenuously to support him. They encamped on the lands of Barrowfield, in the eastern suburbs of the City of Glasgow, in the expectation that the Queen's army would give them battle; but receiving intelligence, on the 13th, that the Queen's army, under the command of the Earl of Argyle, was on the march to convey her to Dumbarton Castle by the south side of the Clyde, the Regent speedily crossed the river with his troops, about four thousand strong, and took an advantage

ous position on a rising ground near the village of Langside, about two miles south of Glasgow.

Mary dreaded the acknowledged military renown of her brother the Regent, and knew that among his supporters there were noblemen and gentlemen of undoubted valour and considerable experience. A defeat would again involve her in all the miseries of a captivity, which would be increased in rigour and vigilance, if she indeed escaped the more fatal revenge of her enemies. Some among her followers reminded her that she was now supported by the chief of the nobility—that the affection of her people towards her was daily increasing—that a short delay would enable her to bring such a force into the field, as would utterly intimidate Moray, and compel him to retire, or to entrust himself to her clemency. But the advice of the Hamiltons, and especially of Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, prevailed. It was considered that, as the Queen's army was more numerous than the other, it must be stronger, and thus secure of victory, they would be enabled at one blow to destroy the great opponent to their ambition. It was therefore decided that they should give battle to the Regent.

On the other hand, Moray was no less anxious that this unexpected contest should be decided. He was surrounded by dangers, and the consternation of his adherents could not be concealed. Some of them began to carry on private negotiations with the Queen; others forsook him openly, and not a few retired altogether, to await the issue of the impending crisis of affairs. Yet amidst these discouragements the indomitable genius of Moray appeared, and enabled him to act with vigour. He declared against retreating, which he knew would discourage his own followers, and animate those of the Queen. While pretending, therefore, to listen to some overtures of accommodation, he was busily engaged in collecting and organizing

his adherents, and, though inferior to the Queen's army in numbers, he had such confidence in the valour of his troops as to break off the negotiations.

When the Regent marched from Glasgow and occupied Langside, his object was to intercept the Queen in her progress to Dumbarton—an enterprise which would necessarily involve a battle. On the 13th of May the Queen and her forces appeared, and each army was provided with a few pieces of ordnance of rude construction, which were latterly played with little effect. The locality where the battle was decided is an eminence in the northern extremity of the parish of Cathcart. Here the ground rises to a considerable height on the south and east sides, and slopes rapidly towards the north and west. Around are various undulating eminences, which give a finely diversified appearance to the country. The Regent succeeded in gaining the hill above the village of Langside, which he was enabled to secure. The Earl of Argyle is said to have been suddenly seized by a fit of epilepsy, which retarded the Queen's troops, but he soon recovered, and ranged his forces into two columns upon an opposite hill. The Regent also formed his army into two columns, part of which he posted in the small village of Langside, and among some gardens and inclosures. In this situation he waited the approach of the Queen's troops, whose cavalry could be of little use on such uneven ground.

The contest began by the Queen's cavaliers charging those of the Regent, who gave way, but the former were soon thrown into confusion by a shower of arrows from his bowmen. The Hamiltons, who led the vanguard, ran so eagerly to the attack that they exhausted themselves, and left their main body far behind. This column or wing of the Queen's army, in which her greatest strength lay, marched gallantly down to the plain, where the Regent advanced with his first column. Here there was a fierce

encounter with swords and spears, during which the issue of the conflict seemed doubtful as to victory on either side, though the Queen's troops were exposed on one flank to a continual fire of musqueteers. But the Regent at this crisis brought forward his second column, consisting of his choice troops, to support him, and this decided the fate of the day. The Queen's soldiers were panic-struck, a general rout ensued, and the defeat was total and irretrievable.

The Queen witnessed this annihilation of all her hopes, overwhelmed with anguish and despair. A place is still pointed out upon an eminence, commanding a view of the field of battle, and near the old ruinous castle of Cathcart, where she stood, and a hawthorn bush, known by the name of *Queen Mary's Thorn*, and probably planted at the time by some devoted adherent, long marked the spot, till it decayed through age. Another was planted by the proprietor in the latter end of the last century, to preserve the remembrance of this interesting locality.

The Queen's troops fled in all directions, pursued with impetuosity by the victors, but few were killed in the rout. The Regent rode up and down the field, beseeching the soldiers to spare their friends, their countrymen, their fellow-subjects. About three hundred fell in the field, on the Queen's side, and nearly four hundred were made prisoners, among whom were Lords Seton and Ross, the Masters of Cassillis and Eglinton, and other persons of distinction. The loss in the Regent's army was comparatively trivial.

Haunted with the terrors of captivity, and with no guard to protect her, the Queen could not attempt to reach Dumbarton Castle, through a country now completely in the possession of the Regent. Lord Herries directed her flight to Galloway, and she never rested till she reached the Abbey of Dundrennan near Kirkcudbright



sixty miles from the field of battle, without having a second habit of dress, and without money. Here, in defiance of the remonstrances of Lord Herries and the Archbishop of St Andrews, she resolved to seek a refuge in England, and to court the protection of a sovereign who had never ceased to disturb her reign, and to encourage faction in her kingdom,

The Regent returned to Glasgow with his victorious soldiers, and proceeded to the Cathedral, where he publicly returned thanks to God for a victory which was almost bloodless on his side. He was sumptuously entertained by the Provost, Magistrates, and Council. Having expressed his obligations to the citizens for their fidelity and bravery, he requested to be informed if he could be of any service to the Corporation. "This condescension," says the author of the Annals of Glasgow, "was so unexpected that no immediate reply was given. At length Matthew Fawside, who was deacon of the Incorporation of Bakers, thinking this a fit opportunity, informed the Regent that the Incorporation which he represented had liberally supplied the army with bread during the time it had been quartered in the neighbourhood of Glasgow—that the mill at Partick belonged to the Crown, and that the tacks-men exacted exorbitant multures, which greatly affected the price of bread to the community—and that if it pleased his Lordship to give the Corporation a grant of the mill, it would be acknowledged as a public benefit. This oration had the desired effect, as the Regent instantly gave the Corporation a grant of the mill, and of certain lands connected with it." This property is still the possession of the Incorporation of Bakers in Glasgow.

CONFLICT BETWEEN THE MACGREGORS  
AND COLQUHOUNS.\*

A.D. 1603.

THE powerful Clan Gregor or Macgregor, said to have descended from the third son of Alpin, named Gregor, originally inhabited a considerable territory on the confines of the counties of Argyle and Perth, around Loch Catharine and the northern shore of Lochlomond. The clan, at all times brave, warlike, and enterprising, contrived for centuries to maintain the possessions of their ancestors by the right of the sword, and continued to follow their simple and retired life, unconscious that the neighbouring barons had from time to time succeeded in obtaining charters, by which they became proprietors of the lands, and proceeded to expel the hereditary occupants. The Macgregors, driven to exasperation and despair, not only resisted these encroachments, but were often successful in gaining advantages over their opponents. Their conduct, however, was studiously misrepresented to the Sovereign, and as their retaliations were often characterized by barbarous acts of revenge, it was considered that they were a clan living in open defiance of the royal authority, and severe enactments were made against them.

Robbed of the best portions of their property, the Macgregors still kept possession of the mountain fastnesses, and were at length compelled to depend on predatory incursions for the necessities of life. This induced them to commit various acts of cruelty and violence, their tempers being embittered by oppression, and their resentments deadly and impla-

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\* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; History of the Clan Macgregor; Laing's History of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland.

cable. In 1589, a party of them seized and murdered John Drummond of Drummond-Errioch, a forester of Glenartney, and the clan swore on the head of the unfortunate man that they would defend the act in common. The consequence was, that letters of fire and sword were renewed against them for the space of three years, and, according to the injunctions of such documents, all persons were prohibited from assisting any one of them, or to give them, under any pretence whatever, food or clothing.

Previous to the year 1603, the Macgregors had for some years been placed under the control of Archibald seventh Earl of Argyle, who, as the King's Lieutenant in the "bounds of the Clan Gregor," was vested with extensive powers, and was, by the office he had accepted, answerable for all their excesses. Instead of keeping them under restraint, or in obedience to the laws, which was his imperative duty, the Earl of Argyle from the very first made use of his power to stir up the Macgregors to acts of violence and aggression against his own personal enemies, of whom the chief of the Colquhouns was one. This sept—the Colquhouns of Luss—who still possess a large extent of country on the banks of Lochlomond, had been long at feud with the Macgregors. There can be little doubt that Argyle all along meditated the destruction of both the Colquhouns and Macgregors, and his crafty and perfidious policy, which was too often followed by others, who, in those days, were entrusted with the onerous duty of *quieting* the Highlands, proved in the end hurtful to both, particularly to the Macgregors, the chief of whom and many of his sept were executed.

It is said that the feud between the Colquhouns and Macgregors was about this time aggravated by an act committed by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, chief of that clan. Two of the Macgregors were benighted in the territory of their enemies, and entered a house belonging to one of the de-

pendants of Luss to procure shelter. They were refused, and they retired to an outhouse, where they killed a sheep, and regaled themselves. They offered payment for what they had taken, but they were seized and carried before Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, who, in the exercise of his baronial power on his own domains, ordered them to be instantly executed. This is said to be a tradition of the Macgregors, and it is added, that the kindred of the two men put to death by the chief of the Colquhouns were so enraged at the act, that it was resolved by Allester Macgregor of Glenstrae, chief of his clan, to revenge their death. He accordingly assembled a force of about four hundred men, and marched towards Luss. Sir Humphrey Colquhoun hastily mustered his retainers, and was joined by the Buchanans and other friendly septs, and by a body of the citizens of Dumbarton, under the command of Tobias Smollet, a magistrate of that town, and ancestor of the novelist. His forces amounted to double the number of the Macgregors, and thus reinforced he waited the approach of the sons of Alpin.

Such is the traditionary account of the origin of this conflict, but it is at variance with the historical facts; for Sir Humphrey Colquhoun was murdered in his castle of Bannachrea, in July 1592, about eleven years before this affair, by some of the Macfarlanes, under circumstances of great atrocity, and he was succeeded by his brother Alexander, who was alive in 1610. It consequently follows, that if there is any truth in the popular story of the execution of the two Macgregors, it must have been done by order of Sir Alexander Colquhoun. Moreover, in the dying declaration of Allester Macgregor, there is nothing said respecting the execution of these two men as the cause of the conflict, but he expressly states that he was deceived by the Earl of Argyle's "falsete and inventiouns," and that he had often been incited by that nobleman to "weir and

trouble the Laird of Luss," and others, especially the Laird of Buchanan, the Laird of Ardincaple, and one Aulay Mac-Aulay, who had entered into a bond of clanship with Macgregor in 1591, in which he owned himself a cadet of the chief.

The Macgregors and Colquhouns met at a short distance from Luss, at Glenfruin or Glenfroom, or the *Vale of Lamentation*. The ground was marshy, and prevented a large mounted party of the latter from acting. The Colquhouns fought with great bravery, but the ground they had chosen was unfavourable, and the Macgregors, notwithstanding the superior numbers of their adversaries, obtained a decided superiority soon after the commencement of the contest. The Colquhouns were at length completely defeated, and the Laird of Luss escaped by the fleetness of his horse, leaving his vassals to be cut to pieces by their victorious antagonists. One account states that between two and three hundred of them fell on the field or in the flight, but one contemporary authority confines the slaughter to "sixty honest men, besyde women and bairnes;" and another, that "there were slaine of the country people, specially of the surname of Colquhoun, to the number of fourscore persons or thereby, of which number were landed men of good rank." The Justiciary Record limits the number to "seven scoir persones slaine at Glenfruine." The Macgregors lost a very few men, and the only person of note who fell on their side was the brother of their chief, the place of whose death is still marked by a stone called the *Grey Stone of Macgregor*.

Another traditionary story connected with the conflict of Glenfruin is still preserved and believed in the Lennox, as the county of Dumbarton was anciently called. Near the scene of contest there is a large stone, known by the appellation of the *Ministers' Stone*. It is alleged that it derived this distinction from the murder of a number of young theo-



logical students who had imprudently come to witness the engagement, according to some accounts from Glasgow, and to others from Dumbarton, and who were probably on an excursion at the time. The story is, that those young men had been put into a barn for safety by order of the chief of the Colquhouns, and they fell into the hands of the victorious chief of the Macgregors, who committed them to the care of a cadet of his family named Dugald *Ciar Mhor*, or *Dugald the Mouse-coloured*. This person, who was the immediate ancestor of the celebrated Rob Roy, savagely put them to death; and being afterwards asked by his chief where the youths were, he drew out his dirk, and replied, "Ask that, and *God save me*"—alluding by the latter expression to the appeals made by the unfortunate students for their life. But there is no proof that the Macgregors perpetrated this atrocity, and it forms no part of the indictment against those of them who were tried for their share in this battle, although almost every criminal act which could possibly be adduced against them is brought forward and carefully enumerated. It is impossible that such an act would have escaped the notice of the Crown prosecutors, and there would be no want of informers to make the proscribed Macgregors more odious by this inhuman act. In the records of the Privy Council, Jan. 5, 1609, it is stated that one "Allan Oig M'Intnach in Glencoe," when aiding the Macgregors at Glenfruin, "with his awne hand murdered without pity the number of forty poor persons who were naked and without armour;" and this may be the massacre of which Dugald the Mouse-coloured is accused.

It appears from the indictment against Allester Macgregor, that Tobias Smollet, who is designated a Bailie of Dumbarton, with sundry other burgesses of that town, were among the slain. The Macgregors, according to the same record, carried off some prisoners, along with six hundred head of cattle, eight hundred sheep and goats,

two hundred and eighty horses and mares, with the "haill plenishing, gudes, and geir," of Luss, and they are accused of treasonably raising fire in the houses and barn-yards, burning, wasting, and destroying the same, "the lyk quhairof was nevir committit within this realme." This was a tolerable booty for the predatory clan, and they must have deprived the Colquhouns of the greater part of their property. It is curious, as illustrative of the wretched state of the Government, that both the hostile chiefs were in a manner armed with the King's authority at the time of this fatal conflict—the Laird of Luss having raised his forces by a commission emanating from the King, while the Laird of Macgregor invaded the Lennox under the authority of the King's Lieutenant, the Earl of Argyle!

A remarkable transaction is recorded to have taken place after the battle. A great many of the widows of those slain in the conflict on the side of the Colquhouns dressed themselves in deep mourning, and appeared before King James VI. at Stirling, mounted on white palfreys, and demanding vengeance on the Macgregors. Each petitioner exhibited on a spear her husband's bloody shirt, to make a more lasting impression on the King. The device succeeded to their utmost wishes, for the sympathies of James were easily excited, and the most summary proceedings were instituted against the devoted clan. Shortly after the conflict, the Privy Council issued an act abolishing the very name of Macgregor—all who bore it were commanded, on pain of death, to adopt some other surname—those concerned in the battle of Glenfruin, and other predatory incursions mentioned in the act, were prohibited, under pain of death, from carrying any other weapon than a pointless knife to eat their victuals; and it was a capital crime for more than four of them to meet together at one time. These acts were repeatedly renewed in the reigns of James VI. and Charles I.

The execution of these statutes to punish the Macgregors for the conflict of Glenfruin was entrusted to the Earls of Argyle and Athole, whose retainers almost surrounded the devoted clan. The Macgregors at first attempted to resist their enemies, but they were compelled to yield to superior force, and their chief, Macgregor of Glenstrae, endeavoured to procure terms of safety. The Earl of Argyle meanwhile had empowered Campbell of Ardkinglas, sheriff of Argyleshire, to use every exertion to apprehend the chief. Macgregor was invited to an entertainment by Campbell of Ardkinglas, at the paternal residence of the latter—a castle situated on an island in a lake. The chief accepted the invitation, but no sooner had he entered the castle of Ardkinglas than he was made prisoner. He was put into a boat under the charge of five men, besides those who rowed the boat, to be sent to the Earl of Argyle, but he contrived to get his hands loose, and, knocking the man nearest him overboard, he leaped into the water, and safely reached the land.

Macgregor escaped on this occasion, but seeing the folly of attempting to hold out, he at length was enticed by the Earl of Argyle to surrender to him, with some of his principal followers, on the condition that they would be allowed to leave the country. Argyle received him kindly, and assured him, that, though he was commanded by the King to take him, he had little doubt he would be able to procure his pardon; and, in the meantime, he would send him under an escort to England. James had by this time succeeded to the crown of England, and Macgregor intended to proceed to London, and procure if possible an interview with the King. It was the policy of Argyle to prevent this; but, that he might fulfil his promise, he sent him under a strong escort beyond the River Tweed at Berwick, and after thus placing Macgregor and his friends on English ground, they were instantly compelled to retrace

their steps. Argyle, says Birrel, "keipit ane Hieland-man's promise; in respect he sent the gaird to convey him out of Scottis grund, but thai were not directit to pairt with him, but to fetch him bak agane."

Macgregor and eighteen of his friends were brought back to Edinburgh on the evening of the 18th of January, and immediately thrown into prison. On the 20th the chief, with four gentlemen of his clan, and Patrick M'Neill his servant, were "dilatit, accusit, and persewit," at the instance of Sir Thomas Hamilton of Monkland, Lord Advocate, of having plotted the destruction of Sir Alexander Colquhoun of Luss, his family, friends, and retainers, and the whole surname of Buchanan, and of intending to plunder and lay waste their property. The conflict of Glenfruin is then stated, the loss of life, and plunder which followed. The jury unanimously found the prisoners guilty, and they were ordered to be carried to the cross of Edinburgh, where they were to be "hangit upone ane gibbet until thay be deid, and thairefter thair heidis, legis, armes, and remanent pairtis of thair bodeis, to be quarterit and put upone publict places," and all their property forfeited to the King's use, as "convict of the saidis tressonabill crymes."

Before his execution Macgregor made a confession which presents a melancholy picture of the life led by himself and his clan, from the number of feuds in which he acknowledges himself to have been engaged, but he accuses the Earl of Argyle of being the prime mover of all those feuds. The execution of Macgregor and his friends took place on the day of their sentence. Seven Macgregors had arrived at Edinburgh as pledges for the performance of certain conditions, and the Government took the opportunity of the execution of their chief to hang them also without the form of a trial. By way of distinction, the gibbet on which Macgregor of Glenstrae was executed was elevated "his own height" above his retainers who suffered with him. They

were suspended the whole night. Calderwood mentions that "a young man called James Hope, beholding the execution, fell down, and power was taken from the half of his body. When he was carried to a house he cried that 'one of the Highlandmen had shott him with ane arrow !' He died on the Sabbath day after."

Several executions of Macgregors for the conflict of Glenfruin took place some months before the execution of their chief. On the 20th of May 1603, three of his retainers were hanged on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh; two more on the 5th of July; and at the same place, and on the 14th of the month, John Macgregor, alias Dow M'Anevalich. It appears that the doomed sept had now changed their names for safety, from the extraordinary soubriquets which are inserted in the records. On the 12th of August, Dugald and Neil Macgregor were convicted, and executed at the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh. On the 17th of February 1603-4, nearly a month after the execution of their chief, eleven Macgregors were "dilatit of certain crymes of murthour, theft, sorning, and for being at the field of Glenfruite in company with umquhill Alaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, his kin, and freinds." The indictment charges them individually with several other crimes besides the unhappy affair of Glenfruin and the slaughter and plunder of the Colquhouns. They were chiefly charged with stealing cattle, sheep, and horses from various individuals; but two of them are charged with murder, the one of a person who is designated "the fiddler M'Killope, within his awin house in Dalvey," the other with "the crewal murthour, slauchter, and drowning of M'Killope's wife, that duelt in Glenartnay." A third was accused of being concerned in a predatory incursion into the district of Menteith, "and of the slauchteris there committed, and especiallie of the slauchter of umquhill Andro Grahame." They were all found guilty, and ordered to be executed at the



cross of Edinburgh. If the entry of Birrel in his Diary is correct, two of them escaped the severe penalty of the law by probably proving an *alibi*. He says—"The 18 of Februar nine of the name of Macgregor hangit, who had lain lang in the Tolbuith."

Still the vengeance of the law was not satisfied for the conflict of Glenfruin. On the 1st of March five Macgregors were tried for the same affair, and one of them "for hounding out of his three sons to the said field." They were found guilty as a matter of course, and executed on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh. On the 2d of March four other retainers were "dilatit of certane poyntis of theft, and for intercommuning with umquhill the Laird of M'Gregour, since the Raid of Glenfruin." Three of them were found guilty, but only two are mentioned as ordered to be executed at the cross of Edinburgh. On the 8th of May 1612, three Macgregors were tried for being in company with the Laird of Macgregor and his followers at the "field and raid of Glenfruine," and for being in company with the Laird of Macgregor at the burning of Barnhill, belonging to Colin Campbell of Lawers, understood to be the same person as Campbell of Aberuchill, where they slew "nine men and three bairnis." They were ordered to be placed in the custody of the Earl of Linlithgow, and "he to hald court upone thame, conforme to ane commission given to the said Erle to that effect." In consequence of that order no farther proceedings took place in the High Court of Justiciary, and their fate is not recorded.

Such was the result of the conflict of Glenfruin, and it must be admitted that, however culpable the Macgregors were, and deserving of punishment for their many acts of violence and barbarity—of illegal oppression and plunder—their clan suffered most severe punishment, and the vengeance of the law was directed against them in a manner which is without precedent in the annals of the country

The perfidy of the Earl of Argyle, the King's Lieutenant and Justice-General of Scotland, evinces the miserable state of the Government of those times; yet, though the Macgregors, by their own conduct latterly, had been treated in the most summary manner by James VI., and by Charles I., who chose to renew all the statutes passed in his father's reign against them, and though, as Sir Walter Scott observes, they were rendered furious by proscription, and then punished for yielding to the passions which had been wilfully irritated, they to a man attached themselves during the Civil War to the cause of the latter monarch. They were restless after the Revolution, which induced King William to revive the enactments against them, and it was some time before they became reconciled to the House of Hanover.

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### BATTLE OF LARGS.\*

A.D. 1263.

THE parish of Largs, in Ayrshire, on the Frith of Clyde, is celebrated as the scene of a battle in the reign of Alexander III. between the Scots, under Alexander Stuart, the grandfather of the first sovereign of that name who occupied the Scottish throne, and the Norwegians or Danes, under Haco their king—a battle alluded to in the famous Poem of Hardiknute. Historians differ considerably in their accounts of this combat, and some assert that King Alexander commanded in person, although the prowess of Stuart is always mentioned. In this state of uncertainty, there—

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\* Johnstone's Translation of the Norwegian Account of Haco's Expedition against Scotland, A.D. 1263, from the original Islandic, 12mo, 1782; Robertson's Topographical Description of Ayrshire; Sir David Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Fordun's Scotichronicon; Transactions of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

fore, it is perhaps impossible to separate the facts from questionable tradition, nevertheless the narratives, as transmitted to us, are worthy of notice.

The field of battle is still shown—a beautiful plain extending near a mile from the shore to the foot of the hills where the thriving village of Largs is situated near the shore, embosomed in trees. Numbers of cairns were in this plain, formed, it was traditionally said, over pits into which the bodies of the slain were thrown, and a coarse granite stone, about ten feet high, now fallen down, stood in the centre of the field, supposed to have marked the grave of some chieftain who fell in the battle. The names of various localities also preserve the recollection of the combat. In the adjoining parish of Dalry, on the south-east boundary of Largs, is a farm called *Camp Hill*, where the Scottish army is said to have encamped previous to the battle. Between that farm and the village of Largs is *Routdonburn*, (*don* being a contraction for *Dane*,) which is supposed to have derived its name from a detachment of Haco's army having been routed there. At this place, when removing a large cairn of stones, a stone coffin was found. Between the Routdonburn and the sea is *Burlygate*, and a little lower, in the plantations of the Earl of Glasgow, is *Killing Craig*. Southward is *Kipping Burn*, where it is said a number of flying Danes were intercepted by Sir Robert Boyd, ancestor of the Earls of Kilmarnock, and put to the sword. In 1772, a small hill, called Margaret's Law, on the property of Hailley—a word signifying *a grave*, was opened to procure stones for enclosures. This hill was found to be artificial, and contained upwards of fifteen thousand cart loads of stones, in the centre of which were discovered five stone coffins, two of them containing five skulls each, with other human bones, and several urns. The Earl of Glasgow, and Brisbane of Brisbane, were each presented with Danish battle-axes found in the field, and that in the

possession of the latter was sent by him to the Museum of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh. Various other memorials of this battle have been found from time to time.

It appears that Haco landed at Ayr 20,000 men from a fleet of 600 sail, and Buchanan informs us that the alleged cause of the war was some islands which he said had been promised by Macbeth to his ancestors, but never delivered up—Bute, Arran, and the two Cumbraes ; and that he took possession of Bute and Arran, reducing their castles before resistance could be offered. From these islands the victorious Norwegian returned to Ayrshire, and was met at Largs by the Scottish army. The Danes and Norwegians had for centuries ravaged the Scottish coasts, but this was the last occasion on which that ancient piratical people set foot on Scottish ground in a hostile manner. Boece has left an account of the battle of Largs, published in 1526, and translated by Bellenden in what is called “The Cronikilis.” As to the cause of the invasion, notwithstanding what Buchanan has advanced, the force landed, the circumstances of the battle, and the number of the slain, both the Scottish and Norwegian historians widely differ ; but they agree in the main particulars, that Haco, king of Norway, invaded Scotland with a mighty fleet—that the Norwegians were attacked and defeated by the Scots at Largs on the 2d of October 1263—that a tempest soon afterwards rose and shattered the Norwegian fleet—and that Haco sought a retreat in Orkney, where he died at Kirkwall of grief.

The narrative of Boece is short and comprehensive. He says that Alexander collected an army of 40,000 men to meet the Norwegian invader—a number which must be grossly exaggerated—and divided his army into three parties. The right wing was commanded by Alexander Stuart, and was composed of the men of Argyre, Lennox, Athol, and

Galloway ; the left wing was headed by the Earl of Dunbar, who had under him the men of Lothian, Fife, Stirling, and Berwick ; the King was in the centre, with the remainder of his forces, to support the wings. When Alexander saw his enemies in battle-array he ordered divine service to be celebrated, and afterwards made a speech to his soldiers, in which he exhorted them to courage, in the defence of their country against the foreign invaders. Haco commenced the combat by attacking the division in which King Alexander was arrayed, trusting that if it was broken the others would soon be vanquished. The battle was carried on with great courage on both sides, and especially in those divisions under the two kings. At length Haco rushed from his forces with a band of forty warriors, and fiercely assailed the King of Scotland : but this attack was unsuccessful, and the Danes and Norwegians were finally put to flight, after a long and very doubtful contest. The Scots pursued their enemies throughout the whole district of Cunningham, and made a great slaughter, which the darkness alone terminated. Haco fled to the castle of Ayr, where he was informed that his fleet was destroyed by a tempest, and only four small vessels remained. With these vessels he reached Orkney, where he died.

It is farther said by Boece, who does not mention the number of Haco's army, that in this battle were slain 24,000 Danes and 5000 Scots, but no dependence can be placed on this statement. Others assert that of the 20,000 men composing the Norwegian army there fell 16,000, and of their fleet of one hundred and sixty vessels so few escaped the violence of the storm, that Haco could scarcely find one to carry him and a few friends to Orkney.

A translation of the Norwegian account of this battle was published in 1782 by the Rev. James Johnston, Chaplain to the British Embassy at Copenhagen. The original is supposed to have been written in the fourteenth century, and



in all probability the Norwegian author obtained his information from some of those who were in the battle, or from their immediate descendants. The following extract, which is inserted in Robertson's "Description of Ayrshire," refers solely to the battle and to the transactions of the Norwegians in the Frith of Clyde, but some strange blunders occur in the account of the localities.

"The King Haco," says the Norwegian writer, "sent sixty ships into Loch Long. When they came into the inlet they took their boats, and drew them into a great lake, which is called Lochlomond. In the lake were a great many islands, well inhabited, which the Norwegians wasted with fire. They also burnt the buildings about the lake, and made great devastation. Alan, the brother of Dugald, (an Hebridean chief,) marched far into Scotland, and killed many of the inhabitants; he also took some hundred head of cattle, and made vast havoc. The Norwegians afterwards retired to their fleet, and encountered a violent storm, in which ten of their vessels were dashed in pieces in Loch Long.

"King Haco lay in the Hebrides"—meaning the islands in the Frith of Clyde. "Michaelmas fell on a Saturday, and on the Monday night (Oct. 1) there came a great tempest, with hailstones and rain. The fleet was forced up the channel, and the tempest, on the following day, was so furious, that the masts of some vessels were cut away, and others ran aground. Five vessels were cast on shore, and so great was the storm that the people said it was raised by the power of magic. The quantity of rain was prodigious.

"When the Scots saw that the vessels had run aground, they advanced against the Norwegians, and attacked them with missile weapons, but the Norwegians gallantly defended themselves under cover of their ships. The Scots made several attempts at different times, and many were

wounded, though few were killed. The wind somewhat abated, and Haco sent a reinforcement in boats. Afterwards the King himself set sail, attended by Thorlaug Bosi, in a barge belonging to the Master of the Lights.

“ As soon as the King’s men approached the land the Scots retired, and the Norwegians continued on shore all night, while the Scots during the darkness entered the transports, and carried away as much of the lading as they could. On the morning (October 3) the King with a numerous reinforcement came on shore, and ordered the transports to be lightened and towed to the ships. In a little time they descried the Scottish army, and it was so numerous that they supposed the King of Scotland was present. Ogmund Krakidauts, with his company, was stationed on a hill. The Scottish van skirmished with his men, and their main body coming on, the Norwegians entreated the King, as they were anxious for his safety, to row to his fleet and send them help. The King insisted to remain on shore, but as they would not assent to his continuing exposed any longer, he sailed in his barge to the Cumbraes. The whole number of soldiers who remained on land were eight or nine hundred. Two hundred men were upon the rising ground with Ogmund Krakidauts, and the rest of the troops were posted down upon the beach.

“ The Scottish army now advanced. It was conjectured to consist of nearly 1500 knights; all their horses had breastplates, and there were many Spanish steeds in complete armour. The Scottish King had besides a numerous army of foot soldiers, well accoutred, and for the most part with bows and spears. The Norwegians on the hill, apprehensive of being surrounded, began to retire in scattered parties towards the sea. Andrew Nicolson observing this came up to the rising ground, and desired Ogmund to draw off his men toward the beach, but not to retreat so perceptibly as if he fled. The Scots at this time attacked them furi-

ously with darts and stones. Showers of missile weapons were poured upon the Norwegians, who defended themselves, and retired in good order; but when they approached the sea, each one hurrying faster than another, those on the beach supposed they had been routed. Some, therefore, leaped into their boats, and pushed off from the land; others jumped into the transports. Their companions called on them to return, but only a few came back. Andrew Pott leaped over two boats into a third, and escaped from land; but many boats went down, and some men were lost; the rest of the Norwegians wheeled about at last to the sea. Here Haco of Skeine, one of King Haco's household, fell. A part of the Norwegians were driven south from the transport, and were headed by Andrew Nicolson, Ogmund Krakidauts, Thorlaug Bosi, and Paul Soor. There soon began a severe though unequal contest, as ten Scots fought against each Norwegian. Among the Scots there was a young knight called Ferash, equally distinguished for his birth and fortune. He wore a helmet plated with gold, and set with precious stones, and the rest of his armour was of a piece with it. He rode gallantly up to the Norwegians, but no other ventured; he galloped frequently along the Norwegian line, and then back to his followers. Andrew Nicolson had now reached the Scottish van. He encountered this illustrious knight, and struck at his thigh with such force that he cut it through the armour with his sword, which penetrated to the saddle. The Norwegians stripped him of his beautiful belt. The hardest contest then commenced, and many fell on both sides, but more of the Scots.

“ During the battle there was so great a tempest, that King Haco saw no possibility of bringing the army ashore. Ronald and Eilif of Naustadale, with some men, rowed to land, and greatly distinguished themselves, as did those troops that had before gone out in their boats. Ronald

was at last repulsed to his ships, but Eilif behaved in the most heroic manner. The Norwegians now began to form themselves anew, and the Scots took possession of the rising ground. There were continual skirmishes with stones and missile weapons, but towards evening the Norwegians made a desperate charge against the Scots on the hill. The Scots then left the eminence, and fled where they could away to their mountains. The Norwegians, perceiving this, retired to their boats, and, rowing out to their ships, luckily escaped the storm. On the morning they came back in search of the bodies of those who had fallen. Among the dead were Haco of Steine, and Thor-gisi Eloppe, both of King Haco's household. There fell also a worthy vassal, called Karlhoved from Drontheim, and another called Kalkel of Fiorde. Besides, there died three Masters of the Lights. It is impossible for the Norwegians to tell how many of the Scots were killed, because those who fell were taken up and removed to the woods. King Haco ordered his dead to be carried to a church."

Such is the Norwegian account of the Battle of Largs—a battle which Dr Macpherson, in his "Critical Dissertations," says, "it is hardly possible to believe ever was fought." Lord Hailes properly remarks—"This is a high strain of scepticism indeed." It must, however, be admitted that the numbers ascribed to each army are utterly incredible, and the loss on the part of the Norwegians is grossly exaggerated. It has been well asked—"Where was the shipping that could have brought such an army, which, after leaving 24,000 slain on the field of Largs, was yet so numerous as to be able to retreat thirty miles of land (from Largs to Ayr) in the face of 35,000 men, left of the victorious army, as stated by Boece? Fifty sail of British ships of the line in the present times could not have transported such an army, far less could such vessels as were in use in those days." As for King Haco, we are

farther told that he weighed anchor with the remnant of his fleet under the Cumbraes, where he was joined by the squadron which had been in Loch Long. He sent some retainers on shore to burn the stranded vessels, and afterwards sailed to Melansey, which is supposed to be Lam-lash Bay, where there was a cell dedicated to St Melance. He afterwards sailed past Sanda, Gigha, the Calf of Mull, Rum, and Cape Wrath, to the Orkneys. Fordun, who asserts that the Scots were commanded by Alexander Stuart, uncle of Walter Stuart, who married Marjory, daughter of Robert the Bruce, and absurdly allows Haco one hundred and sixty ships and 20,000 men, says, that, "by the will of God, and the exertions of the Queen St Margaret, protectrix of the kingdom of Scotland, there arose on the very day of the battle a most violent tempest in the sea, which, tossing the ships, tore up their anchors, made their masts go overboard and all their tackle give way, from the immense billows and rage of the winds; so that the ships being dashed against one another, and wrecked on the land and on rocks, thousands of the people were drowned, and became the prey of the sea; and those who did reach the land were immediately met by our people and killed, or put to flight and drowned. Among the many thousands that perished, the King of Norway had to lament one noble Norwegian, his grandson, a man of great strength and activity. The King himself effected his escape with difficulty. Grieved, and, with no small confusion, he reached the Orkneys, where, passing the winter in the expectation of a more powerful force for the subjugation of Scotland, he died." Fordun's account bears a striking resemblance to the Norwegian, and the great storm, which both parties considered at the time as preternatural, is imputed by the one to the influence of the tutelary guardian of the kingdom, and by the other to the agency of evil spirits.



## CONFLICTS IN GLASGOW.\*

A.D. 1300 AND 1548.

THE city of Glasgow is less distinguished in the military annals of Scotland than many places of much inferior note, yet in the year 1300 it was the scene of a bloody contest between the Scots and the English. Edward I. had appointed Anthony Beck, afterwards the celebrated military Bishop of Durham, to the see of Glasgow, and Earl Percy assumed the military government of the western districts of Scotland. When these proceedings were known to the asserters of Scottish independence, Sir William Wallace resolved to attempt the rescue of Glasgow from the invaders, and to strike a blow at the English interest in Scotland. He was then residing at Ayr, the town and castle of which he committed to the care of a chosen body of the inhabitants, and being joined by his uncle, Adam Wallace of Riccartown, the Laird of Auchinleck, and others, he formed a squadron of three hundred choice cavalry, and proceeded to Glasgow to dislodge Bishop Beck, who kept possession of the town and episcopal palace, to the exclusion of Wishart, the lawful bishop of the see.

Wallace marched during the night, and in the morning he arrived with his followers at the Bridge of Glasgow, which at that time was constructed of timber. He divided his followers into two bands, taking the command of one himself, and committing the other to the Laird of Auchinleck. "Whether do you choose," said Wallace to his

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\* Cleland's Annals of Glasgow; Brown's History of Glasgow; Carrick's Life of Sir William Wallace; Hamilton's (of Wishaw) History of the Counties of Lanark and Renfrew; Buchanan's History.

coadjutor, "to bear up the Bishop's tail, or to go forward and take his blessing?" Auchinleck readily understood the question, and proposed assailing the rear of the English, resigning the more honourable part to Wallace, who, he jocularly remarked, *had not yet been confirmed*. After crossing the Clyde, they drew up their little army on the ground now occupied by the Bridgegate Street, and the word of command was given—"Bear up the Bishop's tail." Wallace issued the necessary instructions to Auchinleck, whom he enjoined to be diligent, "for," said he, "the men of Northumberland are all good warriors." The divisions then separated. As it was expected that Percy would dispute the approach to the episcopal palace, which stood at the head of the High Street near the Cathedral, on the site of the Royal Infirmary, Auchinleck and his followers, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, took a circuitous route to reach the vicinity of the Cathedral, over the grounds on the eastern side of the city on which the streets of the Calton, the Infantry Barracks, and the Drygate, are built, with the design of attacking Percy in the rear, while Wallace marched directly up the High Street to meet the English forces, who were one thousand strong, arrayed in armour.

The conflict took place near where the University, or rather the College Church, now stands, and the inhabitants had scarcely time to retire to their houses when it commenced. The warlike bishop supported the English commander in the action with his knights, esquires, and feudal followers, but although vastly inferior in numbers, the narrowness of the streets favoured the Scots, and the sword of Wallace was not wielded in vain. It is said that the manner in which he swept his antagonists before him was long a tradition in Glasgow. While the action was doubtful, Auchinleck suddenly made his appearance in the rear of the English, and succeeded in dividing them. The

rout of the English now became general, which was increased by their ignorance of the real number of their assailants. In the heat of the engagement Wallace unhorsed a stalwart monk named Henry of Hornecester, who carried the banner either of Bishop Beck or that of St Cuthbert—a banner of peculiar sanctity ; and this circumstance damped the ardour of some of the vassals of the Bishop, who fell back before a vigorous charge of the Scots. Tradition asserts that Wallace rushed forward to the spot where Percy was fighting, and cleft his head with one stroke of his sword ; but this is a mistake, for Percy was not present in the conflict, being then temporarily absent either in the east of Scotland or in Northumberland.

When the English saw the torrent of spears pointed against them by the followers of Auchinleck rushing impetuously down the High Street, their panic became general, and a hasty and disorderly retreat ensued through the byways and lanes leading from the street to the fields. Many were trampled to death by their companions, on account of the street being choked up by the fugitives. Bishop Beck made his escape with about three hundred horse, and directed his flight towards England, carrying with him the sacred banner of St Cuthbert.

Although Wallace had thus succeeded, by stratagem and valour, in expelling the English from Glasgow, and relieving Bishop Wishart from the obnoxious interference of the Bishop of Durham, he did not deem it prudent to occupy the city. There was then a grove connected with the church of the Black Friars, and there was also a considerable forest beyond the rivulet called the Molendinar Burn, which falls into the Clyde near the bridge at the Green. After achieving the victory, Wallace and his brave companions marched towards Bothwell, where, though exhausted with fatigue, they encountered and defeated a party of Northumbrians, much superior to them in numbers.

Uniting his forces with those of Sir William Douglas, who had been engaged in combating the English in the south of Scotland, a rapid march was undertaken upon Scone, to surprise Ormsly, Edward's justiciary, who was holding his courts there. The attempt was successful; many were either killed or taken prisoners, a rich booty fell into the hands of the Scots, and Ormsly escaped with difficulty to England.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty years afterwards, in 1544, Glasgow was the scene of a conflict of a different description. The Regent Arran had soon become unpopular, and the Queen-Dowager, the mother of the young Queen Mary, joined Cardinal Beaton to oppose him. They requested assistance from France, and invited Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, who was then in that country, to come to Scotland and assist them in reducing the power of the Regent. Lennox accepted the invitation, but he had not been long in Scotland before the contending parties made an accommodation from which he was excluded. He raised an army of 10,000 men, and marched from Glasgow to Leith, to offer battle to the Cardinal and the Regent, but the former succeeded in obtaining a truce, and Lennox deemed it prudent to return to Glasgow, where he garrisoned the episcopal palace, and proceeded to Dumbarton. The Regent Arran mustered a considerable force at Stirling, and marched to Glasgow, which he entered without resistance, and invested the episcopal palace, which he stormed with brass guns. A truce was proposed on the tenth day of the siege, and the garrison agreed to surrender on the solemn assurance of quarter and indemnity; but no sooner did they open their gates, than they were barbarously put to the sword, two persons only escaping.

Lennox, with the assistance of the Earl of Glencairn

and other persons of distinction, resolved to make one great effort against his enemies. He intended to march into Clydesdale, and lay waste the property of the Hamiltons, the patrimonial estate of the Regent. Arran got notice of this project, and resolved to prevent it at Glasgow. The Earl of Glencairn, on the approach of the Regent, drew out about eight hundred men, composed of his own vassals and the citizens, at a place called the Butts, now the site of the Infantry Barracks, where the *weapon-shaw* was formerly held. With this small body of troops he attacked the Regent, pushed his first rank back to the second, and took the brass pieces of ordnance brought against him. The victory continued doubtful until the arrival of Robert Boyd, of the family of Kilmarnock, who, with a small party of horse, thrust himself into the midst of the combat, and decided the day in favour of the Regent. Glencairn's men, imagining that a great additional force had arrived, fled with precipitation. About three hundred fell on both sides; several persons of distinction on Glencairn's side were killed, including, according to Buchanan, his two sons; the Provost of Glasgow was dangerously wounded, but the Earl succeeded in escaping to Dumbarton. The only person of note who fell on the part of the Regent was a gentleman named Keith.

Arran immediately entered Glasgow, which he allowed his soldiers to plunder, and the citizens received little or no quarter. His soldiers carried off or destroyed every thing moveable, and pulled down the very doors and windows of the houses.



## SIEGE OF CARLISLE.\*

A.D. 1315.

THE city of Carlisle has witnessed numerous remarkable transactions, and many an hostile army has encamped beneath its walls. Its situation near the Borders rendered it a frequent object of attack by the Scots when they carried war into England, and it was in consequence strongly fortified from the most ancient times. It was a place of considerable interest during the settlement of the Romans in Britain—its castle was often the abode of royalty, the seat of courts and parliaments, the rendezvous of mitred abbots and steel-clad barons, the boast of English and Scottish chivalry. The city is familiarly designated *Merrie Carlisle* in the legends of the olden times—an appellation at once appropriate and expressive.

In the year 1315 Carlisle was besieged by Robert Bruce, a few years after Cardinal D'Espagnol, the Pope's Legate, had "with candles light, and causing the bells to be rung, accursed in terrible wise the said Robert Bruce, as the usurper of the crown of Scotland, with his partakers." The city was then commanded by Andrew de Harclaw, who determined to make a bold defence. Bruce appeared with his forces before the walls on the 22d of July, and did great damage to the surrounding country. His men destroyed the suburbs, trod down the corn growing near the city, and carried off the cattle. An account of this siege is preserved in the Chronicle of Lanercost, and is not a little curious as illustrating the mode of warfare in those times.

The siege continued ten or twelve days, and on every

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\* The History and Antiquities of Carlisle; Ridpath's Border History.

day the Scots made an attack on one of the city gates, or on all the gates at one time. Darts, arrows, and stones, were discharged in such quantities by the besieged, that the Scots, it is quaintly observed, "questioned among themselves whether the stones did not increase and multiply within the walls." On the fifth day of the siege an engine was erected near the Cathedral, where King Robert had stationed himself, and immense stones were discharged towards the Caldew Gate and against the wall, but little injury was done, and only one man was killed. Within the city there were seven or eight circular engines, with springalls for throwing long darts, and slings for casting stones, which greatly annoyed the besiegers. The Scots erected what was called a *berefray*, resembling a tower, which considerably exceeded the height of the walls, but the moist and clayey ground prevented its operations, as it stuck fast by its weight, and could be of no use in the assault.

Long ladders were now applied by the Scots, who made some attempts to scale the walls in several places, and the military engine called the *sow* was employed, but in no instance with success. The besiegers also made bundles of straw and grass to fill up the moat without the wall on the east side of the city, and they constructed bridges running on wheels, which could be drawn rapidly with ropes, and carried across the ditch, but these contrivances failed, and sunk to the bottom of the moat. On the ninth day of the siege the Scots played all their engines, and made a general assault on all the gates of the city. The garrison repelled them with courage, and continued masters of the place. King Robert now attempted to obtain possession of the city by a stratagem. He caused the greater part of his army to make an assault on the eastern wall of the city near the monastery of the Grey Friars, with the view of drawing the whole strength of the besieged to that quarter, while Lord James Douglas, with a chosen company of war-

riors. assailed the city on the west near the monastery of the Black Friars. Here ladders were posted, which were mounted by archers, who discharged their arrows at all who raised their heads above the walls ; but, according to the Chronicle, “ blessed be the Lord, they found such a resistance there that they were thrown to the ground with their ladders, and there and elsewhere about the walls some were taken, some slain, and others wounded : yet no Englishman was killed during the whole siege except the one above mentioned, and one man was struck with an arrow, but a few were wounded.”

On the eleventh or twelfth day of the siege King Robert was compelled to raise it, after losing a considerable number of men, and in his retreat several of his soldiers were killed and wounded. Some were taken prisoners, among whom were several persons of distinction. Harclaw was rewarded for his defence of the city by being made Earl of Carlisle and Lord Warden of the Marches ; but some years afterwards he repaired to Robert Bruce at Lochmaben and tendered him his services, which were readily accepted. They entered into a mutual engagement to support each other—a measure fatal to the unfortunate governor of Carlisle. The tidings of his defalcation soon reached Edward II. and he promptly commissioned Lord Lucy to apprehend him. Lucy chose for his associates in this enterprise Sir Hugh Lowther, Sir Richard Denton, and Sir Hugh de Moriceby. Attended by those knights, their esquires-at-arms, and a few followers, Lucy passed safely under the portcullis of the castle, and proceeded towards the inner ward, as if on a visit to the Earl. To prevent any suspicion of their intentions, their arms were concealed beneath their cloaks, and they passed the sentinels without exciting any alarm. A few of the men loitered at each gate under pretence of waiting for the others, but in reality to guard each avenue, and to prevent an alarm. When Lord

Lucy and his knights entered the private apartment of the governor they found him unarmed, and engaged in writing. He was informed by Lucy that he was his prisoner, and required either to defend himself, or to surrender as a traitor. The Earl had no alternative, but the loud voice of Lord Lucy was overheard by some of his followers, and instantly the vaulted arches of the castle resounded with the cry of treason. The keeper of the inner gate was killed by Sir Richard Denton, and the retainers were compelled to retreat. The governor was committed a close prisoner, until Edward should be apprised of his capture.

The Earl was soon brought to trial, but it is not certain whether at Carlisle or London. He was arraigned as a traitor, and degraded from his knighthood, which Tindal asserts is the first instance of the kind on record. He was led to the bar as a belted earl, booted and spurred, with his sword girt about him, and addressed in the following manner :—" Sir Andrew, the King, for thy valiant service, hath done thee great honour, and made thee Earl of Carlisle, since which time thou, as a traitor to thy Lord the King, leddest his people, that should have assisted him at the battle of Beighland, away by the county of Copeland, and through the earldom of Lancaster, by which means our Lord the King was discomfited by the Scots through thy treason and falsehood ; whereas, if thou hadst come betimes he would have gained the victory ; and this treason thou committedst for the great sum of gold and silver which thou receivedst from James Douglas, a Scot, the King's enemy. Our Lord the King willeth therefore that the order of knighthood, by which thou receivest all thine honours and worship upon thy body, be brought to nought, and thy state undone, that other knights of lower degree may after thee beware, and take example hereafter truly to serve." When the Earl was divested of all his distinctions of knighthood he was thus accosted—" Andrew, now thou art

no knight, but a knave, and for thy treason the King will-eth that thou shall be hanged and drawn, and thy head smitten from thy body, and thy body quartered." The Earl heard his sentence with an unchanged countenance, and simply said, "You have disposed of my body at your pleasure, but my soul I give to God." He was then executed, and his body was, according to the barbarous custom of the times, divided into four quarters, each of which was sent to York, Newcastle, Carlisle, and Shrewsbury, and his head placed on London Bridge.

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## BATTLE OF HARLAW.\*

A. D. 1411.

IN the parish of Chapel of Garioch, in the county of Aberdeen, lies the scene of the battle of Harlaw, fought between Alexander Earl of Mar, who commanded the royal army, and Donald Lord of the Isles—a battle in which it is traditionally reported more men of rank and repute fell than in any foreign engagement for many preceding years, and which has rendered this remote village memorable to posterity. During the regency of Robert Duke of Albany, who administered the government of Scotland after the death of Robert III., and during part of the time in which James I., the son of that monarch, was detained a captive in England, the Lord of the Isles appeared in open insurrection. The cause of dispute was the earldom of Ross, to which the Lord of the Isles considered himself the rightful

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\* Early Metrical Tales; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Abercrombie's Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation.



heir. It appears that the ancient line of the possessors of this earldom failed with Euphemia Ross, who married Walter Leslie, by whom she had a son, Alexander Earl of Ross, and a daughter married to Donald of the Isles. The Countess of Ross, at the death of her husband, married Alexander Earl of Buchan, fourth son of King Robert II. Her son by the first marriage, who succeeded her as Earl of Ross, married Lady Isabel Stuart, eldest daughter of the Regent Albany, and the offspring of this marriage was Euphemia, Countess of Ross at her father's death. This lady either chose or was compelled to become a nun, probably at the instigation of her mother's family, and, as it is conjectured, with the intention of resigning the earldom to John Earl of Buchan, second son of the Regent, though it appears that the act of resignation was not executed till four years afterwards. As the Countess Euphemia, by becoming a nun, was regarded as dead in law, her next heir was her aunt Margaret, the only sister of the deceased Alexander Earl of Ross, and wife of Donald Lord of the Isles, who asserted her right to the earldom, and to a certain extent took possession, for he held the castle of Dingwall, and seized the Island of Sky, contiguous to his own extensive territories. Resolved to defeat the projects of the family of Albany, to show his scorn of the Regent's authority, and to recommend himself to the alliance of Henry IV. of England, Donald raised an army of 10,000 men in the Hebrides and in the earldom of Ross, and advanced as far as the district of Mar, intending to plunder the city of Aberdeen, and to ravage the country as far as the Tay.

The Earl of Mar, nephew of the Regent, and the Sheriff of Angus or Forfarshire, hastily raised as many forces as they could collect in the counties north of the Tay. Those troops were composed of most of the retainers of the ancient families of those counties—the Lyons, Ogilvies,

Maules, Carnegies, Lindsays, Leslie's, Arbuthnots, Leiths, Burnets, and others, led by their respective chiefs. Although inferior in numbers to the army of the Hebridean chief, the Earl of Mar advanced against him, and their march is thus commemorated in the old historical ballad called the "Battle of Harlaw," which, according to the opinion of competent judges, seems from its manner to have been written soon after the event, and is noticed by the author of the *Complaynt of Scotland* in 1549, one hundred and thirty-eight years after the battle, as one of the popular songs of the time. It may be also considered as the original of rather a numerous class of our historical ballads.

The ballad gives a very correct account of all the circumstances of this engagement. According to the author, Donald of the Isles encountered no opposition in his desolating career, and, after ravaging "fair Strathbogie land," he "longed at last to see the Burgh of Aberdeen."

" To hinder this proud enterprize,  
The stout and mighty Earl of Mar,  
With all his men, in arms did rise,  
Even frae Curgarf to Craigievar,  
And down the side of Don right far,  
Angus and Mearns did all convene  
To fecht, or Donald came sae near  
The royal burgh of Aberdeen.

" And thus the martial Earl of Mar  
Marcht with his men in richt array,  
Before the enemy was aware,  
His banner bauldly did display,  
For weel eneuch they knew the way,  
And all their semblance weel they saw,  
Without all danger or delay,  
Came hastily to the Harlaw "

The “ brave Lord Ogilvy, of Angus sheriff-principal,” and the “ Constable of gude Dundee,” are specially noticed as gallant leaders :—

“ And then the worthy Lord Salton,  
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,  
The stalwart Laird of Laurieston,  
With ilk thair forces all and sum,  
Panmure with all his men did cum.  
The Provost of brave Aberdeen,  
With trumpets and with tuck of drum,  
Came shortly in their armour schene.”

And there, with other noblemen and gentlemen,—

“ Together vowit to live and die,  
Since they had marched many miles  
For to suppress the tyranny  
Of doubted Donald of the Isles.”

The two armies met at Harlaw, upwards of fifteen miles from Aberdeen, and here an obstinate and bloody battle was fought, the noblemen and gentlemen of Mar's army contending for their estates and honours against the unbounded ferocity of the invaders. It was in the month of July, and, after fighting the whole of the long summer day, the combatants were separated at night exhausted by fatigue; but so uncertain was the issue of the day that each side, on reckoning its loss, considered itself vanquished.

“ With doubtful victorie they dealt,  
The bluidy battle lastit lang,  
Each man his neighbour's force there felt,  
The weakest aft-times gat the wrang.

There was nae mowis there them amang.  
Naithing was heard but heavy nocks,  
That echo made a duleful sang,  
Thairto resounding frae the rocks."

At length victory, such as it was, declared in favour of the Earl of Mar. The Lord of the Isles felt himself so much weakened that he was compelled to give way. It is said that the victors lay all night on the field of battle, and that Donald, being rather wearied with the action than conquered by force of arms, retreated first to Ross and then to the Isles, which he effected without much molestation, knowing that his opponents were too much exhausted to follow him; but our historical poet, with a pardonable licence, gives us a somewhat different account.

"But Donald's men at last gave back,  
For they were all out of array,  
The Earl of Mar's men through them brak,  
Pursuing sharply in their way,  
Thair enemies to take or slay,  
By dint of force to make them yield,  
Who were richt blithe to win away,  
And sae for feirdness tint the field.

"Then Donald fled, and that full fast,  
To mountains high for all his might,  
For he and his were all aghast,  
And ran till they were out of sight.  
And sae of Ross he lost his right,  
Tho' many men with him he brought,  
Towards the Isles fled day and night,  
And all he won was dearly bought."

On the side of Donald there were slain nine hundred men, and the chiefs of Maclean and Macintosh—

With all their succour and relief,  
Were dulefully dung to the deid."

The Earl of Mar lost five hundred men, among whom were several gentlemen of distinction. Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus, Scrimgeour, the constable of Dundee, Maule of Panmure, Abernethy of Salton, Straiton of Laurieston, Sir Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen, and a gentleman named Leslie of Balquhain, whose residence is in the neighbourhood of the field of battle, with six or seven of his sons, were all among the slain. The loss on the side of Mar is thus enumerated by our historical poet, who expresses little sympathy for the numbers of Donald's men who fell, characterizing them as "loons who might well be spared:"—

" And on the other side were lost  
    Into the field that dismal day,  
Chief men of worth, of meikle cost,  
    To be lamentit sair for ay.  
    The Lord Saltoun of Rothiemay,  
A man of might and meikle main,  
    Great dolour was for his decay,  
That sae unhappily was slain.

" Of the best amang them was  
    The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,  
The Sheriff-Principal of Angus,  
    Renownit for truth and equity—  
    For faith and magnanimity  
    He had few fellows in the field,  
    Yet fell by fatal destiny,  
For he nae ways wad grant to yield.

" Sir James Scrimgeour of Duddap, knight,  
    Great Constable of fair Dundee,



Unto the duleful death was dicht.  
The king's chief bannerman was he,  
A valiant man of chivalry,  
Whose predecessors won that place,  
At Spey, with gude King William free,  
'Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

“ Gude Sir Alexander Irvine,  
The much-renowned Laird of Drum,  
Nane in his days was better seen,  
When they were semblit all and sum.  
To praise him we should not be dumb  
For valour, wit, and worthiness,  
To end his days he there did come,  
Whose ransom is remeidiless.

“ And there the Knight of Lauriston  
Was slain into his armour schene,  
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,  
Who Provost was of Aberdeen.  
The Knight of Panmure, as was sene,  
A mortal man in armour bright,  
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and keen,  
Left to the world their last gude night.”

The Regent Albany collected an army after this battle, and marched to the Castle of Dingwall, which he took and garrisoned towards the end of autumn. In the following summer he sent three separate forces to invade the territories of Donald. The haughty Lord of the Isles was obliged to relinquish his claims to the earldom of Ross, to make a personal submission, and to give hostages for indemnification and for the future observance of peace.

## BATTLE OF DRYFE SANDS.\*

A. D. 1593.

THE savage conflicts which repeatedly occurred between the septs inhabiting the Scottish Borders are remarkable illustrations of the times, and of the manner in which the government of the country was conducted. In these deadly feuds the "chiefs of clans," says Sir Walter Scott, "made war, or truce, or final peace with each other, with as much formality and as little sincerity as actual monarchs." The jurisdiction of the *Marches*, as the Borders were designated, was always conferred on some powerful nobleman, who was considered the King's lieutenant, and styled *Lord Warden*. In virtue of his office he was entitled to display the royal banner, and to put down all feuds, raids, or forays, and disturbances; but it often happened that the Wardens exercised their power less for the preservation of the public peace than for inflicting vengeance upon their private enemies. If the Warden was at feud with a rival and powerful chief, the royal banner was displayed, and that chief was proceeded against as a rebel to the crown.

John, sixth Lord Maxwell, Warden of the West Marches, soon after the execution of the Regent Morton contrived to obtain in right of his mother, Lady Beatrix Douglas, second daughter of the Regent, a charter to the earldom of Morton in 1581, which was ratified by Parliament towards the end of that year. In 1585, however, the Regent's attainder was solemnly rescinded by Parliament, and the titles and estates were declared to belong to his lawful heir.

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\* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Spottiswood's History of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Statistical Account of Scotland; Sir Walter Scott's Border Antiquities; Gordon's History of the Earls of Sutherland.

Maxwell was thus dispossessed of the title of Earl of Morton, and of the property belonging to it. As Maxwell was a strenuous supporter of the Roman Catholic Church, in that same year he was declared the King's rebel on account of his religion and several alleged misdemeanours, and the Laird of Johnstone, chief of the powerful sept of that name, was ordered to apprehend him. He was entrusted with two bands of soldiers for that purpose, who were destroyed by the Maxwells. The Laird of Johnstone was himself shortly afterwards defeated and taken prisoner, and his house of Lochwood set on fire, that "*Lady Johnstone might have light to put on her hood!*" The unfortunate Laird died of grief in April 1586.

These outrages, which originated the deadly hatred between the two septs of Johnstones and Maxwells, and especially between their chiefs, brought Lord Maxwell, who was Warden of the West Marches, under the cognizance of the law, and he was speedily taken and put in prison, on account of his conduct towards the Johnstones and his religious opinions. He was, however, soon liberated on condition of leaving Scotland, which, it is said, he did in the highest disgust. He proceeded to Spain, and offered his services to the King, who was at that time preparing the celebrated *Armada* to invade and subjugate England. His offer was accepted, and being furnished with money and pecuniary assistance from Philip, he returned to Scotland in 1588. He commenced to levy men on the Borders, and numbers of his sept obeyed his summons; but he was soon arrested at Dumfries, made prisoner, and the Wardenship of the West Marches bestowed on his rival, Sir James Johnstone, son of the chief already mentioned, who, besides being thus distinguished by the royal favour, was knighted at the coronation of the consort of James VI. in 1590.

But on account of sundry political reasons, the office of

Warden was taken from Sir James Johnstone, and restored to Lord Maxwell—a procedure calculated to revive the animosities and feuds which had long existed between those two powerful chiefs. Besides occasional skirmishes with the Maxwells, the Johnstones, as well as Lord Maxwell, had occasionally assisted the turbulent Earl of Bothwell in 1592, and it is supposed that this was the cause of the imprisonment of Sir James Johnstone in the Castle of Edinburgh, either for his personal conduct, or as responsible for his retainers, or for failing to give proper security. Nevertheless, in January 1593, he contrived to escape from the castle, and he returned to his own territories, where, through powerful mediation, he and Lord Maxwell were induced to conclude a mutual alliance, binding themselves to support each other in all lawful quarrels. The Johnstones, on the faith of this treaty, thinking they had nothing to apprehend from the Lord Warden if they refrained from plundering any of the name of Maxwell, made a descent upon Nithsdale, committed sundry depredations on Lord Sanquhar, the Lairds of Drumlanrig, Closeburn, and Lagg, and killed eighteen persons. This enterprise so greatly irritated the Government, that, taking advantage of the hereditary feud known to exist between the two septs, a commission was given to Lord Maxwell to pursue the Johnstones with the utmost severity of the law. Sir James Johnstone was informed of this, and besides obtaining assistance from Annandale, he was joined by the Scotts, the Grahams, and the Elliots. It farther appears that he was aided by several of the English Borderers, for in the records of the Privy Council, “divers Englishmen treasonable brocht within this realme, armed in plaine hostilitie,” are mentioned on this occasion as acting with Johnstone. Lord Maxwell, on the other hand, illegally entered into *bonds of manrent* with Sanquhar, Drumlanrig, Closeburn, and others who had been pillaged by the Johnstones, wherein they

bound themselves to render each other sincere and effective assistance in all quarrels.

The rival chiefs thus possessed on each side a large force of retainers and allies, and the ancient feud was now revived. Lord Maxwell, as Warden, and holding the King's commission, ordered the Laird of Johnstone to surrender, and sent Captain Oliphant with some troopers to Lochmaben; but the Johnstones marched suddenly upon them, killed the Captain and some of his troopers, and wantonly set fire to the parish church of Lochmaben, into which a number had fled for shelter, who were thus forced to surrender.

This was an insult not likely to be forgiven by a haughty Border chief, who had been long at enmity with the perpetrator. Lord Maxwell entered Annandale as the King's Lieutenant, raising the inhabitants of the different towns to his aid, and soon mustered no fewer than two thousand men. The Lairds of Drumlanrig, Closeburn, and other gentlemen, with their retainers, were included in this force, and it was the design of the invaders not only to destroy the house of Lochwood, the baronial residence of Sir James Johnstone, but to extirpate the whole sept. On the morning of the 7th of December, Lord Maxwell and his followers came to Lockerby, expecting to find the Johnstones arrayed against them, but they were disappointed; and, after burning the house of Nether Place, belonging to Johnstone, they proceeded to Dryfe Sands,—a plain so called in the parish of Dryfesdale,—not far from Lochmaben, and on the banks of the river Dryfe.

Sir James Johnstone, who had obtained early information of the movements of Lord Maxwell, had mustered his retainers and allies to the number of some hundreds. He soon appeared at the head of forty mounted troopers, with whom he engaged a party of the Maxwells, greatly superior. He nevertheless put them to flight, and pur-



sued them some distance, when, suddenly retreating, he was followed by the whole force of the Maxwells, led by the Warden. They came to the Torwood, on the south side of the Dryfe, where the Johnstones suddenly assailed the Maxwells in full force. After a short but sanguinary encounter, the followers of Lord Maxwell were thrown into disorder, and compelled to retreat. Johnstone stood on a rising ground beholding the issue of the conflict, and, taking advantage of the confusion into which the Maxwells were thrown, he broke in upon them without encountering any resistance, and put them to flight. The Maxwells suffered severely, and in their retreat great numbers were slain. Upwards of seven hundred of them were killed, and among the slain was Lord Maxwell, a "tall man, and heavy in armour," who was overtaken and struck from his horse in the pursuit. "The report went," says Spottiswoode, "that he called to Johnstone, and desired to be *taken, as he had sometime taken his father*, [formerly granted quarter to Johnstone's father, by taking him prisoner instead of putting him to death,] but he was unmercifully used, and the hand that he reached forth cut off; but of this I can affirm nothing. There, at all events, the Lord Maxwell fell, having received many wounds. He was a nobleman of great spirit, humane, courteous, and more learned than noblemen commonly are [or were in those times,] but aspiring, and ambitious of rule."

The Johnstones and their allies pursued the Maxwells through the streets of Lockerby, where numbers of them were cut down. They followed them as far as the Gotterby ford of the river Annan, in which river many were drowned. Most of those who escaped bore the marks of dreadful wounds and gashes on their faces and heads as long as they lived, and these occasioned the proverbial phrase of a *Lockerby lick*. In the Holm of Dryfe, about half a mile below the old churchyard of Dryfesdale, there

are two very aged thorns, with a tumulus at their base, called *Maxwell's Thorns*, and are said to indicate the spot where Lord Maxwell was cut down.

This daring conflict could not fail to attract the attention of the Government, and on the 22d of December a commission was granted to Lord Herries, Sir John Gordon of Lochinvar, Stewart of Gairlies, and others, to examine into the causes of the disturbances of the West Marches, caused by the rebellion of Sir James Johnstone and his accomplices. In the accusation against that chief are enumerated his "breaking ward furth of the Castell of Edinburgh;" his slaughter, "by wicked thieves of his name and others," of the "true men indwellers in the Sanquhar;" the burning of the parish church of Lochmaben; and the conflict at Dryfe Sands, where he "invadit, persewit, and maist cruellie and outragiously slew Lord Maxwell and sundrie gentlemen of his name, and others his Majestie's subjects; drownyt, lamit, dismemberit, and tuke a grite nowmer of prisoners; reft and spulzeit thair horses, armour, purses, money, and other goods." But no farther prosecution took place, and Sir Walter Scott observes, that "although the King took it hardly," according to Spottiswoode, "that his Warden, a nobleman bearing his authority, should be thus cut off, yet he found himself unable, in the circumstances of the country, to exact any vengeance for the insult. This is a remarkable instance, among many, of the Warden using the royal name to serve his own private purposes, and of the slight respect in which his authority was held upon such occasions."

The following extract from Mr Pitcairn's Criminal Trials of Scotland is an appropriate conclusion to this narrative of the conflict between the Maxwells and the Johnstones at Dryfe Sands:—"The principal parties, as well as their dependants and kinsmen, lived at such mortal and bloody feud, and the peace of the country was so much disturbed,

that mutual friends, for their own personal safety and comfort, suggested the expedient of an amicable and private meeting between Lord Maxwell (son of Lord Maxwell who fell at Dryfe Sands) and Sir James Johnstone, for finally arranging all their differences. At length they were prevailed upon, under solemn pledges, to meet at a particular spot, each having one attendant, on April 6, 1608, when the principals, with Sir Robert Maxwell of Orchardton (the brother-in-law of Sir James) as a mutual friend, having removed to some distance to converse apart, a quarrel arose between the two attendants. Sir James, having turned to separate them, or to admonish them to keep the peace, Lord Maxwell suddenly and treacherously drew his pistol, fired at him, and shot him in the back with two bullets. There is some reason to suspect that this rencontre between the attendants had been plotted by Lord Maxwell, and arranged before the parties came on the ground. The perpetration of *treasonable murder*, as *slaughter under trust* was then termed, was one which in any circumstances, but especially in such a country as Scotland, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, could not be pardoned. Accordingly, notwithstanding Lord Maxwell's great connections, (having married Lady Margaret, only daughter of John, first Marquis of Hamilton, and being related to many of the principal nobility of the kingdom,) the strictest search was made, and Lord Maxwell was at length committed to ward in the Castle of Edinburgh."

Lord Maxwell contrived to escape from the Castle in a very remarkable manner. He and a gentleman named Sir James Macconnell, with some attendants, assaulted the keepers of the inner and outer gates, and by threats and personal violence succeeded in passing the barriers. Lord Maxwell got clear off, but Sir James Macconnell was seized in the West Port lying on a dunghill, having sustained such injuries in leaping the wall as to render him incapable of

eluding pursuit, and the inhabitants of the street gave notice to the authorities that "ane of them that had brokin ward was lyand in ane midden, and had irons upon him." Lord Maxwell, to quote Mr Pitcairn's summary, "was denounced rebel for breaking his Majesty's ward, and failing to underly the law for the treasonable murder of Sir James Johnstone. After this his Lordship took refuge abroad, where he remained till 1612, when he returned to Scotland, but so hardly was he pressed on the Borders that he had instantly to prepare for embarkation to Sweden. His kinsman, George, fifth Earl of Caithness, dissuaded him from this project, and easily prevailed on him to accept his protection, He lured him to Castle Sinclair, under the pretence of affording him shelter and secrecy, until he could conveniently prepare for his voyage. The real motive of this treacherous nobleman, however, was, that he might obtain favour at court, by delivering up so great an offender—the Earl having got into bad odour at court by creating a broil on the High Street of Edinburgh, where he assaulted George Lord Gordon, and great slaughter might have been committed but for the darkness of the night, owing to which the parties could hardly distinguish their own friends.

"The Countess of Caithness (Lady Jane Gordon, only daughter of George, fifth Earl of Huntly), who was Lord Maxwell's cousin, and greatly interested in his safety, was likewise deceived by her husband, who told her that a report was spread abroad that it was already known at court that Lord Maxwell was in hiding in Caithness—that it was necessary for their mutual safety to set off for Edinburgh to explain the matter, and thus time would be afforded for Lord Maxwell's escape. The unfortunate Maxwell, then in poor health from his great exertions, was induced to leave Caithness and pass through Sutherland, in order that he might be taken there, and thus spare the Earl of Caithness the imputation of having so basely violated the

laws of hospitality. But so anxious were his servants to execute their commission, that Maxwell was actually taken within the county of Caithness, conducted to Thurso, where Captain George Sinclair (bastard nephew to the Earl) was impatiently awaiting his arrival, and carried him back a prisoner to Castle Sinclair, where he had so lately been apparently a favoured and honoured guest. By command of the Lords of the Privy Council, Lord Maxwell was shortly afterwards delivered up, and was, on May 21, 1613, beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh."

Lord Maxwell died in the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, and evinced great penitence at his execution. After expressing his hope that the King would not punish his family for his individual offences, and requesting the forgiveness of the "Laird of Johnstone, his mother, grandmother, and freindis, acknowledging the wrong and harm done to them," we are told that he "retired himself near the block, and made his prayers to God, which being ended, he took leave of his friendis and of the bailies of the town, and suffering his eyes to be covered with an handkerchief, offered his head to the axe, and suffered death on the 21st of May at four o'clock in the afternoon." In the printed diary of Sir James Balfour there is this quaint and summary entry—"The 21st day of this month John Lord Maxwell of Caerlaverock was taken from the tolbooth of Edinburgh to the market cross of the same, where, on a scaffold, he had his head chopped off his body for the slaughter of the Laird of Johnstone."



## SIEGE OF DUNBAR CASTLE.\*

A.D. 1337-8.

THE castle of Dunbar, in some old records called *Earl Patrick's Strong-house*, was built, as its massive ruins still indicate, on several rocks projecting into the sea, and was anciently the stronghold of the Earls of March. It is so advantageously situated, and was so strong, that before the use of artillery it was almost impregnable. During the wars between England and Scotland, the castle and the town were often the scene of much strife and bloodshed, and the fortress was esteemed a place of such importance, that it was considered the key of Scotland on the south-east Border.

In 1314, Edward II. after his memorable defeat at Bannockburn took refuge in Dunbar Castle, from which he escaped to Berwick in a fishing-boat. It was demolished by the Earl of Dunbar (March) in 1333, who, despairing of maintaining it against the English, razed it to the ground ; but Edward III. compelled the Earl to rebuild it at his own expense, and to admit into it an English garrison. In 1337, however, it was in possession of its rightful lord, and in one of the numerous expeditions of the English to subdue Scotland, it was invested and besieged by the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl of March happened to be absent when the English army encamped before the massive fortress, but his wife, the daughter of Randolph Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, and sister of the Earl of Moray who was killed at the battle of Durham in 1346, undertook to

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\* Douglas' Peerage ; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland ; Sir Walter Scott's Border Antiquities ; Buchanan's History of Scotland ; Statistical Account of Scotland.

defend the place. This Lady was, from her dark complexion, commonly called *Black Agnes*, and possessed all the heroism of her gallant race, of which she was the representative. She resolved to hold out to the last extremity, and she performed all the duties of a vigilant commander, animating the garrison by her exhortations and example, and braving every danger with the intrepidity of a Randolph.

The Earl of Arundell commanded the English forces in Scotland at this time, but the conduct of the siege of Dunbar Castle was committed to the Earl of Salisbury. The besiegers plied the massy pile with battering engines, and hurled immense stones against the battlements, yet Black Agnes remained undaunted, and in scorn ordered one of her female attendants to wipe off the dust with her handkerchief. The *sow*, an enormous machine composed of timber, and well roofed, having stages within it, and constructed for the twofold purpose of conducting miners to the foot of the walls, and of armed men to the storm of a fortress, was employed on this occasion, but the Countess beheld it with indifference. She scoffingly advised the Earl of Salisbury to take good care of his *sow*, for she would soon cast her *pigs*, meaning his men, within the fortress, and she then ordered an immense rock to be thrown down upon the machine, which crushed it to pieces. It happened that an arrow from one of the Scottish archers struck an English knight, who stood beside the Earl, through his surcoat, and piercing the habergeon, or chained mail-coat, which was below it, made its way through three plies of the acton which he wore next his body, and killed him on the spot. "There," cried Salisbury, "comes one of my lady's tire pins; Agnes's love shafts go straight to the heart."

The resistance of the garrison to all the assaults of the English was so determined and indomitable, that Salis-

bury was compelled to have recourse to stratagem. He endeavoured to bribe the keeper of the principal entrance to the Castle ; and offered a considerable sum if he would leave the gate open, or at least in such a state as would enable his soldiers to enter without difficulty. The man took the Earl's money, and pretended to act according to the conditions, but he disclosed the whole transaction to the Countess. It was agreed between the English commander and the porter that a small party would be admitted, and the Earl of Salisbury resolved to be the leader. At the time appointed the gates were found open, and the Earl proceeded into the fortress, when Copeland, one of his followers, hastily passed before him. The portcullis was instantly let down, and Copeland, mistaken for his commander, remained a prisoner. Black Agnes witnessed the result of the enterprise from the battlements, and called out jeeringly to Salisbury, addressing him by his family name—"Farewell, Montague, I intended that you should have supped with us, and assist us in defending the Castle against the English."

Salisbury now turned the siege into a blockade, and resolved to starve the garrison. He closely invested the fortress by land and sea, and all communication was cut off between the besieged and their friends. Ramsay of Dalhousie, who was then concealed with a resolute company of young men in the caves of Hawthornden near Roslin, and who signalized himself by maintaining a kind of predatory warfare against the English, heard of the extremities to which the brave garrison of Dunbar and their heroic female commander were reduced, and resolved to achieve their deliverance. He proceeded to the coast with forty men, and engaged some boats, in which he and his party embarked. Taking advantage of a dark night, he contrived to elude the vigilance of the English, and entered the castle by a postern next the sea, the ruins of which are

still visible. He instantly sallied out, and attacked the advanced guards of the English, whom he completely drove back to their camp.

Disheartened by this gallant exploit and by the length of the siege, which had occupied nearly five months, the English, on the 10th of June 1338, raised the siege, and even consented to a cessation of arms. The Earl of Salisbury withdrew his forces, leaving Black Agnes in possession of her fortress. The failure of this enterprise was, considering all the circumstances, held as exceedingly disgraceful to the English, who, although they remained masters of Edinburgh, were continually annoyed by the sallies of Ramsay of Dalhousie and his devoted followers.

Dunbar Castle afterwards repeatedly changed possessors. It is memorable in Queen Mary's history as the place of her retreat after the murder of Rizzio in 1565; and in the following year, that unfortunate princess and her husband the Earl of Bothwell, then the proprietor of the castle, fled to it, closely pursued by a party of horse under the command of Lord Home. From this fortress she marched to Carberry Hill, where she was compelled to surrender herself a prisoner to the confederated nobility. In 1567, the Regent Moray laid siege to the fortress, and the governor, seeing no hope of relief, surrendered on favourable conditions. The guns in it were dismounted, and conveyed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and the fortress was ordered to be dilapidated on account of its ruinous state, its great charge to the government, and to prevent it being made at any future time a stronghold by the English. It is now a massive and interesting memorial of the olden times—"proud in its fall, impressive in decay." Several of its towers had communication with the sea, the billows of which roar with fearful commotion on its weather-beaten rocks. Under the front of the Castle is a large cavern of black and red stone. "This," observes Sir Walter Scott,

“is said to have been the pit or dungeon for confining prisoners, and a most dreadful one it must have been.”

The heroic lady, commonly called *Black Agnes*, wife of Patrick, ninth Earl of Dunbar and March, assumed the Earldom of Moray, at the death of her brother in 1347. She died about the year 1369, leaving two sons, George, tenth Earl of Dunbar and March, and John Earl of Moray. Her husband, who is mentioned as Earl of March, commanded the left wing of the Scottish army at the fatal battle of Durham, in conjunction with the High Steward, in October 1346, and retreated in good order from that conflict, though not without considerable loss. The town of Dunbar was erected a free burgh in his favour in 1369, about which time he died.

## BATTLE OF POICTIERS—ESCAPE OF DOUGLAS.\*

A. D. 1356.

A NARRATIVE of the famous battle between the French and the English, in the vineyards of Maupertuis near Poitiers, does not fall within the plan of the present work, but it is worthy of notice on account of an amusing anecdote related by Fordun, and which Lord Hailes admits has “the appearance of truth.” In this battle, fought on the 19th of September 1356, there were a considerable number of Scottish soldiers, who, during a momentary tranquillity at

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\* Annals of Scotland; Fordun's *Scotichronicon*; Home's *History of the Douglasses*.



home, crowded to the standard of the French monarch King John. Lord Douglas offered his services, and was received with distinguished honours. The French were defeated, and great carnage was made of the Scots. Lord Douglas was wounded, and forced off the field by his surviving companions, but one of his followers, Archibald Douglas, the illegitimate son of the celebrated Sir James Douglas, slain in Granada by the Saracens, fell into the hands of the English.

This gentleman happened to be arrayed in armour more sumptuous than the other Scottish prisoners of rank, and it was supposed by the English that he was a powerful nobleman. Late in the evening after the battle, when the victors were about to strip him of his armour, Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, also a prisoner, happened to be present. Fixing his eyes on Archibald Douglas, and affecting to be in a furious passion, he exclaimed—"You cursed, damnable murderer, how comes it, in the name of mischief, that you are thus proudly decked out in your master's armour? Come hither, and pull off my boots!" Douglas, who understood the project, approached in a trembling attitude, knelt, and pulled off one of Ramsay's boots, and the knight immediately taking it up, beat the pretended lacquey with it in a violent manner. The English bystanders, astonished at Ramsay's conduct, interposed and rescued Douglas, and asked the former how he dared to maltreat a nobleman of rank? "What," exclaimed Ramsay, "he a nobleman! Why, he is a scullion and a base knave, and I suppose has killed his master. Go, you villain, to the field of battle, search for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it come back, that I may at least give him a decent burial." He then offered a ransom of forty shillings for the feigned man-servant, which was accepted, and after again cuffing him severely, he cried—"Get you gone; fly."

Douglas carried on the deceit, and was allowed to depart on the pretended search for his master's body. He was soon beyond the reach of his captors.

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## BATTLE ON THE BOROUGHMUIR OF EDINBURGH.\*

A D. 1335.

THE Boroughmuir of Edinburgh is a well-known locality in the south-western vicinity of the city. This extensive tract, now in fine cultivation, and adorned with many elegant villas, stretches from the upper part of the common called Burntsfield Links, towards Braid Hill and the base of the Pentlands, and is repeatedly mentioned in history as one of the chief places for mustering the Scottish armies. It was one time so thickly covered with wood, that in order to clear it free permission was given by the Magistrates to the citizens to cut down and carry away as much timber as they pleased, and many of the curious old wooden tenements in the Lawnmarket, Castle Hill, and High Street of Edinburgh, are constructed of the timber which once luxuriantly covered the Boroughmuir.

In 1335, Edward III. invaded Scotland by the West Marches, crossing the Solway, while his fleet, with provisions and military stores, entered the Frith of Forth on the other side of the island. Soon after the march of the King of England into Scotland, and while he was encamped at Perth, expecting the assistance of the Earl of Athole, Guy Count of Namur landed on the 30th of July at Berwick

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\* Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Fordun's Scotichronicon; Rymer's Fœdera; Arnot's History of Edinburgh.

with a considerable body of foreign troops, chiefly from Flanders, in the service of the English. The Count intended to join Edward at Perth, and imagining that the English king had left no enemies in his rear, he marched towards Edinburgh, at that time without defences, and its castle dismantled. He had scarcely arrived at the city in his way to Perth, when the Earls of Moray and March, the latter the husband of the celebrated Countess of March and Dunbar, called *Black Agnes*, whom he left in charge of his castle of Dunbar, and Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, encountered him with a chosen body of resolute followers, on the Boroughmuir. The Count and his followers fought with such bravery, that the Scots would have been defeated, if a reinforcement collected by William Douglas had not come opportunely to their assistance. A Scottish gentleman, named Richard Shaw, was singled out by a combatant in the troops of the Count of Namur. They both fell transfixed with each other's spears, and when the body of the Flemish soldier was stripped of the armour, the gallant stranger was discovered to be a *woman*! The Scots were about to yield when Douglas rushed from the direction of the Pentland Hills with his reinforcement, and revived by his timely aid the drooping courage of his countrymen.

The victory was no longer doubtful, and the Count of Namur was compelled to retire from the Boroughmuir, leaving the Scots in possession of the scene of battle, and of the adjacent heights of Blackford, Braid, and Craig-Lockhart. The Flemish auxiliaries retreated to the neighbouring city, fighting gallantly, and hotly pressed by the Earl of Moray. Part of them were driven over the ground now known as Bristo Port, and rushing down the street called the Candlemaker Row, with the Count of Namur at their head, succeeded in gaining the Castle, amid the ruins of which they took refuge. The rest fled over the fields now covered by streets and squares in the southern districts of the city,

and entered it by St Mary's Wynd, but in that narrow lane they were encountered by Sir David Annand, a gallant Scottish knight, and suffered great slaughter, Those of them who escaped joined their companions intrenched amid the ruins of the castle.

The position which the Count and his followers now occupied was secure, and could have been easily maintained by a small party of soldiers, but he had no accommodation for his men, and he was destitute of provisions. He ordered all his horses to be killed, and formed a sort of rampart with their carcasses to defend his men from the Scots, who were closely besieging him; but hunger and thirst compelled him to capitulate on the following day, requiring no other stipulation than that they should not be put to the sword. To this the Earl of Moray readily assented, and allowed the Count and his followers to depart, after exacting from all of them a promise that they would never again bear arms against David II. in Scotland.

The Earl of Moray not only paid due respect to the valour of the strangers, but escorted Count Guy of Namur to the Borders, accompanied by William Douglas and his brother James Douglas. According to Fordun, this courtesy was displayed by Moray, because he imagined it would be agreeable to Philip, King of France, to whom the Count was nearly related. Be that as it may, the Earl was by no means rewarded for his complaisance, for on his return from escorting the Count out of the Scottish territories, he was attacked by William de Pressen, Warden of the castle and forest of Jedburgh, routed, and taken prisoner, and his friend James Douglas was slain. The Earl of Moray was carried into England, and committed to the custody of the sheriff of York, from whom he was transferred to the castle of Nottingham, and then successively removed to Windsor, Winchester, and the Tower of London, and he did not recover his liberty till 1341, when he was exchanged for the

Earl of S lisbury, then a prisoner in France. Edward III. soon afterwards rebuilt the Castle of Edinburgh, and strongly garrisoned it. He rewarded the good services of William de Pressen by a grant of the estate of Edrington near Berwick, until he should be provided with twenty pounds of land yearly at some other place.

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## BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS,

OR OF DURHAM.\*

A. D. 1346.

WHILE Edward III. was occupied in foreign wars, David II., at the instigation of France, resolved to invade England. The Scottish King assembled his army at Perth, whither his barons repaired to the royal standard with their retainers. Among those barons appeared William seventh Earl of Ross, and Raynald or Ranald of the Isles—the latter a personage whose descent and parentage have been a matter of serious controversy among the different septs of Macdonald. It happened that the Earl of Ross had a quarrel with Ranald, and he assassinated him in the monastery of Elcho on the banks of the Tay, after which he withdrew from the royal army, and led his feudal followers back to their native mountains.

The first exploit of importance recorded in this enterprise is the storming of the castle of Liddell on the Borders by David, who ordered Walter Selby the governor to be beheaded. It appears that Selby was a robber as well as

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\* Hutchinson's Antiquities of Durham; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Rymer's *Fœdera*; Rapin's History of England; Ridpath's Border History.



a warrior, and he is mentioned as one of a band who plundered two cardinals and the Bishop of Durham. At this stage of the expedition Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, earnestly advised the King to dismiss his army, and not to advance into England; but this advice was vehemently opposed by the Scottish barons. "What!" they exclaimed, addressing Douglas, "must we fight for *your* gain? You have profited by the spoils of England, and do you now grudge us *our* share? Never had we such an opportunity of taking vengeance on our enemies. Edward and his chief commanders are absent, and we have none to oppose our progress except ecclesiastics and base artizans." The barons, in this reply to Douglas, particularly alluded to the storming of the castle of Liddell, which was connected with the western territory of the Knight of Liddesdale, and served as a frontier garrison to his castle of Hermitage.

Disregarding the advice of Douglas, the King continued his march. At Hexham he numbered his forces, and found them to consist of 2000 men-at-arms, completely armed, and a considerable number of light-armed infantry. Such is the moderate statement of one authority, but another informs us that David left Perth at the head of no fewer than 60,000 foot and 3000 horse—a statement utterly incredible. He crossed the Tyne at a place called Ryton, above the town of Newcastle, and marched into the bishopric of Durham. The Scots are accused of giving full scope to their revenge against the English, sparing neither sex nor age, ecclesiastics or sacred edifices. It is also said that David took the episcopal city of Durham, and committed many sacrilegious ravages in the patrimony of St Cuthbert; but this is altogether a mistake, and there is no mention of it by either the English or Scottish historians.

David pitched his camp, on the 16th of October 1346, at Beaurepaire or Bear Park, in the parish of St Oswald

at Durham—a beautiful ecclesiastical retreat, which had been pillaged and defaced by the Scots, among other depredations committed by them in the neighbourhood of the city, in the reign of Edward II. The ruins of this ancient residence where King David encamped still exist, beautifully situated about two miles to the north-west of Durham, on a lofty eminence overhanging the rivulet called the Brune, having a long extended level meadow to the south, and the prospect from the north rendered highly picturesque by the town and church of Witton-Gilbert and the adjacent hamlets.

At this critical juncture Edward III., who had previously obtained a signal victory at Cressy, lay before Calais, which he blockaded with the flower of the English army. As soon as the invasion of the Scots and their desolating progress through Cumberland was known, the English regency issued a proclamation of array, and appointed William de la Zouch, Archbishop of York, Henry de Percy, and Ralph de Neville, or any one of them, to the command of all the forces in the north of England. It is said by Froissart that Philippa, the queen of Edward III., was the leader of the English forces on this occasion; and that she summoned the prelates and military retainers to attend her at York, where measures were concerted for opposing the invaders; but, as Lord Hailes observes, “a young and comely princess, the mother of heroes, at the head of an army in the absence of her lord, is an ornament to history, yet no English writer of considerable antiquity mentions the circumstance, which, if true, would not have been omitted.”

While King David lay at Beaurepaire, the Archbishop of York and his colleagues mustered their forces in the park of Bishop-Auckland, and, according to one statement, the army amounted to 1200 men-at-arms, 3000 archers, and 7000 footmen, besides a chosen band of veteran soldiers

sent from Calais, the whole amounting to 16,000 men; but this is justly considered to be greatly exaggerated. It is also remarked, that there were many ecclesiastics in the army—a monastic boast in proof of their zeal, for it is certain that the sheriffs of the northern counties, and many of the most powerful barons of those parts, attended with their retainers.

It appears that the English marched towards Sunderland Bridge, with the view of occupying an advantageous post to oppose the progress of the Scots. The Knight of Liddesdale, at the head of a chosen body of men engaged in procuring forage and provisions, reconnoitred the English forces, and unexpectedly encountered them near Merrington, or at a place called Ferry-of-the-Hill. Douglas would have avoided any engagement, and attempted to retreat, but he was pursued, attacked, and defeated, with the loss of five hundred men, and he escaped with much difficulty with the remains of his party, carrying the alarm to the Scottish camp, and leaving his illegitimate brother, William Douglas, a prisoner.

The English advanced to Red Hills, on the west side of the city of Durham. The ground where the battle was fought is hilly, and in many parts so steep towards the river Wear, which waters the ancient city of St Cuthbert, that it is surprising how a numerous army could have been arranged to engage in any order. David looked upon the English, notwithstanding the defeat of Douglas, as a raw and undisciplined army, unable to oppose his hardy veterans, and evinced the utmost impatience to commence the action, presuming that the victory was certain, and that the riches of the adjoining city would amply reward his soldiers. In the front of the English army a crucifix was carried amid the banners of the nobility. But the monks of Durham were not behind in their zeal to animate their countrymen, knowing well that if the Scots were victorious they

would be plundered without ceremony. In that age a miracle was readily believed. On the night before the battle there appeared to John Fossour, the prior of the abbey of Durham, a vision, in which he was commanded to take the holy corporax cloth with which St Cuthbert covered the chalice when he celebrated mass, place it on a spear, and next morning repair to Red Hills, where he was to remain till the end of the battle.

On the morning of the 17th of October the Scots prepared for battle, but the ground on which their army formed was intersected by ditches and inclosures. The Scots were arranged in three divisions. The first was led by the High Steward of Scotland and the Earl of March; the second by the Earl of Moray and Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale; and the third, consisting of the choice troops, in which were the principal Scottish nobility, and a body of French auxiliaries, was commanded by the King in person. According to the statement of Lord Hailes, the Scottish right wing or van was commanded by the Earl of Moray and the Knight of Liddesdale, the centre by the King, and the left by the High Steward and the Earl of March.

The English drew up in four divisions. Lord Henry Percy commanded the first, supported by the Bishop of Durham and several noblemen of the northern counties; the second was led by the Archbishop of York, accompanied by the Bishop of Carlisle, and Lords Neville and Hastings; the third division was led by the Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Mowbray, and Sir Thomas Rokesby; in the fourth were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Roos, and the Sheriff of Northumberland. Edward Baliol is said to have commanded this division, but for this statement there is no proof, though it is admitted that he was in the battle. Each of these divisions consisted of about four

thousand men, with a proportionable number of archers and men-at-arms. The statement of Queen Philippa being present at a distance, surrounded by a strong and gallant party commanded by Lords D'Eyncourt and Ogle, is unsupported by historical evidence.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastics of Durham followed the injunctions received by the prior in his alleged vision. On a hillock called the Maiden's Bower the banner of St Cuthbert was displayed, and thither the monks and their superior repaired, within hearing of the noise and bustle of the conflict, to beseech Heaven to prosper their countrymen. This locality is still pointed out in the depth of the valley near the hedges of Shaw Wood. It is beside the Red Hills, a short distance from a piece of ground called the Flasse, and there the prior and monks stood offering their prayers with the holy relic of St Cuthbert. This banner cloth is described as "a yard broad, and five quarters deep, the bottom indented in five parts, and fringed, and made fast all about with red silk and gold. It was made of red velvet, on both sides embroidered with flowers of green silk and gold; and in the midst was the corporate cloth inclosed, covered over with white velvet, half a yard square every way, having a cross of red velvet on both sides, being fringed about the edge and skirts with red silk and gold, and three fine little silver bells fastened to the skirts of the said banner cloth, like unto sacring bells." During the battle the monks also occupied themselves in forming and erecting a beautiful wooden cross in remembrance of the holy banner carried to the battle.

While the hostile armies were drawn up against each other, a Scottish knight named Graham offered to attack the English archers in flank if one hundred men-at-arms were placed under his command, but the attempt appeared



too hazardous, and no one volunteered his services. The battle began at nine in the morning of the 17th of October, and lasted three hours. The Scots, by command of their King, commenced the attack; and the High Steward of Scotland, who led the van, being sorely galled by the English archers, rushed against the enemy with such impetuous fury that he threw them into confusion, and drove them back on Percy's division. The Scots now pushed onward so vigorously with their battle-axes and broadswords, that they almost put the English in that part of the field to the rout. At this crisis Edward Baliol is said to have rushed into the thickest of the battle with a body of horse, and, throwing the Scottish battalions into confusion, he gave the English time to regain their ground, while the High Steward was compelled to retreat and reform his distracted forces, who, now entangled among ditches and inclosures, had no room to act. Baliol sustained little loss by this manœuvre, which he executed in the most gallant manner, and, cautiously avoiding to pursue the retreating battalions of the High Steward, he gave his troops time to recover themselves, and then rapidly charged the division in flank commanded by King David in person. The son of the great Bruce fought desperately, repeatedly bringing back his flying troops to the charge, and encouraging them by his example and exhortations. The battle was now complicated, and the King's division was also attacked in front, while the English archers incessantly annoyed the Scots; yet the contest was still maintained. Ashamed to desert their sovereign, a brave phalanx of Scottish noblemen and knights threw themselves around him, and fought till their numbers were reduced to little more than eighty. Although wounded in the head, and in another part of the body by an arrow which pierced so deep that its point could not be extracted, yet he still encouraged his few surviving followers in the expectation of being relieved.

At length the holy banner of St Cuthbert, as the monks gave out, procured the victory for the English, but in reality the Scots fought on disadvantageous ground. A tumultuous multitude, with shouts of victory, rushed upon the King, and he was disarmed and taken prisoner by John Copeland, a gentleman of Northumberland, though not without having first wounded Copeland with his gauntlet in the struggle to disengage himself. The Knight of Liddesdale, the Earls of Fife, Menteith, and Wigton, and about fifty barons, were also made prisoners. The division under Douglas and the Earl of Moray, panic-struck at the fate of the royal legion, and the number of persons of distinction who were slain, was soon broken and fled; but the High Steward and the Earl of March succeeded in retreating with their division, though not without loss. It is said by Boece, that this retreat was the cause of all the disasters which ensued, and that the Steward and March, "perceiving that the forces under their command were dispirited, and unwilling to fight any longer, withdrew them to a place of safety;" but Lord Hailes justly maintains, that "the death of the Earl of Moray, the captivity of the Knight of Liddesdale, and the discomfiture of the right wing, brought on the ruin of the centre, and thus the battle was lost.—That the Steward fought, and that he did not retire without loss, is evident from the number of barons of the name of Stuart who were either killed or made prisoners; for it must be presumed that some of them, if not all, fought under the banners of the chief of their family. Besides, two Maitlands and Adam de Whitsome were slain, and Patrick de Polwarth made prisoner; and it is probable from their names that they were with the forces under the command of the Earl of March."

The capture of David II. is thus related on the authority of Rymer and Froissart:—"The Scottish King, though he had two spears hanging in his body, his leg des-

perately wounded, and being disarmed, his sword having been beat out of his hand, disdained captivity, and provoked the English by opprobrious language to kill him. When John Copeland, who was governor of Roxburgh Castle, advised him to yield, he struck him on the face with his gauntlet so fiercely that he knocked out two of his teeth. Copeland conveyed him off the field as his prisoner. Upon Copeland refusing to deliver him (the King) up to the Queen, who stayed at Newcastle during the battle, the King (Edward) sent for him to Calais, where he excused his refusal so handsomely that the King sent him back a reward of L.500 a-year in lands, where he himself should choose it, near his own dwelling, and made him a knight banneret."

It is traditionally said, that many jewels and banners belonging to the Scottish noblemen fell into the hands of the victors, together with what is called the *black rood of Scotland*, and were offered to the shrine of St Cuthbert. The Prior and Monks, accompanied by Ralph Lord Neville, his son Lord Percy, and many others, returned to the Abbey church of Durham in procession, and there joined in prayer and thanksgiving to God for the conquest they had obtained by the assistance of St Cuthbert. The loss sustained by the English is not mentioned. One writer says, that only four knights and five esquires fell in the field; and another states that Lord Hastings was mortally wounded. It may be safely asserted, that in such a battle many of the English army must have fallen, and among them not a few persons of distinction.

The loss of the Scots was immense, and is estimated at 15,000; but, as Lord Hailes observes—"of the common sort, slain or made prisoners, there is no certain computation."—"That day," according to an English historian, "would have been the last of Scottish rebellion had the English, neglecting the spoil and the making of captives,

urged the pursuit of the fugitives, and cut off from the land of the living that nation which has ever been rebellious." This statement is a proof of the hatred which once existed between the English and Scots, and the wish expressed now only excites a smile. Among the persons of distinction who fell in this battle were Randolph Earl of Moray, the last of the male line of that heroic family, Maurice Earl of Stratherne in right of his wife, the Constable Hay, the Marischal Keith, Thomas Charteris, Chancellor, and a number of barons and gentlemen. Among the prisoners, exclusive of the King, the Earls of Fife, Wigton, and Menteith, the Knight of Liddesdale, the Bishops of St Andrews and Aberdeen, and Sir Malcolm Fleming, were many knights and gentlemen of rank, but no correct list can be given, as ransoms were privately taken for not a few of the prisoners, who were allowed to depart—a practice which became so general that it was officially prohibited under pain of death in November and December 1346. Most of the prisoners of distinction were ordered to be conveyed to the Tower of London. Graham Earl of Menteith, so called in right of his wife, was put to death as a traitor, for having renounced fealty he had sworn to Edward III., and the same doom was pronounced against the Earl of Fife, but was not inflicted. David II. was carried to a dreary captivity in the Tower of London, and was, it is said, conducted to that celebrated fortress under an escort of 20,000 men, accompanied by the different Companies of the city in their proper dresses. In 1351, in consequence of an agreement between Edward and the commissioners from Scotland, David was allowed to visit his kingdom, on his making oath to return into custody, for the performance of which seven young men of the first rank were given as hostages, and in 1354 a treaty was concluded at Newcastle for his ransom, which was fixed at 90,000 merks sterling, to be paid at the rate of 10,000

marks annually for nine years. During that space there was to be a truce between the two kingdoms. "It was provided," says Lord Hailes, "that the King of Scots, the bishops, abbots, and all the nobles of Scotland, should become bound, after the strictest form that could be devised, as well for payment of the ransom as for observance of the truce; and in like manner the merchants and burgesses of Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and Edinburgh, for themselves, and for all the other merchants in Scotland."

On the west side of the city of Durham an elegant cross of stone work, to commemorate this victory, was erected by Lord Neville, which was known by the designation of *Neville's Cross*, a name from that circumstance often applied to the battle. The Cross is thus described by a local antiquarian, who has given a long account of the battle, to which is prefixed an ancient historical poem in Latin, from the Harleian Collection in the British Museum, celebrating the battle. "The Cross had seven steps about it every way squared, to the socket wherein the stalk of the Cross stood, which socket was fastened to a large square stone, the sole, or bottom stone, being of great thickness, viz. a yard and a half every way. This stone was the eighth step. The stalk of the Cross was in length three yards and a half up to the boss, having eight sides all of one piece. From the socket it was fixed into the boss above, into which boss the stalk was deeply soldered with lead. In the midst of the stalk in every second square was the Neville Cross, a saltire, in an escutcheon, finely cut, and at every corner of the socket was a picture of one of the Evangelists finely set forth and carved. The boss at the top of the stalk was an octangular stone, finely cut and bordered, and most curiously wrought; and in every square of the nether side thereof was Neville's Cross in one square and the bull's head in the next, and also in the same reciprocal order about the boss. On the top of



the boss was a stalk of stone, being a cross a little higher than the rest, whereon was cut, on both sides of the stalk of the said Cross, the picture of our Saviour Christ crucified, the picture of the Blessed Virgin on one side, and of St John the Evangelist on the other, both standing on the top of the boss ; all which pictures were most artificially wrought together, and finely carved out of one entire stone, some parts thereof through carved work, both on the east and west sides of the Cross, with a cover of stone likewise over their heads, being all most finely and curiously wrought together out of the said hollow stone, which cover of stone was covered over. It remained till the year 1589, when the same was broken down and defaced by some lewd and wicked persons."

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## SIEGE OF ROXBURGH, AND DEATH OF JAMES II.●

A. D. 1460.

ON an eminence of considerable extent, at the west end of a fertile plain, over against Kelso, and on a peninsula formed by the Tweed and the Teviot, was situated the old town of Roxburgh, once the fourth burgh of distinction in Scotland ; and here stood its celebrated Castle, the history of which, on account of the many struggles between the Scots and English for the possession of this fortress, is of more importance than perhaps any on the Scottish Borders. Its foundations are now almost razed, and there are few traces of those halls which witnessed royal births and nuptials—where princes and nobles were wont to sit—where fugitive,

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● Tytler's History of Scotland ; Pinkerton's History of Scotland ; Haig's History of Kelso ; Statistical Account of Scotland ; Ridpath's History of the Borders.

turbulent, or exiled ecclesiastics and nobles were often confined or found refuge. The stanzas of Leyden are remarkably appropriate in reference to this ancient relic of war-like feud, surveying plains where thousands of combatants have successively drenched the earth with blood :—

“ Roxburgh ! how fallen, since first in Gothic pride  
Thy frowning battlements the war defied ;  
Called the bold chief to grace thy blazon'd halls,  
And bade the rivers gird thy solid walls.  
Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,  
In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood ;  
Crush'd are thy halls, save where the peasant sees  
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees—  
The still green trees, whose mournful branches wave  
In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.  
Proud Castle ! Fancy still beholds thee stand  
The curb, the guardian, of this Border land.  
As when the signal flame, that blaz'd afar,  
And bloody flag proclaimed impending war,  
While in the lion's place the leopard frown'd,  
And marshall'd armies hemmed thy bulwarks round.”

Only a few fragments of the wall which seems to have formed the exterior defence of the Castle of Roxburgh remain, and display vast strength from their thickness and solidity. The elevation on which it stood was surrounded on the north and west sides by an outward rampart of earth. It had a deep moat, the remains of which are still visible, which was filled with water from a dam formed in an oblique direction across the Tweed, and which was again discharged into the river upon the east. Roxburgh was a royal residence, and its constable was an officer of great power and responsibility. Its situation on the Borders of the two kingdoms rendered the possession of it of

the first importance to the contending parties in those wars which for centuries devastated both countries. It was generally the first place of attack when hostilities commenced, and consequently often changed masters.

The occasion of the siege of the Castle of Roxburgh by James II. is by no means clear. It is true it was in possession of the English; but the King sent ambassadors to England in June 1460 to confirm a truce, and yet on the 3d of August he was slain. James was doubtless induced, by the situation of affairs in England, to attempt the recovery of those places within his kingdom which the English had long held; and towards the end of July, with a numerous army, well furnished with cannon and warlike machinery, he proceeded to the siege of Roxburgh Castle. The town, which was incapable of defence, was taken and destroyed; but the garrison refused to surrender, and it was regularly invested. One of the pieces of artillery, brought by James II. to this siege, was called the *Lion*, on account of its immense size. It was cast in Flanders by order of James I. in 1430, and was the first cannon of any size brought to Scotland. It was made of brass, and contained an inscription in Latin intimating its name—the *Lion*, and that of the King.

The Earl of Ross had joined the King with a very considerable reinforcement of Western Highlanders, but James, instead of employing this force in the siege, sent most of them into England upon predatory incursions, retaining only the Earl and a few of his followers. Shortly afterwards the Earl of Huntly arrived, and the King, desirous to make a display to this nobleman of the vast power of the artillery he had brought into the field, took him to witness the effects of a single discharge upon the walls of the Castle. The cannon of that age were rudely contrived, and consisted of iron bars girded with circles of metal. Incautiously approaching one of these pieces, it suddenly burst; a splin

ter from it struck the King on the thigh, and otherwise severely wounded him, as also the Earl of Angus and some others who stood beside him. The death of James, from the great effusion of blood, almost immediately followed, though not before he had given strict orders that no intimation should be made of the misfortune which had befallen him, lest the army should be discouraged, and the siege abandoned.

But it was impossible to conceal the death of the King, and the grief of the army and of the kingdom at the loss of a sovereign universally beloved, in the flower of his age, was aggravated by the circumstances attending it, and the prospect of a long minority, the eldest son of James, who succeeded him, being only in the seventh year of his age. The heroism of the Queen, Mary of Gueldres, however, roused the courage of the desponding Scottish army. As soon as she received intelligence of the King's death she immediately hastened to the camp, taking with her the infant sovereign, now James III., and presented him to the nobles. "Lose not the time and labour," she exclaimed, "which you have bestowed on this siege, neither let the loss of one man deprive you of all courage. I give you another king. Forward, therefore, my lords, and put an end to this honourable enterprise, revenging yourselves on your enemies, rather than lamenting at present the fate of your prince." With tears in her eyes, and a bursting heart, the Queen showed the infant sovereign to the soldiers, and conjured them by every domestic tie, by the memory of their deceased King, and by the fame of Scottish valour, to destroy this calamitous fortress. The effect of this address was what may be easily anticipated. The siege was rigorously pressed, and the fortress assaulted so fiercely that the garrison surrendered on the condition of being allowed to depart with their arms and baggage. To prevent it ever becoming a stronghold for the English,

it was levelled with the ground. Upwards of one hundred years afterwards, when the Protector Somerset invaded Scotland, he encamped on the peninsula where the town and castle of Roxburgh formerly stood, and he is said to have either rebuilt the old castle, or to have erected a fort within its ruins. But these buildings and fortifications were soon afterwards demolished by the treaty of 1550 between the Scots and English.

A holly tree is said to mark the spot where James II. was killed on the north side of the river Tweed, and a little below Fleurs, the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh. Near this tree stood formerly a considerable village called *Fair Cross*, from a cross which remained there till the latter part of the eighteenth century. But in a note affixed to the Statistical Account of Kelso, there is the following traditional account of the origin of the name. When Queen Mary of Gueldres repaired to Roxburgh Castle, and viewed the lifeless body of her husband lying on this particular spot, she is reported to have exclaimed, "There lies the *fair corpse*." The place received the name of *Fair Corpse*, or *Corse*, and in process of time the erection of the cross made the change easy. A number of tall trees, the wide spreading roots of which are completely intermixed with the few remaining ruins, are the only representatives of a fortress celebrated in Scottish history for the many remarkable scenes it has witnessed, for its prodigious strength and great magnificence. In this locality of many a bloody combat have been often found medals, coins, and sundry instruments of machinery, pieces of spears, guns, and swords, spurs, and other articles of harness, while the remains of paved streets and subterraneous vaults are all which indicate the once populous town, or *city*, as it is sometimes called, of Old Roxburgh.



## SIEGE OF BERWICK.\*

A.D. 1296.

THE ancient town of Berwick, beautifully situated on the Scottish side of the River Tweed, near its mouth, has sustained many sieges, and has been the scene of numerous conflicts, when the Scots and English contended for the mastery. In the reign of Edward I. the fortifications consisted chiefly of a ditch and a rampart of earth, with a barricade of timber, but these defences were of sufficient strength to offer resistance to assailants. The town and castle had been in possession of the Scots more than two-thirds of a century, when John Baliol, King of Scotland, provoked by the haughtiness of Edward I., mustered courage to renounce his acknowledged dependence, and invaded England in 1295, where he committed many depredations. But his career was soon checked by the English monarch, who, in the spring of 1296, entered Scotland with his army, by fording the River Tweed below the nunnery at Coldstream. The river happened to be considerably swollen, yet all passed over in safety except a boy, who, by falling from a horse, was carried down by the current and drowned. On the same day, Anthony Beck, the warlike Bishop of Durham, led a body of English troops over the river at a ford near his own castle of Norham, and the whole army, marching along the Scottish side of the Tweed, came to Berwick, before which the English encamped, and summoned the garrison to surrender.

Edward fixed his quarters at a religious establishment of nuns situated in the fields of Berwick, about a mile from

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\* Fuller's History of Berwick; Hutchinson's View of Northumberland; Ridpath's Border History.

the town, where he waited nearly two days for the acceptance by the garrison of the conditions he offered. During this interval he drew up his army on an extensive field adjoining the nunnery, at the eastern foot of Halidon Hill, and conferred the honour of knighthood on Hugh Percy and other gentlemen of distinction, as was usual in those times on such occasions. This muster of the army, with a display of banners, was made by the English King in full view of his fleet, then lying in Berwick Bay, at the mouth of the Tweed. The crews, believing that Edward was preparing to assault the town, and anxious to sustain a part in the enterprise, boldly entered the mouth of the river, and, favoured by the tide, sailed towards the haven. This premature and mistaken movement caused the loss of three ships, which ran aground, and were immediately attacked by the garrison. Some of the crew were killed, others escaped in boats, or by swimming, the stranded vessels were burnt, and the rest of the fleet took advantage of the ebbing tide to retire.

Edward witnessed the burning of his ships from the field on which he had drawn up his army, and being desirous to save his fleet, he ordered an instant assault of the town on the land side, while the attention of the garrison was entirely directed towards the river and the sea in repelling the invading vessels. He commanded his soldiers to force their way sword in hand into the town. The Scottish writers relate that the King furnished his army with banners and ensigns similar to those of the Scots, and that some of the retainers of Robert Bruce, who was then in the English interest, had craftily procured admission into the town, and represented that most effectual aid would shortly be sent by Baliol, who with a considerable reinforcement was then only at a short distance. The English soldiers, advancing with Scottish banners, were mistaken for this pretended reinforcement, and were successful in passing the defences

already mentioned, consisting of the ditch, the earthen rampart, and the barricade of timber. But all the English historians take no notice of this alleged stratagem of Edward, and it probably originated partly from the national vanity of the Scottish writers, and partly from the proceedings of the King, who, after encamping *about* the town—or rather near the wall and ditch on its west and north sides, for the site of the place prevented its investment—moved his tents when it was intimated to him that his conditions were rejected by the garrison. It is, however, admitted that the circumstances related by the English authors, connected with the situation of Berwick, and its environs of land and water, give some authority to the Scottish account, that when Edward's army advanced with the well known ensigns of Scottish royalty those in the town readily admitted them, and the English poured into the place.

The only determined opposition to the English was made by thirty Flemish merchants, who held out a strong tower called the Red Hall till the evening, when it was destroyed by fire, and all within it perished. Those merchants are traditionally said to have received a gift of this place, on the condition that they were to defend it constantly against the King of England. In the attack on this tower the brother of the Earl of Cornwall was killed by a spear piercing his eye, while he was looking up to those who fought above. He is said to have been the only knight who fell in the assault.

If the Scottish writers are to be credited, the English, when they obtained possession of Berwick, massacred all whom they found in their progress without distinction of age or sex. Fordun says that 7500 were slain, and that the streets ran with blood for two days—the deluge of human gore being such as to *make mills go*! Boece gives the number of the slain at 7000, and also repeats the tale that

mills were actually set in motion with the blood, while Matthew of Westminster assures us that no fewer than 60,000 persons were put to the sword on this occasion—a statement utterly incredible. Another authority makes the slain amount to 17,407, but for such a place seven or eight thousand alone was a great number. Among those who fell were many gentlemen and fighting men belonging to Fife. Whatever credit may be attached to the alleged number of the slain, it is certain that the carnage was very great, for in the instructions given by the Regency and Council of Scotland to their procurators at Rome in 1301, five years after the event, it is said, that after taking Berwick the King of England and his army committed the most barbarous cruelties on the inhabitants, who were slain without distinction of rank, age, or sex—that the churches afforded no protection to those who fled into them—and that, after those sacred edifices were defiled by the blood of the slain, and plundered of all their ornaments, the King made stables of them for his horses. Edward, in his letter to Pope Boniface, in the same year, retaliates charges of cruelty against the Scots, whom he accuses of having “destroyed an innumerable multitude of his subjects, burnt monasteries, churches, and towns, with an un pitying and savage cruelty—slaying infants in their cradles, and women in childbirth—barbarously cut off some women’s breasts, and burnt in a school, the door of which they first built up, about two hundred young men who were learning their first lessons and grammar.”

It is stated that the carnage which followed the possession of Berwick by the English on this occasion, may be ascribed to a resentment for several cruelties committed the previous year by the inhabitants and others in attacking several English vessels which had entered the port, setting fire to the ships, and putting the crews to death: but it may also have been done with a view to strike terror

into the Scots, that they might be deterred from offering farther resistance, which was quite in accordance with the projects and policy of Edward I. for subjugating Scotland. He nevertheless acted with clemency towards the garrison in the castle, who surrendered on the day he took possession of the town. In number the troops composing it were two thousand, who were allowed to depart with their arms and all the honours of war, after swearing that they would never fight against the King of England. Sir William Douglas, their commander, was detained a prisoner in one of the towers of the Castle called *Hog's Tower*, where it is said he died. Edward continued some days at Berwick, and in order to fortify it against future attacks of the Scots caused a ditch to be dug through the neck of land between the Tweed and the sea, no less than eighty feet broad and forty feet deep. After this siege the town was filled with English inhabitants, and on the 24th of August Edward received in it the homage of the Scottish nobility, in the presence of an English parliament summoned for the purpose, after which he continued his career of conquest in Scotland.

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## THE BATTLE OF SAUCHIEBURN.\*

A. D. 1488.

JAMES III. was a monarch whose untimely fate marks in a peculiar manner the characteristic features of the age in which he lived. The Scottish nobles, fierce and powerful, utterly disregarded the authority of their sovereign, and con-

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\* History of Stirlingshire; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Lindsay of Pitscottie's History; Statistical Account of Scotland.



sidered the reigning prince as a mere machine, with whom the administration of the government ostensibly rested, but who depended on them for co-operation and support. James, on the contrary, to adopt the quaint language of Drummond of Hawthornden, "conceived that noblemen, like the coin, were of his predecessors' making, and why he might not put his stamp upon the same metal, so when those old metals were defaced, he might not refound them, and give them a new print, he could not well conceive." On many points the Scottish nobility differed from their sovereigns, but none exasperated them more than additions to their ancient order, and the elevation of persons whom they considered obscure minions, to a participation of their rank and privileges. A series of intestine broils ensued, for the most part caused by the imprudent conduct of James, which ended in the nobles appearing in arms against their sovereign near a spot illustrious in the annals of Scottish History—where their ancestors boldly encountered the English host—where Bruce, the great restorer of the monarchy, obtained his signal victory. Near this spot—the well-known field of Bannockburn—the indignant nobles of Scotland were successful with less bloodshed than when Bruce rode triumphant over the tented field won by his skill and the valour of his warriors.

The disastrous termination of the reign of James III. forms the subject of the present narrative. After successive misfortunes, collisions, and fruitless negotiations, the insurgent nobility took the field, having obtained possession of the King's eldest son, afterwards James IV., by the treachery of Shaw of Sauchie, the governor of Stirling Castle, to whose custody the young prince had been committed by James, with strict orders that no one of the disaffected should be allowed to approach him, and that he was on no account to be suffered to go out of the fortress. Ignorant of Shaw's conduct, the King saw no other alternative than

to reduce his refractory nobles to submission, and summoned the Highland chiefs to attend his standard. The place of rendezvous is not mentioned, but it was probably at or near Stirling, whither the King, then at the Castle of Edinburgh, intended to proceed, and join those chiefs who were advancing from the north with their followers. The insurgents were actively employed in assembling their forces in the same direction, and indeed all they wanted was to draw the King into the field.

The King arrived at Stirling by the way of Blackness, on the southern shores of the Forth, and when he appeared before the Castle he was astonished to find that he was not only refused admittance to his own royal residence, but that the gates were shut, and that the few guns it contained were pointed against him. He inquired for his son, and the governor at first declared that the young prince could not be seen at that time; but he soon learned that he was with the insurgents, and when he upbraided Shaw for his perfidy, the latter pretended that the prince had been carried off by the rebels against his inclination. The King perceived the treachery. "Fie, traitor!" he said, "thou hast deceived me; but if I live I shall be revenged, and reward thee as thou deservest."

In this extremity, and, according to some writers, after crossing and recrossing the Forth, and making another attempt to gain admittance into the Castle, James lay that night in the town of Stirling, where he was speedily joined by all his army. While deliberating on the measures to be adopted, he received intelligence that the insurgents were then at Falkirk, and were advancing with their forces to the Torwood, at that time a forest of considerable extent. The King was now in a peculiar situation. The Castle of Stirling was held out against him, the only place in which he would have been secure, and the insurgent army could easily intercept him in any attempt to retreat to Edin-

burgh. The celebrated Sir Andrew Wood, his admiral, had indeed sailed up the Forth as far as Alloa, and he would have proceeded farther up the river if there had been sufficient depth of water for his vessels. James could have easily embarked on board the admiral's ship, but as this might have been interpreted by the insurgents as the result of timidity, it would have increased their boldness, and done material injury to the royal cause. Situated as the King was, he had no other alternative than either to betake himself and followers to the admiral's fleet, or to decide the contest by a battle, and after calling a council of the chiefs who followed his standard, it was resolved to hazard the latter.

It was in the month of June, and the forests of Stirlingshire were clothed with their summer foliage, when this fatal contest was decided. Different indeed were the motives which stimulated this array of the Scottish nobles from those by which their gallant ancestors were actuated under the banners of Bruce. The insurgents, who soon understood the intentions of the King, also prepared for battle, and passed the Carron, which falls into the Forth near Falkirk. Famous as the scene of many a strife in the olden time—as the alleged locality where Oscar, the son of Ossian, signalized himself as a hero, and where his ancient warriors contended with the heroes of the streams of Caros, the Carron now rolls along no longer disturbed by the din of arms, and coloured by the blood of the dying and the dead.

The insurgent nobles had encamped at the bridge over the Carron, near the Torwood, when the King led his army against them, and encamped at a small brook named Sauchieburn, a mile south from the famous field of Bannockburn. According to Lindsay of Pitscottie, on the night before the battle another attempt was made to effect a negotiation, which was unsuccessful. The contending armies met on a tract of land now designated Little Canglar, on the east

side of Sauchieburn. The forces of the insurgents were greatly superior to those of the King. They consisted chiefly of hardy Borderers inured to war, well armed and well disciplined, and were most unequally opposed by the Lowlanders. The exact number of the insurgent army is not ascertained. The royal army, it is said by some writers, consisted of 30,000 men, that of the insurgents 180,000 ; but there can be no doubt that these numbers are greatly exaggerated, and it is generally admitted that the royal forces were very inferior in every respect.

James appeared in complete armour on horseback at the head of his army, which he divided into three lines. The first was commanded by the Earl of Menteith, Lords Erskine, Gray, Ruthven, Graham, and Maxwell, and consisted chiefly of Highlanders armed with swords and bows ; the second line was headed by the Earl of Glencairn, and consisted also of Highlanders and retainers from the western counties ; the third, in which was the greatest strength of the army, was commanded by Lords Boyd and Lindsay ; and the main body, in which was the King, was led by the Earl of Crawford, and consisted of men from Fife, Strathearn, the district of Stormont, and Forfarshire.

The insurgents also divided their forces into three lines, and they had the advantage of displaying a strong array of mounted troopers. The first line was composed of men from East Lothian and Berwickshire, led by Lord Home and the Baron of Hailes ; the second consisted of men from Galloway and the Borders ; and the third, under the nominal command of the Duke of Rothsay, though the prince was completely under the control of the insurgent noblemen who belonged to this division, was composed of men from the midland Lowland counties.

The insurgents advanced with great boldness, presuming too well on the King's want of military experience. James felt considerable alarm when he saw them approaching with

the royal banner displayed, and his own son at their head. A prediction which had formerly preyed upon his mind now recurred, and it is more than probable influenced his subsequent conduct. It had been intimated in a mysterious manner, that he would be put down and destroyed by one of his own kindred. This announcement, which, considering the times, any politician might have made, was deemed a prophecy of the most ominous nature, and filled the unhappy monarch with despair.

The leaders of the royal army, desirous of the King's safety, and afraid that his timidity might dispirit the soldiers, wished to remove him from the lines, but they were interrupted in their arrangements by the commencement of the action. A dense shower of arrows from the men of West Lothian, and a keen attack by the Homes and Hepburns, announced the opening of the contest. They were, however, successfully resisted by the first line of the royal army, and beaten back with considerable loss ; but they were instantly supported by the Annandale and other Border moss-troopers, who with loud shouts compelled the King's first and second lines to retire to the third. This advantage was decisive, though it is not accurately known how long the battle continued, or how many fell. Victory declared for the insurgents, and the royal army fled in all directions. Glencairn, and other persons of distinction, who acted as leaders of the royal forces, were slain, and many were wounded. Such was the result of the disaster at Sauchieburn, fought on the 11th of June 1488.

The King, whose courage had never been remarkable, put spurs to his steed and fled. It was his object to ride across the Carse of Stirling to Alloa, where Admiral Wood's fleet lay at anchor, the distance being only a few miles from the field of battle. As he was passing the rivulet of Bannockburn near the village of Milltown, about a mile eastward of the scene of contest, a woman happened to be



filling a pitcher with water from the stream. Alarmed at seeing a man in armour, and riding furiously as if towards her, she threw down the pitcher and fled for safety. The noise startled the horse, and the excited steed, leaping over the Bannockburn at one spring, threw his rider. The King was so stunned and bruised by the weight of his armour that he fainted, and seemed to all appearance dead. This accident happened near a mill, the occupants of which, consisting of the miller and his wife, ran to the assistance of the unfortunate horseman. Ignorant of his rank, they carried him into their house, laid him on a couch in a corner of their apartment, and covered him with a cloth to conceal him from any pursuer. Having administered to him the remedies they possessed, the King revived, and called for a priest to hear his confession. The rustics inquired the name and quality of their guest, and James incautiously said, "I was your King this morning." The miller's wife, overcome with astonishment, wrung her hands, and hastily ran to the door in search of a priest as the King desired.

It happened that at the very moment the miller's wife came out of the house some of the insurgents passed, who were following the route of the King. One of these persons was a priest named Borthwick, connected with Lord Gray's retainers, and the pursuers, having discovered the object of their search, failed not to improve the opportunity. One of them exclaimed to the woman—"Here, I am a priest, lead me to the King." He was accordingly admitted, and kneeling at the side of James heard his confession. He then asked the King if he thought he would recover. "I might," replied the unfortunate monarch, "if I had the attendance of a physician, but give me absolution and the sacrament."—"That I shall readily do," said the villain, and pulling out a dagger, he inflicted several mortal wounds on the King, who instantly expired. The perpetrator of this atrocious act was never discovered.

Some of the King's forces retreated towards the Torwood, and others took refuge in the town of Stirling. The insurgents retired to Linlithgow, after resting all the night succeeding the battle on the field. The fate of James was not then known, but in a short time rumours were soon spread over the country of the assassination, aggravated by an additional report that the Duke of Rothsay was the murderer ; but it was some days before the young prince, now James IV., received certain information of his father's fate, and he heard it with the deepest anguish. Still some asserted that the King was alive, and a person who came to Linlithgow informed the insurgents that Admiral Wood was still traversing the Forth, and it was believed that the King had reached the fleet in safety. They immediately proceeded to Leith, whence a message was sent from the Duke of Rothsay to Wood, desiring to know if the King was on board any of his vessels. The Admiral solemnly declared that he was not, and gave them permission to search his ships. A second message was sent, desiring an interview, but the Admiral refused to go on shore without hostages for his safety. Lords Seton and Fleming were the persons sent as hostages, and were committed by the Admiral to the custody of his brother, while he proceeded to Leith, and presented himself before the prince. Mistaking the Admiral at first, from his noble appearance and striking resemblance, for the King, Rothsay exclaimed, with tears, " Sir, are you my father ? " " I am not your father," replied the Admiral, " but I was your father's faithful servant, and an enemy to those who have occasioned his downfall." Some of the insurgent leaders, who were beginning to tremble for their own safety, asked Wood if he knew any thing of the King, or where he was, to which he replied that he knew not. They then inquired who the persons were who went on board his vessels in boats opposite Alloa ? " I and my brother," replied the Admiral,

“ who were ready to have risked our lives in defence of the King.” They still asked if he really was not in any one of his vessels, and the Admiral boldly declared—“ He is not ; but would to God he were, for he would be in safety. I would defend and keep him from those vile traitors who have cruelly murdered him, and I hope to see the day when they will be rewarded as they deserve.” As these sentiments were by no means agreeable to those who were present, it is probable that Admiral Wood never would have returned to his fleet if there had been no hostages for his safety : and indeed his brother had already become impatient about his absence, which was longer than was expected, and threatened to hang Lords Seton and Fleming without ceremony, as they testified at their return, when fortunately the Admiral made his appearance.

At last the body of the unfortunate King was discovered, and carried to Stirling Castle, where it lay till it was interred in the Abbey of Cambuskenneth beside the body of his queen. The spot is still traditionally shown, but there is no memorial. So sincerely did James IV. repent of his proceedings against his father, that the keenest remorse long afterwards preyed upon his mind. “ Residing for some time,” says a writer, “ in the Castle of Stirling, the priests in the Chapel-Royal deplored in his presence, and even in their prayers, the death of their founder ; and the solemnity of religion increased the mental gloom of his son, who resolved with amiable superstition to wear constantly in penance an iron girdle, the weight of which he increased with his years. The Roman Pontiff spared the youth and innocence of James, but darted the thunder of his Vatican at the rebellious barons whose arms had been pointed against their sovereign.”

The house in which James III. was murdered is still in existence, and is called *Beaton's Mill*, probably after the

person who then possessed it. The author of the Picture of Scotland informs us that "he had the curiosity to visit it, and to inquire into the traditionary account of the circumstances above related, as preserved by the people of the place, which he was surprised to hear tallied in every particular with the historical narrative. He was even shown the particular corner in which the King was slain. The house has been somewhat modernized, and converted from a mill into a dwelling-house. The lower part of the walls, however, are to about a man's height unaltered, and impressed with the appearance of great antiquity. A corner stone of the modern part of the fabric bears date 1667. The house is divided into two *ends*, with separate doors accommodating two families, and is thatched. It stands about fifty yards east of the road from Glasgow to Stirling, in the close neighbourhood of the new mill, which had been substituted when it was converted into a dwelling-house."

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### THE RAID OF RUTHVEN.

A.D. 1582.

THE word *raid* has a peculiar import in Scottish history. Though its plain signification is *an inroad*, or a *hostile and predatory incursion*, conducted by persons on horseback, it reminds us of those daring exploits so prominent in our national records, when law and government were set at defiance, and public or private factions chose their own methods of furthering their ambition, or of gratifying their revenge. Of the many exploits of this description to which

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\* Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; History of the Earls of Gowrie; History of Perth.

the attention of the reader is directed in these narratives, the *Raid of Ruthven* is not the least celebrated.

It is hardly necessary to apprize the reader that for some centuries before the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, and especially during the reigns of the five sovereigns of that name, and of his mother Queen Mary, the government of Scotland was of the most wretched description. Faction succeeded faction, and conspiracy followed conspiracy; the sovereign was often a prisoner in the hands of some powerful combination led by one or more of the more influential nobility; and when he was freed from the domination of one faction it was only to fall into the snares of their rivals, who retaliated without mercy the supposed injuries they had received when their opponents were in power. The faction who held the King for the time generally administered the laws, such as they were, according to their own caprices, interests, or resentments; the usual executions, banishments, penalties, or forfeitures ensued, all of which were retaliated or revoked when the other party predominated. Meanwhile, the Highland chiefs and the Border troopers committed whatever depredations they pleased against their feudal opponents, often incited to this kind of predatory warfare by those who kept the sovereign as a prisoner, and as often stirred up by the love of plunder or of revenge.

The *Raid of Ruthven* was partly a political and partly a religious enterprise, and chiefly resulted from two causes—a private quarrel between the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran, and by the intrigues of the clergy of that period. The inclination of James VI. for favourites had been early manifested, and the two noblemen just named were the rival candidates for the King's exclusive confidence. Esme Stuart, Duke of Lennox, was the cousin-german of Lord Darnley, the King's father, and James Stewart, Earl of Arran, had been elevated to that dignity



by a series of intrigues and crimes, to the exclusion of the House of Hamilton, to whom the earldom of Arran belonged. Lennox, who is deservedly described by Robertson as gentle, humane, and candid, and as the only amiable favourite whom James ever adopted, was eventually driven from Scotland by a faction who accused him of being a Papist, and an emissary of Rome; while Arran is represented as a being of "a proud and arrogant mynd, and thocht na man to be his equal."

A powerful party was soon formed, one of the chief leaders of which was William, fourth Lord Ruthven and first Earl of Gowrie, the son of that Lord Ruthven who rose from a bed of sickness to murder the unhappy Rizzio in the presence of Mary at Holyrood. Connected with this party were the Earls of Mar, Athole, Rothes, and Glencairn, the Master of Glammis, Lord Lindsay, the Commendators of Dunfermline, Cambuskenneth, Pittenweem, Dryburgh, and Paisley, and other noblemen and gentlemen of distinction; for in the sentence of forfeiture appear the Lords Oliphant and Boyd, the Laids of Lochleven, Cleish, and Easter Wemyss, the Lord Justice Clerk Bellenden, and the Constable of Dundee. There are also two *noble ladies*—the Countess of Gowrie and the Countess of Cassillis. The alleged object of this confederacy was the defence of the religion and liberties of the kingdom, but in reality to procure the ruin of Lennox and possession of the King's person.

This confederacy was not managed with such caution as to prevent it from reaching the ears of Lennox, but an apparent reconciliation between him and Arran tended to throw him off his guard, while the party was in secret equally opposed to Arran, whose ruin was also projected, after that of Lennox was accomplished. The hunting season was approaching, and James prepared to participate in a sport of which he was passionately fond. For this

purpose he proceeded to Athole, a district which still possesses peculiar attractions to those who are devoted to the pastimes of the chase, leaving his rival favourites at their respective residences—Lennox at Dalkeith, and Arran at Kinneil near Borrowstounness. It was at this season, while the young monarch was forgetting in the Forest of Athole the feuds of his turbulent subjects, that the confederates resolved to commence their operations against both his favourites.

After enjoying his pastime in Athole the King prepared to return to Edinburgh, and on the 22d of August he was proceeding on his journey thither when he was invited by the Earl of Gowrie to Ruthven Castle, which lay in his way, now called Huntingtower, in the parish of Tippermuir. James had with him only a small number of attendants, but he accepted the invitation, little expecting any design against him, though when he entered the Castle he felt some uneasiness at the number of strangers within it. He thought prudent to conceal his alarm, which would have been increased if he had been aware that the confederated noblemen and gentlemen, upwards of one thousand in number, and well armed, were dispersed throughout the neighbourhood.

During the night no indication of violence appeared, but on the morning when the King summoned his attendants, and was about to leave the apartment, the Master of Glammis stationed himself at the door, and told him he must stay. The King inquired the reason of this interruption, and was informed by the Master that he would know it soon. The associated Lords shortly afterwards appeared, and presented a remonstrance against Lennox and Arran, which James received with the complaisance suitable to his situation. Still he was impatient to depart, and made an effort to leave the room, but was forcibly prevented. Finding himself a prisoner, he expostulated,

entreated, and threatened, and at last burst into tears. The Master of Glammis unmoved, however, fiercely exclaimed to his companions, some of whom were relenting—"No matter for his tears: better children weep than bearded men;"—an expression which James never forgot or forgave. The King was immediately placed under restraint, though personally he was treated with respect; his followers were all dismissed, and no one allowed to have access to him except those of their own party.

This exploit, by no means uncommon in those times, was soon noised abroad, and Arran accompanied by his brother speedily set out to Ruthven Castle with about forty horsemen to escort the King to Edinburgh. He depended much upon his influence with the Earl of Gowrie, to whom he was related, and who had co-operated with him in the prosecution of the Regent Morton. He had proceeded as far as Duplin, when he separated from his followers, whom he left under the charge of his brother, and with two attendants he went to Ruthven Castle. When he arrived at the gate he demanded admission to the King, but the rage of the confederates was so great at the sight of a man odious to them, that instant death would have been the penalty of his rashness if the Earl of Gowrie had not interfered. He was sent a prisoner to Stirling Castle; his followers, under the command of his brother, were attacked and dispersed by the Earl of Mar, and their leader, severely wounded, was committed to the Castle of Duplin.

For six days the King was kept in close confinement, but Lennox, in the meantime, was not idle. He despatched some noblemen in his interest to ascertain if James was detained against his inclination, requesting them to intimate to him that if this was the case, as was strongly rumoured, he would endeavour to set him at liberty. Those personages were only permitted to see the King in the presence

of the confederates, and when they had discharged their message James immediately exclaimed that he was a prisoner, which he desired them to proclaim to all his subjects. The confederates, on the other hand, denied that he was a captive, and, after uttering an invective against both Lennox and Arran, declared that they were resolved to persist in their course at the hazard of their lives and fortunes. The noblemen sent by Lennox were then most unceremoniously ejected from Ruthven Castle.

When the tidings of this exploit reached Edinburgh the utmost excitement prevailed. The influence of Lennox was considerable in the Scottish metropolis, and he employed himself in exerting it to the best advantage among the citizens. The confederates, shortly after the King's captivity, in order to preserve appearances allowed him to proceed to Perth, though vigilantly guarded by their own associates. James now found it necessary to yield to circumstances. More apprehensive for the safety of Lennox than for his own, he agreed to issue an extorted proclamation, setting forth that his residence at Perth was his own free choice, and commanding all associations formed for his rescue to dissolve within six hours after the publishing of the proclamation, under the penalties of treason.

Lennox was by this time at the head of a considerable force, and Sir James Balfour informs us that another and a most powerful association was formed to liberate the King, consisting of the Earls of Huntly, Crawford, Argyle, Montrose, Marischal, Sutherland, and Caithness; Lords Home, Seton, Ogilvy, Maxwell, Herries, Sinclair, Livingstone, and Newbattle, with all the leading gentlemen of Berwickshire and the Lothians. It is impossible to say whether those noblemen coalesced with Lennox, but it is probable that he would have paid little attention to the proclamation issued at Perth, as he knew that the King was a prisoner, and that it had been extorted from him by force, if



he had not received a private letter from James, exhorting him to leave the kingdom before the 20th of September. This letter he communicated to his friends, who advised him to retire to Dumbarton, where they would afterwards meet him and deliberate on his affairs, and whether the rescue of the King should be attempted; but at Dumbarton so many noblemen and others espoused his cause that the confederates became alarmed, and procured an order from James, commanding all the attendants of the Duke of Lennox, with the exception of forty persons, to depart from Dumbarton within twelve hours after notice, and to desist from approaching his residence while he was in Scotland. Lennox lost all hope after this intimation, and sent Lord Herries with two gentlemen to demand assurance of his personal safety if he complied with the order. This unfortunate nobleman was afterwards peremptorily commanded to leave the kingdom. He continued to lurk about Blackness, Dumbarton, Callender, and other places where he could find shelter, hoping that circumstances might alter his affairs, but the hatred of his enemies was implacable. Though often destitute of the common necessities of life, and even of clothing, he was reluctant to leave Scotland without taking farewell of James. This was denied him, and he at length departed for France, and died at Paris on the following year of a broken heart, as was reported, but not without strong suspicions of being poisoned. James sincerely lamented his death, and ever afterwards showed kindness to his children.

Gowrie and the noblemen concerned in the *Raid of Ruthven*, who still retained possession of the King, began now to discover that all their representations about the public good had no effect in quieting the uneasiness of the people. James was accordingly brought to Edinburgh, and his reception on entering the city was highly characteristic. He was met by the ministers, who formed part of the proces-



sion, and those influential persons made a display of their zeal in the streets by singing a metrical version of the 124th Psalm. A convention of the Estates was called, which of course consisted solely of the associated peers. The King was still as much a prisoner as he had been in Ruthven Castle, and he was obliged to endure repeated insults and mortifications from the now triumphant party ; but he was determined to endure the bondage no longer than was necessary, and circumstances occurred which induced him to watch for a favourable opportunity. The principal cause of alarm with the confederated Lords was the dread that negotiations would yet be concluded to associate Queen Mary, then a prisoner in England, with her son in the government. Yet, though they most sedulously guarded James night and day, they could not prevent the access of certain noblemen who were their well known enemies, and to whom the King spoke without reserve, informing them that he was resolved to hazard every thing for the recovery of his freedom.

As the report of the death of the Duke of Lennox had been clearly authenticated, and as Arran was so universally obnoxious that he caused little uneasiness, the confederates guarded the King with less care than when they were daily harassed by the apprehensions that the Duke would suddenly return. James was accordingly enabled to arrange a plan for his escape with the Earls of Argyle, Marischal, Rothies, and Montrose, and he appointed a convention of Estates to be held at St Andrews in May 1583, to which those noblemen were specially summoned. Few of the confederates were then with him, and he contrived to leave Edinburgh, with the intention of making a journey through Fife previous to the meeting. He first proceeded to his palace of Falkland, where he communicated his plans to William Stewart, Captain of the Guard ; and it was arranged that he should set out for St Andrews under the pretence of visiting his uncle the Earl of March, while those

noblemen who were privy to his escape were to take up their residence in the castle of that city. A few days before the convention met the King left Falkland, and was joined at Darsie, on his way to St Andrews, by some noblemen and gentlemen who were opposed to the schemes of the confederates. Exulting at having now obtained his liberty, the young King amused himself with hawking by the way, and he arrived at St Andrews without encountering any interruption. Yet his joy almost threw him off his guard, for he slept the first night in St Andrews in one of the inns, where he was nearly surprised by his late keepers. Next day James entered the castle, where he was attended by Montrose, Marischal, and other noblemen. The gates were ordered to be shut, and Captain Stewart was entrusted with the command. A new Privy Council was appointed, and the King acted with the greatest clemency, notwithstanding the insults and provocations he had received. He published a declaration, in which he declared that, though duly sensible of the treasonable attempt upon his person at Ruthven, he was willing to forgive all past offences, if the actors in and defenders of that exploit would show themselves penitent, crave pardon in due time, and not provoke him by any farther unlawful actions to remember that treasonable attempt.

Here properly ends the narrative of the *Raid of Ruthven*. The Earl of Gowrie, the most active of those concerned in it, contrived to be admitted a short time into favour, though not without great difficulty, and after most humbly professing his sorrow for the share he had sustained in the capture of the King. Even Arran was at length admitted into the King's presence, and he was soon able to revenge himself on his numerous and powerful enemies. But some important consequences resulted from the Raid of Ruthven which materially affected Gowrie and others.

Arran had contrived to get the act of indemnity issued

James accompanied by certain conditions which defeated its purpose, and the noblemen concerned in its provisions scrupled not to set it at defiance. Some of them were confined to several districts throughout the country ; but others had left the kingdom according to the tenor of the proclamation against them. The Earl of Mar and the Master of Glamis had retired to Ireland, and some of their associates had retreated to England, in direct violation of the security which they had given to James, that they would not enter England or Ireland without his special permission. Gowrie, finding that his expressions of sorrow for his concern in the Raid of Ruthven did not restore him to favour, now corresponded with his former associates, especially with the Earl of Mar and the Master of Glamis in Ireland, the substance of which was, that they should return, and make a second attempt to secure the person of the King.

A new conspiracy was now formed, of which the Earl of Gowrie was the leader. He had obtained permission to proceed, to France, and under the excuse of finding a vessel to convey him thither he went to Dundee, where he lurked about much longer than the time assigned him for his departure under various pretences. Even about five months after the departure of Mar and Glamis he was found lingering in that town, giving out that he would depart "this day and that day." The time limited for his final departure was the last day of March 1584, and it was intimated to him, and those associates who had disregarded the royal proclamation, that if found after that date they would be punished as rebels.

But it was not Gowrie's intention to leave Scotland. He was busily engaged in preparing for the new enterprise, of which by some means or other James got notice, or at least that Gowrie was corresponding with Mar and Glamis, though Sir James Melville asserts that the whole

matter was arranged before Gowrie was connected with it, and that he would have left the country, though he was 'of nature over slow," but that the "despight" he entertained towards Arran "moved him to stay and take part with them." Gowrie, however, was charged on the 2d of March to leave the kingdom within fifteen days, and a message was despatched to Elizabeth, entreating her to command Mar and Glammis to leave Carrick-Fergus, where they had chosen to reside. Gowrie, nevertheless, contrived to evade and disregard the proclamation, and continued to reside in Dundee, where he arranged the projected enterprise. It was decided that Mar and Glammis, with their adherents, should return from Ireland, and proceed to Stirling, where they would be joined by the Earls of Gowrie and Angus, the latter of whom had been lately recalled from exile, though ordered to confine himself to his own residence in the north. Several other noblemen, particularly the Earl of Bothwell and Lord Lindsay, were connected with this conspiracy, but they took no decided or prominent part. Mustering their forces at Stirling, they were to send a supplication to the King, setting forth the dangers which, according to them, threatened religion and the state. Meanwhile Mar and Glammis were to make themselves masters of Stirling Castle, after being joined by Gowrie and Angus.

Mar and Glammis arrived in Scotland in the month of April, and began to collect their followers, but the vigilance of the government annihilated the confederacy. On the 16th of April, only two days before the intended surprise of Stirling Castle, Gowrie was unexpectedly apprehended by Captain Stewart of the Royal Guard in the house of one William Drummond, a burgess of Dundee. He made considerable resistance, and threatened to hold out the house, but the soldiers were assisted by the people of the town, and Gowrie was compelled to yield.



The apprehension of Gowrie was unknown to Glamis, Mar, and the other leaders, who, in full reliance on his promised assistance, attacked Stirling on the 17th or 18th, and forcibly took possession of the town. They easily secured the Castle, and published a manifesto not very remarkable for its moderation, professing that they were compelled to this conduct on account of the unhappy state of the government; and designating those who were at the Court "an insolent company, manifest and avowed Papists, Atheists, and excommunicated persons, enemies to religion and the state, favourers of the bloody Council of Trent." Intelligence of their bold exploit having reached Edinburgh, a proclamation was speedily issued by James, commanding his subjects to follow him to Stirling with provisions for thirty days, and a few suspected noblemen were placed under restraint. The citizens of Edinburgh evinced a remarkable zeal for the King, and the Town Council even advanced money to pay soldiers who would enlist. It was on the 19th of April that information of the surprise of Stirling Castle was received, and before the 24th, two days after the manifesto of the insurgents had appeared, a considerable army was in readiness to march against them. The tidings of these active preparations soon reached them, but they had already become disheartened by the apprehension of Gowrie, which they imagined was a mere pretence on his part to betray them, as he had done once before. Their friends and followers were more tardy in espousing their cause than they expected, and Elizabeth, who was favourable to the exploit, had neglected to send them a promised supply of money. They had only three hundred men to oppose the royal army commanded by their implacable enemies.

The King, having put his troops in motion, sent out a strong detachment under the command of Captain Stewart who had apprehended Gowrie, and advanced in person to



Stirling. The approach of the royal army struck them with dismay, and finding it impossible to hold out against a superior force, Angus, Mar, and Glammis, abandoned the fortress, and effected their escape into England. The Master of Livingstone was sent to invest the Castle, but the garrison surrendered at the first summons. There were only twenty-eight men in the fortress, and of those the captain and three were executed.

It was now resolved to punish the insurgents, of whom Gowrie was the only one of rank in custody. He had been brought from Dundee by sea to Leith, and committed a prisoner in Edinburgh. The King ordered him to be removed to Stirling, where the Court remained after the recovery of the Castle, and on the 4th of May he was tried before a jury of his countrymen for high treason. There were also tried at the same time two persons engaged in the enterprise, named Archibald Douglas and John Forbes. The trial took place in the edifice built by the Earl of Mar at Stirling near the Castle, popularly called *Mar's Wark*, now used as the Military Hospital. The presiding judge was John Graham of Hallyards. The jury consisted of the Earls of Argyle, Crawford, Montrose, Glencairn, Eglinton, Arran, Marischal, Lords Saltoun, Sommerville, Downe, Livingstone, Drummond, Ogilvy, the Master of Elphinstone, and Sir John Murray of Tullibardine. Of those noblemen, Montrose, Drummond, and Ogilvy, were connected by relationship with the family of Ruthven. Gowrie urged a variety of objections to the charges exhibited against him, which were all overruled, and he was found guilty of "not onlie maist unnaturallie and treasonable committing maist high treasoun in concealing of ane purpois of so wechtie imp rtance, bot also persisting in the said treason, the continuance of his silence, and not declaring of the said purpose, tending to the perill of his Maiestie's lyf and estate ;"—"and thairfoir the sentence and dome of forfal-

ture wes pronunceit agains the said Erll be the mouth of Robert Scott in Striveling, dempster of the said Court—that the said Erll sald be taen to the skaffald beside the mercat-croce of Striveling, and thair his heid strikkin fra his body, and denounced as a traitour; and that he hes forfaltit and tint all his landis, heretageis, possessionis, takis, stedingis, offices, lyferentis, actionis, debtis, and utheris guidis, movable and unmovable, to be applyit, uptakin, and desponit be our souerane Lord at his pleasour.”

On the evening of the same day, betwixt the hours of eight and nine o'clock, Gowrie walked out to execution. Douglas and Forbes had been executed immediately after sentence. The Earl made a long speech on the scaffold, which was much extolled by his party on account of its piety and resignation. He maintained that all his actions were intended for the benefit of the King, and he concluded by observing, as is usual in such cases, that if he had served God as faithfully as he wished to have done the King, he would not have come to that end. He calmly laid his head upon the block, and it was severed from his body at one stroke. The other parts of the sentence were remitted, and his domestics were allowed to inter his body. “His servants,” says Sir James Balfour, “did sew his head to his body, and incontinently buried the same.” Such was the fate of the first Earl of Gowrie, the chief actor in the *Raid of Ruthven*—an enterprise distinguished by his family name. Historians agree in giving him a high character for ability, yet he nowhere exhibited any thing like superior genius. He appears to have been a nobleman of great irresolution, and only sensible of his rashness when it was too late to retrieve his errors. Others, equally guilty, saved themselves from a similar fate by flight into England—the common retreat of all dangerous leaders in that turbulent age. Some prosecutions followed, but the parties concerned were persons of inferior rank, and were

in no respect remarkable for any conspicuous actions, except being connected with, or "art and part" in, the enterprises attempted by Gowrie, Mar, Angus, and Glamis.

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### THE RAID OF LAUDER.\*

A.D. 1482.

A DISPUTE took place between England and Scotland, occasioned most probably by Edward IV. discontinuing to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Cecilia, to whom the eldest son of James III. was betrothed. The Duke of Albany, the King's brother, who had made a remarkable escape from the Castle of Edinburgh, and fled to France, passed over into England, and found Edward's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards the notorious Richard III., appointed lieutenant-general of the north, and placed at the head of the army against the Scots. This was in 1480, but hostilities did not commence till the following year, when the English army entered Scotland, burnt sixty villages, sailed up the Forth, captured eight vessels, and consigned to the flames the village of Blackness. After this devastation the invaders sought their native shores, but "God revenged their perfidy," says Sir James Balfour, "for many of them being broken and drowned by tempest ere they could gain home." The Scottish admiral, Sir Andrew Wood, also destroyed several of the English ships, and the Borderers carried fire and sword into England.

In 1482 the campaign was renewed, and Edward IV. concluded a treaty with the exiled Duke of Albany, in

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\* Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History; Ruddiman's Notes on Buchanan; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Hume's (of Godscroft) History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus.

which, instigated by the Duke of Gloucester, he promised to assist the latter in reducing Scotland, and to maintain him on the throne. The pretended causes of the war were various, but the chief allegations were, that James had seized the Castles of Berwick, Roxburgh, Coldingham, and other fortresses on the Borders, and that he refused to do homage to England.

The English army assembled at Alnwick under the command of the Duke of Gloucester, and amounted to 22,000, or, according to some, 40,000 men. The van was led by Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Gloucester and the Duke of Albany were at the head of the middle division, and several of the English nobility commanded the minor detachments. The first object of attack was Berwick, which had been for some time in possession of the Scots. Thither Gloucester directed his march, and his formidable army appeared suddenly before the town. No resistance was offered by the inhabitants, and the town was immediately seized, but the governor of the castle refused to surrender. Lord Stanley was left with 4000 men to carry on the siege, and Gloucester continued his march to Edinburgh.

When James III. was informed of the movements of the English army, he prepared to defend his kingdom. In the month of July 1482, the royal standard was displayed on the Boroughmuir of Edinburgh, and 50,000 men ranged themselves under the Scottish banner. It ought to be here noticed, that James had already irritated his nobility by an imprudent partiality to favourites, who were persons of humble origin, but whose flatteries were more agreeable than the rude expostulations and independent bearing of his powerful feudal barons. Cochrane, a master mason, who had been introduced to the King on account of his skill in architecture, Rogers, an Englishman, and by profession a musician, were the chief favourites; but these

names were respectable when compared with the other chosen companions of the King. Torphichen, a swordsman or fencing-master, Hommel, a tailor, and a person called Leonard, a smith, were the daily associates of James, on whom he heaped rewards and favours, and who became his only councillors.

It was not to be expected that the haughty nobility of Scotland, who in those days seldom visited the Court except when on urgent business, would behold the neglect of their own order, and the elevation of such individuals, without exasperation. So great was the influence of Cochrane with James, that he was actually permitted to coin money in his own name, called *black money*, the circulation of which often threatened to excite insurrections among the people, who refused what they termed the *Cochrane plack*. When it was represented to him that this species of coin would soon be prohibited, he was wont to reply with haughtiness, that its circulation would cease the day he was hanged—a fate which he considered very improbable.

The discontented nobility attended the King at the Boroughmuir with their retainers, but they had privately resolved to perform some bold deed, and revenge the affronts offered to their rank and influence. James, unsuspecting of their intentions, placed himself at the head of his army, yet he was imprudent to assign the command to Cochrane, whom he had recently created Earl of Mar. The army marched first to Soutra, and then advanced to Lauder, where the whole force encamped for the night, between the parish church and the village. On the following morning a secret council of the peers assembled in a religious edifice opposite Lauder Fort, erected by Edward I. The nobility present were the Earls of Argyle, Angus, Huntly, and Crawford, Lords Home, Fleming, Gray, Drummond, Hailes, and Seton, Lord Evandale the Chancellor, and several of



the bishops. The ostensible object of this meeting was to consider the means to be employed for the defence of the kingdom, and whether they ought to march their retainers to the Borders. They convened early in the morning without the knowledge of the King. Lord Gray opened the debate by relating an expressive and significant fable. "The mice," he said, "consulted respecting the measures they ought to adopt to escape from the cat, their inveterate enemy. It was proposed that a bell should be hung from the cat's neck to give due warning of the animal's approach, but the difficulty was to find a mouse courageous enough to attempt the fastening of the bell." No sooner had this allegory been uttered by Lord Gray than the Earl of Angus exclaimed, "I shall bell the cat"—an emphatic declaration which procured for him the soubriquet of *Bell-the-Cat*, by which this great chieftain of the House of Douglas is distinguished in history. Several of the peers laid their hands on their swords, and expressed their determination to exert themselves against the public enemy. The result of their deliberation was, that the King's person should be secured, and conducted to Edinburgh Castle, and that Cochrane and the other favourites should be put to death.

The council was not kept so secret as to prevent it coming to the knowledge of James, who felt considerable alarm. He rose from his couch, and summoned Cochrane to his presence. The favourite attended, and after consulting with the King he was sent to the assembled peers to observe their movements, and learn the nature of their deliberations. He repaired to the ecclesiastical building in which they were assembled, little anticipating that his death had been already projected. The unfortunate favourite was accompanied by three hundred men, all arrayed in white livery, with black fillets, and armed with battle-axes, that they might be known as the followers of the recently created Earl of Mar. He wore a riding cloak of black

velvet, and a chain of gold around his neck worth five hundred crowns. His hunting horn was ornamented with gold, and his helmet was carried before him richly decorated with that metal. In this pomp he proceeded to the church in which the nobility were assembled, and commanded one of his attendants to knock with great authority. Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven inquired from within the cause of this rude noise, and was answered by Cochrane—" 'Tis I, the Earl of Mar." He was instantly admitted, and the Earl of Angus advanced towards him, seized the gold chain which encircled his neck, twisting it with such force as nearly to strangle him, and exclaimed, " A rope would become thee better !" or, as related by another authority, " This chain doth not become a man of your condition ; but I shall ere long give you one which will become you far better." Douglas of Lochleven grasped Cochrane's hunting horn, and told him that he had been too long a hunter of mischief. The favourite, finding himself thus roughly handled, said—" My Lords, is this jest or earnest?" He was answered—" Thou shalt soon find that it is in good earnest ; for thou and thy associates have too long abused the favour of our sovereign. No longer shalt thou enjoy thy greatness, but thou and thy accomplices shall have a merited punishment."

The new made Earl of Mar, who had never been recognised as such by the nobility, was immediately secured, and some persons of distinction were sent to the King's tent, where they diverted his attention by plausible speeches, during which time Cochrane's associates were apprehended. Leonard, Rogers, Torphichen, a gentleman named Preston, and some others, were dragged to the bridge of Lauder—a structure supplanted by the present bridge—and hanged over it in sight of the whole army, who exulted in the fate of those unhappy minions ; and, if we are to credit one authority, the King was a spectator of their execution.

Cochrane appeared last, his hands bound with a rope, which he requested to be exchanged for one of the silken cords of his own tent, but he was answered that he deserved no better. He was led to the bridge, and there put to death with his associates.

Sir John Ramsay of Balmain was the only favourite of the King who escaped the indignant resentment of the peers on this occasion. His life was spared at the earnest request of James, who pleaded for him on account of his youth, he being only eighteen years of age. James himself was seized as a prisoner, and the house in which they placed him under restraint was standing in 1819. He was conveyed from Lauder to the Castle of Edinburgh, without a single murmur on the part of the army, who were all dismissed; and the King was not permitted to act at liberty until he gave ample security that he would not revenge the death of his favourites—a condition to which he assented with the greatest reluctance. The Duke of Gloucester advanced to Edinburgh, and encamped at Restalrig in the vicinity. He found the King a prisoner in the Castle, and the government assumed by a party of the nobility. After various transactions, a new treaty was concluded between James and Edward IV., and the Duke of Gloucester led his army back to England.

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## THE ROUT OF SOLWAY.\*

A.D. 1542.

At the head of the navigable arm of the sea which extends eastward from the Irish Sea, and forms the boundary

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\* Chalmers' Caledonia; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Tytler's History of Scotland; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Ridpath's Border History; Lodge's Illustrations; Lindsay of Pitcottie's History.

between England and Scotland for upwards of fifty miles, called the Solway Frith, is the extensive morass near the river Esk called the Solway Moss—a district memorable in Scottish history for a defeat, or rather a rout, which caused the death of King James V., on the 23d of November 1542. It had long been the wish of the supporters of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland to involve the King in a war with his uncle Henry VIII., to prevent him from embracing the measures of the English monarch in opposition to the Pope. At length James ordered an army of 30,000 men to assemble on the Boroughmuir near Edinburgh, to oppose the Duke of Norfolk, who had entered Scotland at the head of an equal number of men, and had committed to the flames the towns of Roxburgh and Kelso, and about twenty villages. Ignorant that Norfolk had been compelled, by the want of provisions and the lateness of the season, to lead his army back to Berwick and dismiss his troops, James marched to Fala, near the western extremity of the Lammermuir Hills, and about twenty miles on the march towards Kelso, when the tidings arrived that the English commander had withdrawn his forces. The Scottish army halted at Fala, and partly from disaffection, and partly from the recollection of Flodden, the nobility declared that they would only act on the defensive, and that they would not retaliate the invasion. They also alleged the rigour of the season and scarcity of provisions, and the honour already acquired by the retreat of such a formidable force of his enemies at the rumour of the King's approach, in addition to which they pretended an affection or anxiety for the King's person, who had at this time no children alive.

James was obliged to submit to this unanimous refusal of his nobility to follow him. He had no influence over the army, for the soldiers considered themselves as only bound to obey their chieftains, and, connected by the firm-

est ties of tenure, obedience, and protection, to their several leaders, regarded the monarch as the nominal chief commander. James had irritated the most powerful of the nobility, by adopting several measures calculated to lessen their influence and mortify their pride. Above all, he had shown an inordinate affection for favourites, and particularly for one Oliver Sinclair, a gentleman of ancient family, upon whom he had conferred the most marked distinctions and honours. It is said that the Scottish nobles intended to react the proceedings at Lauder in the reign of James III., if the King had not dismissed the army when they refused to march into England, and it is probable that James also suspected a repetition of the scenes alluded to in the reign of his grandfather.

Mortified, irritated, and disappointed, the King returned to Edinburgh, and his anguish of mind was such, that to allay it his council proposed to levy 10,000 men, and retaliate, by an invasion of the western marches, the injuries inflicted by Norfolk. Lord Maxwell was appointed to the command, a nobleman firmly attached to the King, but with him were also associated the Earls of Cassillis, Glencairn, and other noblemen and gentlemen of the south and west of Scotland, who were well known to be favourable to the English interest and to the cause of the Reformation. The soldiers were called together in the most secret manner, and the King sent a number of his own domestics to join in the enterprise, while Cardinal Beaton and the Earl of Arran employed themselves in raising men in the usual public mode, to conceal the project as much as possible, and orders were issued to those soldiers to march towards the eastern Borders, probably in the direction of Berwick.

With the exception of the leaders, scarcely a man of the army destined for the invasion of England by the western marches was acquainted with the real design of the



enterprise, the success of which was most promising, as the English were totally unprepared to meet such a force. The army advanced to the Solway Moss, and the King followed his troops to the Castle of Caerlaverock, where he resolved to await the issue. When the soldiers entered England and approached the river Esk, a halt was called, and Oliver Sinclair, the King's favourite, was elevated on shields to read the royal commission, in which he was most imprudently nominated commander-in-chief. A general murmur and breach of all military order instantly ensued; the nobility would not recognise him as their leader, and the soldiers would not obey one whom their chieftains despised. Uproar and tumult now prevailed, loud threats and insulting expressions were every where uttered, and if James had appeared in person his reception would have been equally humiliating.

The Scottish nobility resolved not to act even on the defensive—a line of conduct which they thought most effectual to punish the imprudence of their sovereign. Without offering any violence to Sinclair they proceeded no farther, and were preparing to retrace their steps when a party of English cavalry, in number between three and four hundred, commanded by Sir Thomas Dacre and Sir John Musgrave, appeared in sight, drawn up in good order upon a neighbouring eminence to watch the motions of the Scottish leaders. Perceiving the tumult and disorder which prevailed, and being informed of the cause by some deserters, this handful of cavalry made a brisk attack on the ten thousand Scots, who made not the slightest attempt to defend themselves, and became an easy prey to the English. They could have taken as many prisoners as they pleased, but they contented themselves with one thousand, among whom were the Earls of Cassillis and Glencairn, Lords Sommerville, Maxwell, Gray, Oliphant, and Fleming, and other persons of distinction, who preferred a

captivity in England to the risk of their sovereign's indignation.

James heard of this defeat with the utmost anguish. Ascribing it to the perfidy of his nobles, and provoked by this new insult, which encouraged the insolence of his subjects, and exposed him to the derision of his enemies, he left Caerlaverock in private, and proceeded first to Holyrood House, and then to his palace of Falkland, where he resigned himself to despair. It is said his distress was farther increased by hearing of the murder of an English herald at Dunbar by two English fugitives named William Leech and John Priestman. A burning fever preyed upon his exhausted frame, and he died at Falkland nineteen days afterwards, broken-hearted and miserable, leaving as the heir of his kingdom his daughter Mary, then only a week old. The birth of that princess appeared to aggravate his sufferings, and when it was announced to him, he answered the messenger in the well known words—"It came with a girl, and it will go with a girl"—referring to the succession to the crown. He was buried in the royal vault at Holyrood House, and Cardinal Beaton presided at his funeral obsequies.

The English writers in the list of the Scottish prisoners taken at the Solway Rout designate Oliver Sinclair, the great cause of it, the *King's minion*. He is designated of *Pitcairns*, and after the King's death he was called to account for his conduct—the common fate of all favourites. In 1543 he found Gilbert Earl of Cassillis his security, "whenever he shall be required, on premonition of fifteen days, to underly the law for certain crimes imputed to him." Some prosecutions also followed; for two individuals, Duncan May and William Smith, alias Chesman, were obliged to find security to appear when called upon, "for consulting with and frequently giving false information to the late King James V. for the purpose of deceiving him,

thereby occasioning vehement suspicions between him and his earls, barons, and lieges, and for causing in him great apprehension and fear for his slaughter and destruction."

The noblemen taken prisoners were soon afterwards set at liberty, but upwards of one hundred and fifty gentlemen were compelled to pay for their freedom, and their ransom was settled by the Commissioners appointed to negotiate a peace.

It ought to be noticed, that though the English force which discomfited the Scottish army at Solway Moss is generally stated as amounting to only four or five hundred men, it appears that it actually numbered fourteen hundred, including horse and foot. The whole affair was bloodless on both sides, no resistance being offered, and no violence committed by the English.

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### BATTLE OF DUNBAR.\*

A. D. 1650.

THE battle of Dunbar, between the Scots under General Leslie and the English under Oliver Cromwell, is one of the most remarkable events in modern times of a victory gained and an army defeated under the influence of religious zeal. The Scots, repenting of their share in the murder of Charles I., and having negotiated with Charles

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\* Nicoll's Diary (Bannatyne Club); Sir James Balfour's Annals; Oliver Cromwell and his Times, by Thomas Cromwell; Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England; Harris' Life of Oliver Cromwell; Statistical Account of Scotland; Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons, Richard and Henry, by Oliver Cromwell, Esq.; Memoirs of Captain John Hodgson; Cromwelliana; Relation of the Campaign.

II., who affected to be favourable to their principles, resolved to overthrow the newly constituted Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and to attempt the re-establishment of the monarchy. This at least was the resolution of that party who were devotedly attached to the celebrated *Solemn League and Covenant*, and they were supported by the Cavaliers, men of different principles both in religion and in politics, and who earnestly longed for the restoration of the King for reasons widely opposite, but who nevertheless took an interest in the determination of the Presbyterians, in the hope that their own party would be eventually able to put down their religious rivals.

On the 1st of July 1650 information was received in England that Charles II. had landed in Scotland on the 16th of June, but in such a private manner that it was not known till the 24th of that month. It was also intimated to those at the helm of affairs in London, that the Scots, exclusive of their former army, had levied a military force of upwards of 27,000 men, horse and foot, and that they had resolved to invade England by immediately sending a large army over the Southern frontier.

Cromwell left London on the 29th of June, on his march to oppose the threatened invasion, and to subdue the Scots in their own country. A declaration was printed and published, as if emanating from the English army, the commencement of which is characteristic of the times, and of the real or affected fanaticism which prevailed. It runs—“To all that are saints, and partakers of the faith of God’s elect in Scotland.” It is abundantly interspersed with what is commonly called *cant*, accompanied by bold and explicit declarations. It sets forth the reasons for bringing the late King to *justice*, as his murder is designated, and for excluding his family from the throne, for abolishing the House of Lords, and erecting a Commonwealth. A variety of other particulars are stated, sundry charges refuted, and

the King and his adherents are represented as influenced by Popish counsels. It is supposed that this declaration of the English army upon their march into Scotland was intended as an answer to one purporting to be that of Major-General Massey, and eighty other English officers and commanders, "engaged with the kingdom of Scotland in behalf of their Presbyterian brethren in England, Ireland, and the Principality of Wales, declaring the grounds and reasons moving them to take up arms in the kingdom of Scotland, and admonishing all conscientious Presbyterians not to apostatize from their first principles, nor adhere, engage, or take up arms with the rebels at Westminster." This singular document, which shows that the divisions, created in the army as well as in the Parliament by the distinctions of Presbyterian and Independent, were attended by important consequences, was dated *Orkney Islands*, but is printed without the printer's name or place. It is irritating and abusive, and contains an odious description of the army and the Parliament.

The army of Cromwell consisted of about 18,000 men, all animated by the enthusiasm of their leader, and excited by the religious fanaticism of the times. When Cromwell arrived at Berwick he published another declaration to the people of Scotland, recapitulating the statements of the previous one, noticing and refuting the slanders cast upon his troops, and appealing to his previous conduct. He assured them that he would not offer the least injury to their persons, goods, or possessions, as they were in his opinion innocent, and he exhorted them to remain quiet in their own habitations, not suffering themselves to be deceived by any crafty and false representations, which must prove their inevitable ruin as well as a great hazard to their country. The campaign was preceded by proclamations on both sides, and that by the Scottish Parliament, in which the grounds of the quarrel are stated, was widely circulated.



A copy of this proclamation was sent by General Leslie, the commander of the Scottish army, to Cromwell, once his associate, but now his opponent. Cromwell returned it to his former friend with sundry observations, in which he inveighed against the Scots for taking up arms in favour of the King, "under pretence of the Covenant, mistaken and wrested from its intent and equity." They are accused of disowning *Malignants*—the well known appellation of the Cavaliers, though the King was at the head of the said *Malignants*—"hath a Popish party fighting for him in Ireland—hath in his service Prince Rupert, whose hands have been deep in English blood, at the head of ships stolen from us on a *malignant* account—hath French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts—and hath issued commissions to raise armies in the bowels of our country."

But as the allegations and proclamations on both sides belong rather to general history than to the present work, it is necessary to hasten to the march of Cromwell and the proceedings of the Scots. The army of the latter, commanded by the celebrated General Leslie, one of the bravest veterans of his time, consisted of 21,000 men, but it is admitted that many of them were ill disciplined, and, what was worse in that age, they differed in religious principles as well as in profession. It was a farther misfortune to the Scots that several of the most zealous Presbyterian ministers thought proper to accompany the army, and sedulously propagated assurances of victory, illustrated by references to some of the events recorded in the Old Testament history, and confidently affirming that Divine Providence would fight the battle for them against their enemies. This conduct and such harangues rendered the proceedings of Leslie and his officers almost useless. The General, notwithstanding his attachment to the cause in which he was engaged, was too skilful not to foresee the

result, and he would have gladly removed the ministers from the army, in which their presence did much injury, but they were too popular with the soldiers, and their expulsion would have caused a serious defection.

Cromwell's army, it is already stated, contained in all about 18,000 men, but in Scotland it was soon reduced by disease, desertion, and other causes, to about 12,000, while the Scots increased to 27,000. The latter, who viewed his invasion as an attempt upon their national independence, took their measures so well by scouring the country of all provisions, that when he marched from Berwick into Scotland he found that he could depend on no supplies except those which he drew from his fleet. This, as the event proved, was both precarious and difficult. Cromwell soon found himself cut off from all communication with the sea both by the Scottish army and the stormy weather; he was in a hostile country, all the strongholds of which were in the hands of his enemies; and the Scots were so advantageously situated near Edinburgh that they could not be attacked. In short, Cromwell had never previously been in such a distressed condition, and there was apparently no hope of relief, for the Scots obstinately resisted all attempts in his march to induce them to offer battle.

At the approach of the English army the greatest consternation prevailed, and many of the citizens of Edinburgh, Leith, Linlithgow, Falkirk, and other towns, took the precaution to remove their most valuable effects to Fife. Certain rumours of Cromwell's alleged vindictive temper, notwithstanding his declarations and proclamations to the contrary, preceded him, and these certainly derived some degree of probability from his recent conduct in Ireland. It had been alleged that he meant to put to death every man between sixteen and sixty years of age—to cut off the right hands of those under sixteen—to

burn the women's breasts with hot iron, and to destroy all the cattle and moveable property. These monstrous and unfounded imputations were seriously believed, and hence the English officers were astonished to find all the places through which they passed after crossing the Borders completely deserted. No men capable of bearing arms were to be seen, and the streets of the small towns were full of women, "pitiful sorry creatures," says an eye-witness, "clothed in white flannel in a very homely manner. Very many of them bemoaned much their husbands, who, they said, were enforced by the lairds to go to the muster. All the men in Dunbar, as well as in other places of this day's march, were fled, and not any to be seen above seven or under seventy years old, but only some few decrepid ones."

Cromwell was allowed the range of the country between Edinburgh and Dunbar, and engaged in several skirmishes with the Scots, in all of which he was victorious, but they pertinaciously refused to fight him, and the English troops were beginning to suffer privations. Their general had been informed that Leslie had resolved to dispute his passage into the county of Mid-Lothian, and in consequence he prepared for action at Gladsmuir, but no opposition was offered, and Cromwell advanced to the town of Musselburgh, six miles distant from Edinburgh, in the neighbourhood of which he encamped. He occupied the country in a line from Musselburgh to the Pentland Hills, including Duddingstone, Colinton, Braid and Blackford Hills, and towards Leith he extended to the Figgate Burn; but he was cut off from any communication with the country on the northern side of Edinburgh, extending to the Frith of Forth, by a trench formed by the Scottish soldiers from near the foot of the Canongate to Leith.

During this time Charles II. was actually in Edinburgh. On the 2d of August 1650, while Cromwell was lying

before the city, the King, who had landed at Leith, proceeded on horseback to Edinburgh, accompanied by numbers of the Scottish nobility and a retinue of gentlemen. A procession was made to the Castle, and Cromwell heard the salutes fired on the occasion. The King then proceeded on foot to the Parliament House, where he was entertained at a banquet given by the Magistrates. He returned in the evening to Leith for safety, and took up his residence in a mansion-house still standing, which was the residence of the Lords Balmerino. Here he remained some days, during which he surveyed the hostile armies. He then returned to the county of Fife for his recreation.

It appears that Charles II. reviewed a considerable part of the Scottish army on Leith Links on the 29th of July. This probably caused Cromwell to occupy the village of Restalrig, nearly a mile in a direct line from Leith, by his cavalry, while his foot encamped on the ground now occupied by Piershill Barracks, commonly called *Jock's Lodge*. Twelve of his ships appeared in the roadstead of Leith, and three continued to cruise between Leith and Dunbar. The locality in front of Salisbury Crags, called St Leonard's Hill, was occupied by the Scots. On the 30th of July an encounter took place between a party of Scottish and English cavalry at Restalrig, which continued about three hours. The former behaved at first with great gallantry, and killed a major of the English and some troopers, but some gentlemen and volunteers from the neighbouring city imprudently interfered, and their ignorance of military affairs threw the Scottish horsemen into such confusion as forced them to retire, with the loss of some killed and others made prisoners. After this skirmish the English horse and foot were withdrawn from Restalrig to Musselburgh. A contemporary writer relates an atrocious act of cruelty committed by the English on this occasion. It

happened that an unfortunate Scottish prisoner had the words—*I am for King Charles*—written in white chalk on his back. He was stripped naked, and sent to the Scottish army with his eyes, says the writer, *holkit out of his heid*.

On the last day of July another skirmish occurred near Musselburgh. A party of eight hundred soldiers, commanded by Colonels Montgomery and Strachan, successfully attacked an English party, killed a number of their horse and foot, and took some prisoners, whom they were at last obliged to quit. Not being supported, the Scots were compelled to retire with some loss. The skirmish at Musselburgh took place at Stoneyhill, a house situated on the western banks of the Esk. The attack was made early in the morning, and the guides of the Scottish troopers were a gentleman named Hamilton, the proprietor of the mansion, and his servant, both of whom were killed. The party led by Colonel Montgomery was designated the *Kirk's Regiment of Horse*, “but,” observes a writer, “in the eyes of the English sectaries, to whom they were opposed, they ill deserved that venerable appellation, for from certain loose expressions uttered by them in the heat of the action, there could be no doubt that some reprobate Cavaliers had found a place in their ranks.”

Among the many partial conflicts which occurred, Cromwell headed a portion of his troops in person against between two and three thousand of the Scottish horse, who were drawn out on the west side of Edinburgh, in the hope of inducing them to fight, but they retreated immediately when he made his appearance. One of them fired a carbine at Cromwell as he went before his troops, when the General called to the Scottish soldier that if he had been one of his soldiers he would have cashiered him for firing at such a distance.

There was an attack which Cromwell thought of sufficient importance to be mentioned in a despatch to the President



of the Council of State, and he does it in his own peculiar manner. "The enemy came on with a great deal of resolution, beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder; but our men speedily taking the alarm charged the enemy, routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them, and did execution within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh. Indeed, this is a sweet beginning of your business, *or rather of the Lord's*, and I believe it is not very satisfactory to the enemy, especially to the Kirk party, and I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of his servants."

Various other skirmishes are recorded as having taken place in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, in which Major-General Lambert and several inferior officers of the English army particularly distinguished themselves. In those skirmishes, though the Scots were often repulsed, yet they did considerable damage to Cromwell's army. Those wounded on the side of the Scots were taken to Heriot's Hospital, then made literally an *hospital*, and some were accommodated in a tenement still inhabited in the street called Paul's Work at the foot of Leith Wynd. During all these military operations, notwithstanding the favourable positions of the Scots, the citizens of Edinburgh were suffering severely from a scarcity of provisions. We are told that *meat and drink could hardly be got for money*, and such as was procurable was *fuisted* and sold at double price. The citizens were also obliged to furnish provisions for the army, and stores, such as feather-beds, bolsters, blankets and sheets, and utensils for them in which to prepare their food. The English were in an equally destitute condition, and pillaged the neighbourhood of all the provisions and stores on which they could lay hands.

On the 5th of August, about midnight, Cromwell broke up his encampment at Musselburgh and marched to Dunbar, where he received some supplies of ammunition and

provisions from his ships. These supplies were trivial, and Cromwell saw that it was impossible for him to exist in a district from which all the corn and cattle had been removed by the Scots. After remaining two or three days at Dunbar, he resolved to make another attempt on the Scottish capital, and marched back to Musselburgh, sending parties to occupy Duddingstone, Colinton, and other places on the east and west of the city. On the 10th he made some farther movements chiefly in the direction of Braid Hill, and occupied the sloping base of the Pentlands, with the view of alarming General Leslie, by attempting to cut off his supplies from the west, and interrupt his communication with Stirling. But Leslie continued to act on the defensive, and this manœuvre produced no effect. The Scottish general evidently thought it sufficient to cover Edinburgh, and to defend the principal passes to the shores of the Frith of Forth, aware that want of provisions would soon compel Cromwell to retrace his steps to Dunbar, off which town his fleet was stationed.

Meanwhile the citizens of Edinburgh were not negligent of the defence of the metropolis. They erected scaffolding within the walls on which they placed pieces of cannon, under the protection of chosen parties. A contemporary journalist records that the *haill houssis* in St Mary's Wynd were demolished that a free passage might be obtained to the cannon mounted on the old Netherbow Gate. Several houses were also taken down in the Potterrow and West Port, that the garrison of the Castle might be able to play their ordnance effectually if an assault was attempted.

At last Cromwell was compelled to retreat. He left the vicinity of the Pentlands to "fight for his victuals," and reached Dunbar on the 1st of September, in the hope of obtaining relief from his ships, or resolving to force his way into England. He drew off his troops and reached Dunbar, followed by the whole Scottish army, consisting of

more than double the number of the English, in full chase. Cromwell relates that his opponent marched in the night between Edinburgh and Leith to place himself "between us and our victuals, but the Lord had in mercy prevented it; which we perceiving in the morning, got in time enough through the goodness of the Lord to the sea-side—the enemy being drawn up on the hill near Arthur's Seat looking upon us, but not attempting any thing."

At Musselburgh five hundred men were shipped for Berwick, and the English army was daily becoming weaker. The Scots hung on their right flank, marching over the high country in the interior, while Cromwell carefully kept near the sea, which he was indeed compelled to do. The Scots had now the English army, poor, shattered, and distressed, by disease and want of provisions, completely in their power, and it cannot be doubted, were determined that Cromwell should feel the full weight of their resentment. When the English reached Dunbar, they found themselves still in a situation as perilous as any in which they had been placed. On the 2d of September, which was very tempestuous, they discovered that Leslie had interrupted their retreat. "He had blocked up our way for England," says one of the English officers present, "and our poor army drew up among swamps and bogs not far from Dunbar, and could not pitch a tent all that day." The Scots had posted themselves so advantageously on the hill above the town that an attack would be imprudent and dangerous. Cromwell knew the military genius of Leslie, who had shown himself on this as on former occasions in England an able leader.

In the evening a council of war was called, at which, after a considerable discussion, many of the officers earnestly advised that the foot should be shipped, and that the cavalry should force a passage through the Scots; but this was vehemently opposed by Lambert, who advised them

to try the fortune of arms once more, than to expose themselves to disgrace, if not to entire destruction. He urged a variety of reasons for keeping the entire army together which evinced no little boldness and energy. He showed them that it would be dawn before they could embark the infantry, and that consequently all their waggons and ammunition must be sacrificed. Lambert made several observations respecting the ground chosen by the Scots, showing that it was not so advantageous as was supposed, for being confined between a ravine in front and a hill in the rear, they could not deploy their regiments or bring them into action, and consequently if their right wing were successfully attacked, the rest of their army would be necessarily thrown into confusion. Lambert offered several other observations, which it is said altered the views of the council of war. But it is certain that before the assembling of the council Cromwell had resolved to attack Leslie in the morning. In the afternoon he had discovered that General Leslie had brought his main strength of horse and artillery towards his right wing, and that an opportunity was afforded for bringing him to action. "Major-General Lambert and myself," says Cromwell, "coming to the Earl of Roxburgh's house, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy; to which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have said the same thing to me, so that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon our hearts at the same moment. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the same thing, and coming home at night and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of our colonels, they also cheerfully concurred." At Broxmouth, the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, there is a mound of earth which still retains the name of *Cromwell's Mount*. The Scottish army lay encamped on Down Hill, but

the battle which followed was fought on the low grounds east of Broxmouth.

It is related of Cromwell, that on the night preceding the battle he gave general instructions to his army *to seek the Lord*—a customary expression for prayer. After exercising his devotions with his officers, he assumed a serenity of manner and countenance. He said that he felt his heart enlarged, exhorted them all *to take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them.*

There is a ravine formed by the deep banks of a stream which falls into the sea at Broxmouth Park, at one point passable both for cavalry and infantry, and Cromwell had occupied that position with a strong body of troops to prevent surprise. General Leslie, who knew the importance of this pass, had nevertheless taken it during the night, and at the dawn was found ready to dispute the advance of nine regiments selected by Cromwell for the attack. The English general had ordered the attack to commence at break of day, but Lambert finding the approach seized, and having been unable to bring up the artillery as soon as expected, did not commence the action till six in the morning. Cromwell was in Broxmouth Park, watching the movements of the Scots through a glass, and perceiving an unusual motion in their camp he at once exclaimed—"God is delivering them into our hands! They are coming down to us!"

The preachers who thought proper to accompany the Scottish army are accused of this rashness. In opposition to Leslie's experienced judgment they urged him to descend from his elevated position, and attack the English, assuring him of victory, and intimating to him in significant terms, that if he did not follow their advice he was no true friend to the Covenant. They declared that they had been divinely commissioned to announce the entire discomfiture



of the Sectaries, as they designated the English—that the banner of the kirk would that day be triumphant, and summary vengeance would be inflicted on their enemies. The general had no other alternative than to yield to their fanaticism, and had put his army in motion to this effect, when Cromwell uttered the exclamation above quoted.

The word issued by Leslie was *the Covenant*, that on the side of the English was *the Lord of Hosts*. The battle, which commenced with the cavalry, was obstinately disputed at the point of the sword, and the first division of the English foot was overpowered and driven back, but Cromwell ordered up his own regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-General Goff, who made way against all opposition, “and,” says Cromwell in his own peculiar language, “they did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of the foot.” This advantage was followed up by the cavalry, who charged the Scottish infantry already outflanked, and deprived of their usual support, carrying confusion into the whole line. It is recorded that one of the Scottish brigades of foot would not yield, though at point of pike and butt-end of musquet, until a troop of English cavalry charged them from one end to the other, and left them to the mercy of Cromwell’s foot. In reality, after the right wing of the Scots was broken they may be said to have routed one another.

It was shortly after the commencement of this attack, that the preachers induced General Leslie to alter his position in the presence of the enemy, and to order his whole army to pour down from their encampment, exclaiming—“The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.” It is already stated that this false move, which decided the fate of the battle, was at once detected by the experienced eye of Cromwell, who followed closely behind his men.—

"Never," says a writer, who claims to be of his name and family, "did Cromwell more enthusiastically and yet more calmly exert himself—never, with his slightly silvered locks, and piercing looks of stern composure, did he appear so like the ancient genius of war, less contending for an uncertain triumph, than assuring it to every soldier of the little band in whose breast his energies expanded." Moving up the hill, the sun, which had hitherto been concealed by fog, burst forth from its dingy veil with unusual brightness, illuminating the wide expanse of the German Ocean, which extended before the combatants as far as the eye could reach. Cromwell intensely exclaimed, in the words of the Psalmist—"Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" This opportune quotation had the desired effect, awakening in his enthusiastic veterans the most animating sentiments of courage. They rushed onwards, and soon found that the Scots would complete their own defeat. Cromwell had scarcely said—"I profess they run," when both wings of the Scots, and their main body, were all in disorder. The cavalry fled, and were pursued to Haddington. Cromwell halted, and characteristically ordered the 117th Psalm to be sung; and by the time they had concluded this act of devotion the Scots had disappeared. "The commander of our army was busy in securing prisoners, and the whole bag and baggage, and afterwards we returned to bless God in our tents, like Issachar, for the great salvation afforded to us that day."

The following statement by one of Cromwell's officers, who was himself much addicted to devotional exercises, illustrates the extraordinary enthusiasm of that age, regardless of all military discipline, and even ordinary prudence, and especially at a moment when almost every thing depended upon each man being at his post. "Towards morning we were ordered to march down to Roxburgh (Broommouth) House, all the whole army neither regarding tents

nor baggage, and as our regiment was marching at the head of the horse, *a cornet was at prayer* on the right, and I appointed one of my officers to take my place. *I rode to hear him, and he was exceedingly carried on in the duty.* I met with so much of God in it, that I was satisfied deliverance was at hand, and coming to my command did encourage the poor weak soldiers, which did much affect them; and when it came to it, *a little one was indeed as David*, and the house of David as the angel of the Lord."

Cromwell writes in a similar strain, and declares that after the first repulse, the Scots were given by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to the swords of his men. The numbers of the slain on either side are not accurately known, for Cromwell was always disposed to overrate the loss of his own army. In a letter to a gentleman named Major, residing at Hursley, near Winchester, he says—"Upon Wednesday we fought the Scottish army. They were in number, according to all computation, above 20,000; we hardly 11,000, having great sickness in our army. After much appealing to God the fight lasted above an hour. We killed, as most think, 3000, took near 10,000 prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns, great and small, besides bullet, match, and powder, very considerable officers, about two hundred colours, above 10,000 arms; lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." In a letter to his son, who then acted as Lord-Deputy of Ireland, he writes—"We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our army, brought it very low, from 14,000 to 11,000—3500 horse and 7500 foot. The enemy 16,000 foot and 6000 horse. The enemy prosecuted the advantage; we were necessitated; and upon September the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their army. After a hot dispute for about an hour we routed their whole army, killed near 3000, and took, as the marshal informs me,

10,000 prisoners; their whole train, being about thirty pieces, great and small, great store of powder, match, and bullet, near two hundred colours. I am persuaded near 15,000 arms were left upon the ground. I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above thirty men. Before the fight, our condition was made very sad, the enemy greatly insulted and menaced, but the Lord upheld us with comfort in himself beyond ordinary experience." In another letter Cromwell says—"I do not believe we have lost *twenty men*; not one commissioned officer slain that I hear of save one cornet, and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds."

These statements both of his own loss and the loss of the Scots are suspicious. Cromwell wrote on the day after the battle, when he could not accurately state the number killed on the side of his antagonists, more of whom were slain in the flight than in the battle. Sir James Balfour, a contemporary, states in his "Annals," that about 800 or 900 were killed, and that "the horse and cavalry received little or no hurt at all, more than they were dispersed." He admits that many of the foot were taken prisoners, and many were wounded. Several persons of rank fell on the side of the Scots. Sir Edward Walker, who was in Scotland at the time, and saw the defeated officers under Leslie, relates, that about 2000 soldiers were killed, and that from 5000 to 6000 were made prisoners. "A thousand of the wounded men," he adds, "were in a gallantry sent as a present by Cromwell to the Countess of Winton. Thus, this powerful army, of about 16,000 foot and 7000 horse, was totally routed, and though not many of them in proportion were either slain or made prisoners, yet very few of the rest have since embodied at Stirling, but have shifted for themselves, crying out that they were betrayed, and that they would never fight again under those commanders, who had so basely deserted them." Sir Edward adds—

“ Most of the horse saved themselves, and so did *the committee and ministers, who fled with the first.*”

On the following day Cromwell issued a notice proclaimed by beat of drum, granting permission to all the inhabitants to carry off in carts, or in any other conveyance, the wounded men who had not been removed, and were unable to walk. It is said that he dismissed between 4000 and 5000 prisoners, who were wounded, “ sick, and almost starved,” and he sent about 3000 into England, most of whom soon afterwards died in great misery. When they reached Morpeth, under the charge of Sir Arthur Hazlerig, they were thrust into a large walled garden, where they ate up raw cabbages, leaves, and roots—“ So many,” says Hazlerig, “ that the very seed and labour, at fourpence a-day, was valued at nine pounds, which cabbage, as I conceive, they having fasted, as they themselves said, near eight days, poisoned their bodies, for as they were coming from thence to Newcastle, some died by the way side.” At Durham they were lodged in the cathedral, and the bishop’s residence was used as an hospital, but the miserable treatment those unfortunate prisoners had experienced was such, that on the 8th of November only six hundred enjoyed any degree of health, five hundred were sick, and sixteen hundred were dead and buried.

When the official information of the battle of Dunbar reached London, the Parliament ordered a day to be set apart for a national thanksgiving, the colours taken in the action were exhibited in Westminster Hall along with those taken from the Scots in the former battle of Preston. A letter was written to Cromwell, noticing his “ eminent services, with the special acknowledgment and thanks of the House,” and referring to a committee of the army to consider what medals should be prepared for the officers and men engaged on the memorable occasion. Cromwell suggested that the medal commemorating that “ great mercy



at Dunbar," should bear on one side the Parliament, "which," he says, "I hear was intended, and will do singularly well;" and on the other side, "an army with this inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our word on that day;" but whatever device they may adopt, he says—"Only I do think I may truly say it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my effigies in it." The medal, nevertheless, bore an excellent likeness of Cromwell, and the device of the army and the word of the day was permitted to be as he desired.

A contemporary writer thus observes on the result of Cromwell's victory at Dunbar:—"The Scots army being thus routed and put to flight, the English were resolved to content themselves with the victory, and to return to England. But General Cromwell being informed that Edinburgh and Leith were left desolate, and the inhabitants thereof fled, and that neither the army, nor the country and kingdom, were to defend it, the English General held a council of war at Dunbar, and being thus informed of the hard condition of those *two towns*, he with his forces came into Edinburgh and Leith upon the Saturday after the fight at Dunbar, being the seventh day of September, planted his garrisons therein, and commanded and ruled at his pleasure, these towns being well fortified and provided to their hands." Cromwell issued a proclamation at Edinburgh and Leith by sound of trumpet and beat of drum, assuring all those who did not appear in arms that they would be protected, recommending the citizens to carry on their lawful occupations, and strictly enforcing on his own soldiers at their peril to abstain from acts of violence and plunder. To the honour of the English army, the soldiers rigidly obeyed the peremptory injunctions of their commander.

## SIEGE OF LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.\*

A.D. 1335.

THE Castle of Lochleven, situated on an island in the lake of that name, and said to have been the seat of Congal, son of Dongart, King of the Picts, is celebrated in Scottish history not only as the prison of Queen Mary, but as the scene of several remarkable transactions. Here Alexander III. resided after returning from an interview with his father-in-law, Henry III. of England, and here for centuries the Douglasses of Lochleven resided in baronial splendour, as lords of the beautiful and spacious lake, and keepers of this state prison. The ruins of this ancient castle are still of great interest, though the little island is now tenantless, and a few trees are the only ornaments of a pile, the appearance of which, with all its historical associations, reminds the spectator of the beautiful lines of Michael Bruce—

“ No more its arches echo to the noise  
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance  
Of blazing taper thro’ its windows beams,  
And quivers on the undulating wave :  
But naked stand the melancholy walls,  
Lash’d by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,  
That whistle mournful thro’ the empty halls,  
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust.  
Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,  
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand ;  
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,  
A shrivelled leaf distinguishes the year.”

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\* Fordun’s *Scotichronicon* ; *Annals of Scotland* ; Tytler’s *History of Scotland*.

In the year 1335, during the wars of the English and the adherents of Baliol, Alan de Vipont held the Castle of Lochleven against the latter for Robert Bruce. Sir John de Strivelin, probably the same Sir John de Strivelin who had been made a prisoner at the battle of Halidown, besieged the island castle, which from its situation was of very difficult access to an armed force. A fortress was erected in the churchyard of Kinross, and from this point frequent boat attacks were made, in all of which the besiegers were repulsed. It is traditionally said, though little credit is to be attached to the statement, that at the lower end of the lake, where the river Leven issues from it, a strong and lofty bulwark, the remains of which are alleged to be still visible, was erected, with the design of laying the island under water, by stopping the discharge of the lake, and thus compelling the garrison to surrender. To the dismay of the garrison the waters gradually rose, and threatened to sap the foundations of their stronghold, when one night four of the soldiers approached the bulwark in silence, and after considerable labour succeeded in piercing it. The sudden discharge of the accumulated waters swept away their enemies encamped on that side, and the mighty torrent carried their bodies to its embouchure at the town of Leven on the Frith of Forth.

The more probable result of the enterprise was the bravery of the besieged in successfully attacking the fortress erected in the churchyard of Kinross, while Sir John Strivelin was absent at Dunfermline, attending the celebration of the festival of St Margaret on the 19th of June. Landing secretly on the shore they carried the attack, put part of the English garrison to the sword, and raised the siege. Vipont then returned to the castle, with his boats laden with various instruments of war, besides a considerable booty and many prisoners. Fordun, according to the superstition of the times, ascribes the success of the Scots

to the interposition of St Servanus or St Serf, the tutelary saint of that district and of the lake, who, it seems, chastised the impiety of Strivelin and his soldiers for erecting a fort on consecrated ground ; yet he should have considered that it was equally the duty of St Margaret to have protected the English, who had proceeded to Dunfermline to pray at her shrine. When Strivelin returned, he passionately swore that he would never desist from the enterprise until he had razed the castle, and put the garrison to the sword ; but, in defiance of his resolution, he was compelled to relinquish it, and to retire from the island fortress, the garrison of which, emboldened by their success, set at nought all his attempts to compel them to surrender.

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## SURPRISE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.\*

A.D. 1341.

THE Castle of Edinburgh, which had long been in ruins, was rebuilt by Edward III. of England, in one of his invasions of Scotland, to support the pretensions of Edward Baliol to the crown, and his own to the superiority of the kingdom. He placed a strong garrison in it, under the command of Richard Limosin, who appears to have acted as the deputy of Thomas Rokesby, who, from the minutes of the thirteenth Parliament of Edward III., was governor of the Castles of Edinburgh and Stirling. But the fortress of Edinburgh did not long remain in the hands of the English. The garrison had for some time scoured the surrounding country, and annoyed the Scots by their re-

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\* Fordun's *Scotichronicon* ; Arnot's *History of Edinburgh* ; *Annals of Scotland* ; Tytler's *History of Scotland*.

peated incursions. It was therefore resolved to obtain possession of this stronghold, and as the Scots were unable to bring any force sufficient to invest it, recourse was had to stratagem.

The plan of surprise was suggested by William Bullock, an ecclesiastic of eminent abilities, who had formerly been in the confidence of Edward Baliol, and to whom various fortresses in Scotland had been entrusted. It was arranged by Bullock that Walter Curry, the master of a merchant vessel belonging to Dundee, assisted by a person named William Fairley, should sail into the Frith of Forth, under the pretence of being an English victualling vessel, and to make an offer of supplying the garrison with provisions. Curry brought up his vessel near Inchkeith, and sent a message to the garrison, intimating the stores he had on board, and which he was ready to send to the fortress. His messenger produced as a specimen a sample of the wine, strong beer, and biscuits, with all of which the governor was highly pleased, and having agreed about the price, it was stipulated that the pretended merchant should deliver the provisions early on the following morning, that he might not be intercepted by the Scots.

In Curry's vessel were Douglas, the celebrated Knight of Liddesdale, William Frazer, and other persons of note, with about two hundred resolute men. Those determined assailants landed near Newhaven during the night, and proceeding to Edinburgh, contrived to conceal themselves near the base of the castle rock. Early in the morning the pretended merchant appeared with several waggons at the castle gate, and attended by twelve armed men disguised as drivers of the vehicles containing the supposed goods. The porter without suspicion opened the outer gate, and lowered the drawbridge to admit the waggons and hampers, when Curry and his attendants contrived to overturn the vehicles, which prevented the shutting of the gates and the raising



of the drawbridge ; and throwing off the grey frocks which covered them, they stabbed the warder and the sentinels. At the given signal the Knight of Liddesdale and his companions appeared, and entered the fortress sword in hand.

The waggons had been so dexterously placed, that it was found impossible to let down the portcullis. The cry of treason alarmed the governor, and the soldiers armed in haste, and rushed towards the gate, where a desperate encounter took place ; but the gallantry of Douglas and his followers was invincible, and the exploit was soon decided. Limosin and six esquires escaped ; the most of the garrison, however, were put to the sword, and the command of the fortress was given to William Douglas, the illegitimate brother of the Knight of Liddesdale. This gallant exploit was achieved on the 17th of April 1341, and soon afterwards the English were entirely driven out of Scotland.

## BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE.\*

-A.D. 1297.

AMONG the famous victories obtained by Sir William Wallace, that of Stirling Bridge, on the 13th of September 1297, is one of the most splendid and remarkable. Edward I. was then in France, engaged in a war to subdue that kingdom, but he sent an express commission to John de Warren, Earl of Surrey and Sussex, and Hugh Cressingham, a military ecclesiastic, constituting the former Lieutenant in Scotland, and the latter High Treasurer, with full power to suppress what was termed the Scottish insurrec-

\* Hemingford's History ; Chronicle of Lanercost ; Chalmers Caledonia ; The Bruce and Wallace ; Langtoft's Chronicle ; History of Stirlingshire.

tion. An army of 50,000 foot and a considerable body of horse were employed for this purpose, commanded by the Earl of Surrey and Hugh Cressingham, who advanced in quest of Wallace, then engaged in besieging Dundee. Leaving the conduct of that siege to a chosen band of followers, Wallace, who had received timely notice of the formidable armament advancing to annihilate him, collected 10,000 men, and marched with the utmost speed to dispute with the English the passage of the Forth.

The bridge across the Forth at Stirling was then of timber, and was about half a mile above the old stone bridge. Some remains of the stone pillars which supported the wooden beams are still to be seen. It is described as having been so narrow, that only two persons could walk abreast along it, yet the English generals absurdly proposed to undergo the tedious operation of passing it with their numerous army. An officer named Sir Richard Lundin strenuously opposed this measure, and pointed out a ford at no great distance, where sixty men could have passed abreast, but no regard was paid to his suggestions, and the issue proved the headstrong folly of the leaders.

The Earl of Surrey was by no means anxious to encounter Wallace, and wished to avoid a general action. He was either superseded in the government of Scotland at the time by Brian Fitzallan, or expected to be so, and he was less zealous in the enterprises of the English to subjugate the country than he would have otherwise been. When the English came in sight of the Scottish army, the latter were encamped near Cambuskenneth Abbey, on the hill well known as the Abbey Crag, and both armies continued a short space in full view of each other separated by the river. Warren attempted by negotiation to induce Wallace to lay down his arms and submit. Two Dominican friars were employed for this purpose, but the answer of Wallace was sufficiently explicit and decisive.

“ We came not here,” he said to the friars, “ to negotiate ; we are resolved to fight, and were even your masters to come and attack us, we are ready to meet them at the point of the sword, and show them that our country is free.” This intimation, according to the ancient poem, entitled *The Bruce and Wallace*, was the result of a council which the Scottish hero held at Sheriffmuir, near Dunblane, with “ Sir John the Graham and Ramsay that was wicht.”

“ He said to them—‘ This is my purpose richt,  
Our mekill it is to proffer them battaill  
Upon a plaine field, bot we haif sum availl.’  
Sir John the Graham said—‘ We have undertayn,  
With less power, sic thing that weill is gayn.’  
Then Wallace said—‘ Where sic thing cummys of neid  
We suld thank God that makes us for to speid,  
But near the brig my purpose is to be,  
And work for them some subtle jeopardy.’  
Ramsay answered—‘ The brig we may keep weill,  
Off way about Southron has little feill.’”

When the answer of Wallace to the proposals for negotiation was intimated to the English leaders, Cressingham exclaimed—“ Why do we waste the King’s treasure by protracting the war ? Let us fight as the best economy.” The English army, clamorous for the contest, were ordered to pass the river, and continued to cross by the bridge from the dawn till about eleven o’clock without any impediment being offered. It is said that Wallace had ordered the main beam of the bridge to be sawn so artfully that the removal of a single wedge could cause the downfall of the whole fabric ; and that he had stationed a man beneath it in a basket in such a manner as, without any danger to himself, he could execute the design when the signal was given, which was the sound of a trumpet from the Scottish

army. This, however, is generally admitted to be a mere tradition, either invented by Boece, or originating from some accident which occurred.

When about the half of the English had crossed the Forth the Scots advanced to the attack, having previously sent a strong detachment to stop the passage at the ford mentioned by Sir Richard Lundin, if it should be attempted ; Sir Marmaduke Twenge, a gallant knight belonging to the North Riding of Yorkshire, assisted Cressingham in leading the van, and the royal standard of England was displayed amid the cry of " For God and St George !" The banner of the Earl of Surrey was surrounded by his numerous vassals. When nearly the half of the English had cleared the bridge, an attempt was made to dislodge the Scots from their position near the Abbey Crag, and Sir Marmaduke Twenge impatiently charged them up hill with a body of heavy armed cavalry ; but the Scots drove their assailants headlong with their long spears, and succeeded in cutting off all communication between the bridge and the van of the English army. In the meantime, an incessant discharge of arrows and missiles was kept up by the Scots, who now pressed so hard upon the English that many upon the bridge, in attempting to return, fell into the river and were drowned.

The English army were soon put into irretrievable confusion by the bold and masterly charges of the Scots led by their heroic leader. Numbers were either borne down by the victors or driven into the Forth. The Earl of Surrey observed the destruction of the flower of his army from the opposite side of the river with the utmost anxiety, and unable to render any assistance. The Earl of Lennox and the Stewards of Scotland were seen approaching with a body of horse, and they assisted their countrymen in pursuing and killing those who were attempting to save themselves. The English were at last entirely routed, and five

thousand of them were slain or drowned in the Forth. The nephew of Sir Marmaduke Twenge, a gentleman generally beloved by the English soldiers, was among the slain, and that gallant knight with difficulty cut his way to the bridge and escaped. Being advised by some of his attendants to throw himself into the river, he exclaimed, "It shall never be said of me that I voluntarily drowned myself. God forbid that such a dishonour should fall upon me or any Englishman." He set spurs to his horse, and rushed into the thickest of the battle, killing many of his opponents, and was fast making his way to the bridge when his nephew, severely wounded, called to him to save him, but there was no time for delay.

Cressingham, a man odious to the Scots, was amongst the slain, and the victors disgraced themselves by their treatment of his body. They flayed off the skin, and cut it in pieces. The Earl of Surrey fled precipitately to Berwick, and this victory placed the whole country in the hands of the Scots. Surrey took the precaution to burn the bridge, but the victors crossed the river at the ford pointed out to Cressingham by Lundin, and harassed him in his flight. The historians of those times have been careful to inform us, that when he arrived at Berwick his horse was so fatigued as to be unable to eat. The loss of the Scots was inconsiderable, and the only person of distinction who fell was Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell. Wallace was recognised by his countrymen as their General and Protector. It is said that after the battle he went with sundry of his friends into the Castle of Stirling.

The scene of the battle appears to have been about the place now called Corntown, in a plain north of the river, and opposite the Castle of Stirling. The burgesses of the town and the tenants of the abbey lands of Cambuskeneth were particularly active on this occasion, and it certainly was the most complete victory which Wallace ever



gained in a regularly fought field; yet such was his modesty, that he allowed the name of his friend Sir Andrew Murray to stand before his own as the leader of the Scottish army. A writer mentions that "the ancient seal of the town of Stirling seems to commemorate this important victory. We may see on the obverse of it the wooden bridge, on which stands a crucifix; on the south of the bridge may be seen soldiers with their bows—the characteristic weapons of the English, who are attempting to pass; on the northern side are soldiers with spears, the national weapon of the Scots, who defend the passage." An inscription in Latin was upon the bridge, which Bellenden has strangely translated:—

"I am free to march, as passengers may ken—  
To Scottis, to Britons, and to Englishmen."

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## CONFLICT OF THE MACKAYS.\*

A.D. 1431.

ROBERT Earl of Sutherland, by the assistance of the chief of a sept called Angus Murray, and his sons-in-law, Morgan and Niel Mackay, resolved to achieve the ruin, and possess himself of the lands, of their brother Thomas Mackay. Angus Dow Mackay, the cousin of this Thomas, was also included in the Earl's covetous projects, and various offers had been made to him to relinquish his property. At this time Angus Dow Mackay was very considerably advanced in years, and as he laboured under several bodily infirmities, he was at a loss as to the conduct he ought to exhibit towards such a powerful neighbour as the Earl; but

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\* History of the Clan Mackay; History of the Sutherlands.

his son John Mackay advised him not to yield or consent to the unjust demand, assuring him that he would undertake the defence of the property, and if necessary die in the quarrel.

A personal feud now existed between Angus Murray and Angus Dow Mackay, and the former raised a number of caterans, at the head of whom he marched into the district of Strathnaver to attack his rival. Angus Dow Mackay convened his followers, and, as he was unable to command in person, his son John Aberigh Mackay was placed at their head. The hostile caterans appeared in sight of each other at a place called Drum-na-coub, about three miles from Tongue. Before commencing the encounter, a message was sent from Angus Dow Mackay to his relatives Niel and Morgan Mackay, who were in the host of Angus Murray, offering them on certain conditions all his lands except Kintail in Strathnaver, which was refused, though the Mackays deny this statement. Both parties prepared for combat. John Mackay took up his position on an extensive heath at the north-west side of a lofty and steep mountain called Ben-Lyal, and there were only two ways by which the caterans of Angus Murray could advance against him—either by a narrow pass called Bealach-duag, on the west side of the mountain, or by the east side. The Mackays had all the advantages of situation, and could see their assailants a considerable distance before they approached. They were also well refreshed, whereas the enemy was fatigued by a long march. Angus Dow Mackay was led to the summit of a neighbouring eminence to witness the issue of the combat.

When the Sutherland men were descending the pass one of them exclaimed, when he saw the Mackays, whom he considered a small body,—“ We can shackle all these men ;” but a more experienced observer replied,—“ Take care of yourself—these calves will leap too high for

you to shackle them." This significant hint was proved by the result of the combat. When the caterans of Angus Murray had advanced near the bottom of the pass, John Aberigh Mackay sallied forth to intercept them, and before they could concentrate the attack commenced. The combat was carried on with all that ferocity characteristic of the animosities and feuds of the Highlanders, and it is said that out of twelve hundred only nine remained alive. Victory declared in favour of the Mackays. Angus Murray and his two sons-in-law being in the van, were overpowered and slain, with all who came to their assistance. Some attempted to escape by the craggy side of the west end of Ben-Lyal, but they were soon overtaken and killed, and those who fled by the pass shared the same fate. The Mackays chased the remainder of the fugitives, who fled by a long circuitous route on the east side of the mountain, a distance of about eight miles to the ford of a river running into Loch Lyal, called by the inhabitants *Aa Carrhie*, or *Carryford*, where the last of the Mackays was killed, and a large stone laid over his grave, which is alleged to be seen there at the present time. According to the statements of the Mackays they lost comparatively few men.

There was a person named Iver, or Evander, a principal follower of the Earl of Sutherland, residing at Shinness, of whom the following traditionary story is told:—"Either from the injustice of the cause, or a presentiment of its bad success, he had declined to join in this invasion, at which it is said his wife felt so indignant, that on the morning on which his countrymen set out she laid porridge for his breakfast, and when he asked why she had brought him that unusual dish, she replied, 'That was the proper food for cowards.' He started up in wrath, and having buckled on his armour told her that he would go, but that neither of them would ever enjoy peace thereafter. When he arrived at Drum-na-coub the Mackays were chasing his

countrymen, and there was none of either side on the field of battle except Angus Dow Mackay, who was leaning on a servant viewing the slain. Evander thereupon concealed himself in a bush, and shot an arrow at Angus, which killed him."

Evander fled with the utmost speed to avoid the Mackays, and succeeded in escaping by circuitous paths, but the vengeance of the sept was implacable, and after various attempts to seize him without effect, as he generally slept among the hills, and always changed his hiding places. he was at last met by William Dow Mackay, the grandson of the old chief whom he had killed. This was at the ford of a stream which Evander was compelled to cross. When in the centre of it Mackay came upon him, and exclaimed in Gaelic, "The ford is foul!"—"I see so," replied Evander, when Mackay sprung upon him. cut off his head, which he carried away, and allowed the body to be washed down with the stream. He brought the head with him to Tongue, and laid it in the presence of his caterans on a spot still designated the *Knoll of Heads*.

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## CONFLICT AT TANNACH.\*

A.D. 1464.

THE Gunns of Caithness are mentioned as something like the Swiss, inasmuch as they were hired to fight. A quarrel took place between them and other inhabitants of Caithness, and the Keiths, the vassals of the Earls Marischal, or properly speaking of Keith of Ackergill. Doubtful of

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\* History of the Mackays; History of the Earls of Sutherland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Feuds of the Highland Clans.

their own strength, the Keiths implored the assistance of Angus Mackay, a chief of that numerous sept, who willingly listened to the request. The Gunns, who were to be remunerated for their exploits, and the other opposing parties, hastily convened, and met the Mackays and the Keiths at a place called the *Moor of Tannach*, near the east coast of Caithness, three miles south from Wick, so that the Mackays, who entered the county on the west, had to march about thirty-four miles through an hostile district, which intimates that their numbers must have been considerable.

It was suggested by some present, to prevent the unhappy effusion of blood by a general combat, that riders on twelve horses should meet at an ancient ecclesiastical edifice now in ruins called St Ere's, or St Tayr's Kirk, a little below Ackergill Tower. It was agreed by the parties that the Gunns should muster man for man, and three for *Keachmore*, or *Muckle Keith*, on the principle that in fairness a very strong man ought to have more than one to match him. At the time and place appointed the Gunns appeared twelve in number, and as the Keiths had not arrived they employed the time in devotion. At length the Keiths appeared, when it was discovered that they had craftily mounted two men on each horse. With this superior force they immediately fell upon the Gunns, who were soon overpowered, and compelled to fly for sanctuary to St Ere's chapel, where most of them were put to death.

The fate of the Gunns assumes something like a retaliatory aspect. There is a tradition that some time previous to this affair a number of them surrounded this very chapel, when the people of the neighbourhood were assembled in it for divine service, and slaughtered many of them in cold blood. Sir Robert Gordon relates that in his time the blood of the Gunns put to death by the Keiths was seen on the walls of the chapel. The son of the leader of the Gunns left Caithness with a number of his clan, and settled in



Sutherland. The son of this gentleman and a number of his sept afterwards intercepted Keith of Ackergill, accompanied by his son, and twelve of their followers, on their journey from Inverugy to Caithness, and killed them all in revenge of the massacre committed in the chapel of St. Ere.

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## THE LOCHLOMOND EXPEDITION •

A.D. 1715.

THE exploits of Rob Roy Macgregor, and of the clan Gregor, who are characterized by their enemies as “a race of men utterly infamous for thieving, depredation, and murder,” are celebrated in the local history of Scotland. Amongst his other characteristics Rob Roy was a Jacobite in politics, and affected a zealous regard for the exiled dynasty of Stuart, though he is severely censured for his conduct at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where he stood at a distance with his men, and refused to sustain any part in the action, or to render any assistance to the Earl of Mar and the Jacobite leaders. Nevertheless Rob Roy did not recognise the House of Hanover, and he and his men appeared as openly engaged in the insurrection in October 1715. The Macgregors, under Macgregor of Glengyle, nephew of Rob Roy, resolved to undertake a marauding excursion against their neighbours in Buchanan and the district of Menteith, and an account of it is preserved in a curious pamphlet printed at Glasgow in 1715, now preserved in the Advocates’ Library at Edinburgh, and reprinted in 1834, with some selections from the papers of

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• The Lochlomond Expedition ; Wodrow’s Correspondence, MS.

Wodrow preserved in the same Library. "These selections," observes the editor, "enable the reader to trace the Macgregors, against whom the Lochlomond expedition was designed, from their first rising in arms through a campaign in which they evidently engaged less from loyalty than from a love of plunder. Their repeated menaces and descents upon the Lennox, their rambling attack upon Inverary, and their predatory incursions upon the counties of Fife and Perth, are narrated by eye-witnesses, and are occasionally exhibited in amusing colours. In these transactions Rob Roy bears a conspicuous part. That his objects were selfish, and his conduct faithless throughout the insurrection, is proved by his own infamous confession volunteered to General Wade."

Upon Michaelmas day 1715, having made themselves masters of the boats on Lochlomond and the stream called the Enrich, about seventy Macgregors took possession of a considerable island in that magnificent lake called Inchmurrin, and about midnight they landed in the parish of Bonhill, about three miles from Dumbarton. The inhabitants, however, who knew from experience their predatory habits, and had been alarmed by the intelligence of marauding parties of them appearing for plunder in various places, commenced ringing the bells of the several parish churches. The discharge also of two guns from Dumbarton Castle intimated to the Macgregors that the authorities were prepared for their reception, and they thought proper to betake themselves to their boats. Having returned to the island, which is the property of the Duke of Montrose, and is used as a deer park, they killed many of the deer, upon which they regaled themselves, and rowed off with others towards the head of Lochlomond, taking with them all the boats they could find on the banks. They drew up the boats on the shore at Inversnaid, a considerable distance from the mouth of the Loch, and shortly afterwards

marched off in a body, with their associates, to the camp of the Earl of Mar.

But in the beginning of October, having returned to their former residences at Crag Royston and the north-eastern side of Lochlomond, the Macgregors again mustered their forces, to the great terror and annoyance of the surrounding country. To restrain them in their incursions a guard of one hundred and twenty volunteers was procured from Paisley, and about four hundred volunteers, partly retainers of the Earl of Kilmarnock, and partly from the towns of Ayr, Kilwinning, Stevenson, and other places, having garrisoned the mansion-houses of Drummakill, Cardross, and Gartartan, it was resolved to attempt the recovery of the boats seized by the Macgregors, by which they kept the district in alarm, as none knew where they might land.

On the evening of the 11th of October four pinnaces and three long boats, with four *pateraroes*, came alongside the quay of Dumbarton, manned by about one hundred seamen from the ships of war lying in the Frith of Clyde. These seamen were accompanied by two gunners, and were commanded by Captains Charlton, Field, and Parker, with four lieutenants. During the same night, they were reinforced by a large boat under the command of Captain Clark from Port-Glasgow, with two large screw guns, and all these were joined by three large boats belonging to Dumbarton. In the morning this fleet set sail up the river Leven, by which Lochlomond discharges itself into the Clyde at Dumbarton. They were drawn three miles by horses on account of the rapidity of the current. When they reached the outlet of the lake, the Paisley volunteers went on board, and at the same time the men belonging to Dumbarton, Cardross, East and West Kilpatrick, Row, and Roseneath, marched on foot along the north-west side of the lake, followed by Campbell of

Mammore, uncle of the Duke of Argyle, and attended by a number of the gentlemen of the country, well armed and mounted, many of whom had often been seriously plundered by the Macgregors.

The contemporary account informs us that when " the pinnaces and boats, being once got in within the mouth of the Loch, had spread their sails, and the men on the shore had ranged themselves in order, marching along the side of the Loch for scouring the coast, they made altogether so very fine an appearance as had never been seen in that place before, and might have gratified even a curious person. The men on the shore marched with the greatest ardour and alacrity. The pinnaces on the water discharging their pateraroes, and the men their small arms, made so very dreadful a noise through the multiplied rebounding echoes of the vast mountains on both sides of the Loch, that perhaps there never was a more lively resemblance of thunder." On the evening of that day the crews in the pinnaces came on shore at Luss, where they were joined by Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, and his son-in-law Grant of Pluscardine, " followed by forty or fifty stately fellows in their short hose and belted plaids, armed each of them with a well-fixed gun on his shoulder, a strong handsome target, with a sharp-pointed steel, of above half an ell in length, screwed into the navel of it, on his left arm, a sturdy claymore by his side, and a pistol or two, with a dirk and knife by his side."

The expedition rested all night at Luss, and it is said that attempts were made to frighten the volunteers by the Jacobites, who circulated a report that Macdonald of Glengarry, then lying with his men at Strathfillan, about twenty miles above the head of Lochlomond, had reinforced the Macgregors, and that they now amounted to 1500 men. It was also suggested that, as the lake is narrow at Inversnaid, where the Macgregors were stationed, they could

fire on the boats without any danger, as they were well protected by the rocks and woods. The volunteers, however, were not disheartened. "They knew," says the contemporary writer quaintly, "that the Macgregors and the devil are to be dealt with after the same manner, and that if they be resisted they will flee." On the following morning they set sail and came to Inversnaid, where Captain Clark, to rouse the Macgregors from their concealment, fired one of his cannon. The shot went through the roof of a house on the face of the mountain, and some old women came crawling out and scrambled up the hill, but there was no appearance of any men, except a few who stood on some rocks out of reach quietly looking at them.

The Paisley and Dumbarton volunteers, with some other companies, now ascended the mountains in military order, and stood about an hour, beating their drums all the time. Still none of the Macgregors appeared, and it was resolved to make a search for the captured boats, which they at length found drawn up among trees and bushes. They soon launched them on the lake; such of them as were damaged they sank, and the others they carried off with them. Next day this *valiant* expedition returned to Dumbarton, seizing every boat they found on either side of the Loch or in the creeks of the islands, and moored them under the cannon of the Castle. It is said that the Macgregors were *cowed* by this burghal array against them, and "a way pointed out how the Government might easily keep them in awe." The contemporary writer proffers the following fanatical reflection. "The Providence of God was very observable on that occasion, though for three days before it had blown a prodigious storm, yet in the morning, when our men were to go on board from Dumbarton, it calmed, and they got a fair wind in their poop the whole way up the Loch. When they had done their business it kindly



veered about, and brought them safely and speedily down the Loch, immediately after which it began to blow boisterously as before." With this insinuation, that an interposition of Providence was manifested by rendering the elements favourable to the bold volunteers of Paisley and Dumbarton, terminated the Lochlomond expedition against the Macgregors, who gave the burghers no trouble in the matter. The Macgregors joined the rendezvous of the clans in Strathfillan, and the united force immediately marched upon Inverary.

Whatever opinion Rob Roy may have adopted of the valour of the volunteers in scouring Lochlomond, and making a hostile display on its shores, it did not prevent him and his followers from continuing their plundering career. During Rob Roy's marauding excursion in the counties of Perth and Fife, which succeeded the Lochlomond expedition, the Highlanders are accused of "breaking up doors, and taking from honest people what of body or bed clothes, belonging either to men, women, or children, they got their rapacious claws upon; or whatever cloth, made or unmade, linen, yarn, or woollen; yea, taking the clothes off the people's very backs, plaids from women, and setting men down and taking their shoes off their feet and their cravats from their necks." An amusing anecdote is told of their proceedings at Arngask, when marching from Perth towards Dunfermline or Inverkeithing. It happened to be Sunday, and the minister was occupied in preaching the sermon, when the tidings were conveyed to the congregation that the Macgregors were within a short distance of the church. Consternation was visible in every countenance, and the parishioners remained in the church in the hope that the Macgregors would quietly march past; but when they saw a detachment sent off to surround the building, they made to the door as fast as possible. The Highlanders met them, and immediately commenced to rob

them of their plaids, shoes, and money. They scrupled not to enter the church, and strip those within in a similar manner, not excepting the minister, who escaped with only a bonnet on his head. One of their commanders rode round the church, calling to the people to stand. When asked what he wanted, he replied that he must have shoes for his men—"For," said he, "I see many good shoes here, and my men are going barefoot." After reducing the congregation almost to a state of nudity, those modern Robin Hoods quietly departed with their booty.

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## THE REVENGE OF HERRIES.\*

A.D. 1371.

THE barony of Gilmerton, in the parish of Libberton, near Edinburgh, was anciently the property of a family named Herries, who were also proprietors of the neighbouring estate of Drum, afterwards the seat of the Lords Somerville, into whose hands it passed by the marriage of Sir Walter Somerville, baron of Linton and Carnwath, to Giles, only surviving daughter and heiress of Sir John Herries or Herryng of Gilmerton, in 1375. This gentleman had two daughters, Giles now mentioned, who was the younger, and Margaret, the elder, both, we are told, "in expectation to be sharers in a great part of their father's estate, because he had no male children of his own body, but a brother's son named Patrick, whom he designed to have married to his eldest daughter, and given

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\* *Memorie of the Somervilles*, by James eleventh Lord Somerville; *Account of the Parish of Libberton* in the first volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*.

him the greater part of his lands after his death; but the miscarriage of his eldest daughter, which had a tragical end, frustrated all his hope and expectation that way."

This young lady, who was remarkably beautiful, fell into a melancholy mood, and secluded herself from all her friends. To perform her devotions, "in observing strictly all rites and ceremonies of religion then in use," she frequently resorted to the Cistercian Abbey of Newbattle, about three miles distant, now the property and family mansion of the Marquis of Lothian, and finely situated on the banks of the South Esk near the town of Dalkeith. In the course of those religious peregrinations she became acquainted with one of the monks—a young man of pleasing manners and handsome figure who acted as her confessor, at least he "insinuated himself much in her favour under the specious pretext of holiness, and did often converse with this lady in her most private retirements both in the Abbey and at her father's house in Gilmerton." The profession and reputed sanctity of this monk, and his representations that he was exerting himself to dispel the religious melancholy of the young lady, procured for him a ready access at all times, and he was treated with the utmost kindness by Sir John Herries, whose unsuspecting confidence he had completely secured. The abandoned ecclesiastic scrupled not to attempt the seduction of Margaret Herries, and the young lady fell a victim to his snares.

The criminal intercourse continued, and the monk, afraid that neither the Abbey of Newbattle nor the mansion-house of Gilmerton would eventually be altogether secure to carry on his intrigues, prevailed with the young lady to meet him at certain times in a farm-house called Gilmerton-Grange belonging to Sir John Herries, a short distance from the village of Gilmerton, on a road leading to Newbattle. At that time most of the ground, now finely cultivated and producing luxuriant crops, was covered with

wood. Here began the famous forest of Drumselch, a name denoting a large hill amid other little hills, which reached almost to the palace of Holyroodhouse, and much frequented in former times by the Scottish kings and their nobles for hunting. In this sequestered retreat the monk imagined he could meet his mistress without observation, and without the chance of detection and exposure.

It happened that the person residing in Gilmerton-Grange was a young widow of licentious character, who also had an intrigue with another monk of the same Abbey of Newbattle, a companion of the seducer of Sir John Herries' daughter. Becoming acquainted with each other's secret, they often met in this retreat and carried on their guilty and illicit practices. Notwithstanding their utmost caution, however, it was rumoured abroad that there was an undue familiarity between the parties. The neighbouring villagers were astonished at the intimacy which existed between Sir John's daughter and the mistress of the farm-house of Grange, considering that the latter was far inferior to her in condition, and that she was a person of very questionable character. The frequent and regular visits of the monks were also noticed, and a report was soon propagated which it was impossible to misunderstand.

When this report reached the ears of Sir John Herries, his rage was unbounded. He summoned his daughter to his presence, and being a man of a furious and irritable disposition, he solemnly declared to her that if he ever knew her to resort to the farm-house of Gilmerton-Grange again, or to associate with the woman who occupied it, he would most certainly put her to death with his own hand. The young lady promised a faithful compliance, and assured her enraged father that she would never give him any future cause of annoyance. Yet, on the ensuing evening after dark she proceeded to the scene of her assignation, and met her paramour with his brother monk

She informed him of her father's suspicions, and the terrible threatenings he had uttered against her, which, from her father's well known disposition, she had little doubt he would execute ; and she intimated amid tears that she dared not in future incur her father's resentment—that she and the monk must part for ever—and that she must now betake herself to wretchedness and misery.

A young and beautiful female, the daughter of a man of rank and influence, making such statements amid the deepest distress and anguish, could not fail to move the heart of the monk, who saw the vengeance to which her love for him had exposed her. He consulted with his companion, and both endeavoured to allay her alarms. They represented that Sir John's threatenings were merely idle words—that he dared not inflict them—that the power of the Church would protect her—and that as a punishment they would make him do penance for his suspicions. They talked of the wealth of their Abbey and the influence of their superior, assuring her that they were able to secure her from her father's resentment, and to punish him in various ways if he attempted to carry his threats into execution. These declarations calmed her fears, and she consented to remain with the monk during the evening, trusting that her father would be ignorant of her absence.

But Sir John Herries soon discovered that his daughter was not in her own apartment, and suspecting where she was, he proceeded to Gilmerton-Grange, accompanied by two domestics. He found the doors and windows of the farm-house carefully secured. Not a sound proceeded from the interior, and the silence was only broken by his assaults at the door and his loud asseverations to gain admittance. Irritated at the conduct of the inmates he seized a torch from the hands of one of his domestics, and set fire to the thatched roof of the farm-house. It happened to be a boisterous night, and the wind soon spread the flames.



In a short time the whole building was in a blaze ; escape was impossible, and his daughter, the two monks, and other six persons, were consumed to ashes.

The place where this tragedy occurred is still called *Burnt Dole*, and is well remembered in the neighbourhood. Sir John Herries incurred the vengeance of the Church, his estate was forfeited by the King, and he was compelled to save himself by exile. During his retirement he corresponded with his intimate friend, Sir Walter Somerville of Carnwath, who a short time afterwards married Giles, his only surviving daughter, and whose interest was then considerable, to procure an accommodation, and removal of the forfeiture. Sir Walter Somerville readily undertook the business, and assured Sir John that he would act as diligently as if it were his own concern, by “ employing all his interest and friendship both in the Church and Court to do him service.” He was, says the author of the *Memorie of the Somervills*, “ *as good as his word*, for, coming first to the abbacy of Newbattle, he deals effectually with the abbot and others of the principals of that abbey, representing to him and them how scandalous the lives of those two monks had been a long time before their acquaintance with that miserable lady, and yet their former villanies and that also were kept secret from the abbot’s knowledge, to the great reproach of their holy profession and prejudice of the abbey, which men abhorred now as the work of all abomination—women shunning the sight of the monks and friars thereto belonging as they would do that of a basilisk.—These, with sundry other reasons, used by Sir Walter of Carnwath, prevailed with the abbot and fraternity to hearken to an accommodation, provided he could move the Bishop of St Andrews to procure the absolution of the Church, seeing that Sir John Herries was excommunicated.” The whole matter was subsequently arranged by the exertions of Sir Walter Somerville, who

had by this time married the only surviving daughter of Sir John Herries, on the following conditions—" That Sir John should make over for him and his the merk land of Grange, where the murder was committed, to and in favour of the Abbey of Newbattle, claiming no right therein neither in property, superiority, nor vassalage in all time coming ; and farther, that the said Sir John should, bare-headed and bare-legged, in sackcloth, crave absolution at the bishop and abbot's hands, and stand in the same manner at the principal door of St Catherine's chapel every Sabbath and holiday for one year, and paying forty pennies at every time to the poor of the parish, and one hundred merks Scots to the monks of Newbattle to pray for the souls of those that died through his transgression. These conditions were accepted and performed by Sir John, whereupon he had his pardon from the King, was restored to his estate, and had absolution from the Church."

We are told that Sir John Herries, or Herryng, as his name is also written, appears from Winton's Chronicle to have been a constant adherent and companion of the gallant Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie at a time when, although compelled to lurk in the caves at Gorton and Hawthornden, he occasionally harassed the English as far as the borders of Northumberland by unceasing inroads. It is also noticed by Winton that Sir John was present and behaved manfully at a sharp battle near Norham, in which Ramsay defeated the English in 1355. The chapel of St Catherine, at the door of which Sir John did penance " bare-headed and bare-legged" every Sunday and holiday during a whole year, and which now gives its designation to a mansion and estate in the parish of Libberton, is curious in legendary history. " At St Catherine's is a famous well, called the *Balm Well of St Catherine*. It was much frequented in ancient times, and considered as a sovereign remedy for several cutaneous distempers. It owes its

origin, it is said, to a miracle in this manner. St Catherine had a commission from St Margaret, consort of Malcolm Canmore, to bring a quantity of oil from Mount Sinai. In this very place she happened by some accident or other to lose a few drops of it, and on her earnest supplication the well appeared. When King James VI. was in Scotland in 1617 he went to visit it, and ordered that it should be fenced in with stones from bottom to top, and that a door and staircase should be made for it, that people might have the more easy access to the oily substances which always float above, and which were deemed of essential importance. The royal command being immediately obeyed, the well was greatly adorned, and continued so until the year 1650, when Cromwell's soldiers not only defaced but almost totally destroyed it. It was repaired indeed after the Restoration, but it did not appear to such advantage as before. Hard by this well a chapel was erected, and dedicated to St Margaret. St Catherine was buried in the chapel, and the place where her bones lie is still pointed out to strangers. It was observed that he who pulled down the chapel was never afterwards prosperous. The ground around it was consecrated for burying. After the nunnery at the Sciennes near Edinburgh was founded, the nuns there made an annual procession to this chapel and well in honour of St Catherine."

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## THE SERPENT OF LINTON.\*

ABOUT A.D. 1174.

IN the wall of the old church of the parish of Linton, in the county of Roxburgh, there is a sculpture representing a horseman in complete armour bearing a falcon on his arm,

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\* *Memorie of the Somervills; Statistical Account of Scotland; Peerage of Scotland*

in the act of charging his lance down the throat of a four-footed animal resembling a bear or wolf, but in no point like a serpent. There was an inscription, now effaced, which the people alleged to have contained this rhyme—

“ The wode Laird of Lauristone  
Slew the worm of Worm’s Glen,  
And won all Linton parochine.”

Another version of this inscription is also preserved—

“ Wood Willie Somerville  
Killed the worm of Wormandail.  
For which he had all the lands of Linton,  
And six miles them about.”

The deed commemorated by this stone and the popular rhymes was achieved at a spot called the *Worm’s Glen*, and a traditional account of it is yet preserved by the inhabitants of the parish. It was achieved by Sir John Somerville, an ancestor of the barons of that name, who, in allusion to his exploit, bear for a crest an heraldic dragon. The story is thus related by James, eleventh Lord Somerville, and is told in almost similar language by the people of Linton. The animal is called a *worm* by the Noble writer, but the word *orme* or *worme* is in the ancient Norse the generic name for serpents. His Lordship quaintly describes it as “ in length three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinary man’s leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatness, in form and colour to our common muir adders.

“ This creature, being a terror to the country people, had its den in a hollow piece of ground upon the side of a hill south-east from Linton church, more than a mile distant, which to this day is known by the name of the *Worm’s Glen*, where it used to shelter and rest itself, but when it sought after prey it would wander a mile or two from its residence, and make prey of all sorts of bestial that came in its way. This it easily did, because of its lowness by creeping among the bent, heather, or grass, wherein that

place abounded much by reason of the meadow ground, and a large moss fit for the pasturage of many cattle. Being naturally slow in its motions, it was not discerned before it was master of its prey, instantly devouring the same, so that the whole countrymen thereabout were forced to remove their bestial, and transport them three or four miles from the place, leaving the country desolate; neither durst any passenger go to the church or market for fear of this beast."

Several ineffectual attempts were made to destroy this formidable scourge, and the greatest consternation every where prevailed. Sir John Somerville, then a young man, heard the many strange reports concerning the animal, and became anxious to see it. He proceeded to Jedburgh, where he found the inhabitants in such a state of excitement that they were preparing to desert the town. The rustics who had fled there for shelter increased the alarm by the ridiculous stories they propagated concerning its appearance, some asserting that it increased in size every day, and that wings were distinctly attached to its body; others alleged that they had seen it during the night, and that it was altogether a mass of animated fire.

Somerville, nothing daunted by the rumours which the fears of the peasantry had greatly aggravated, resolved to obtain a view of the serpent. Being informed that it usually came out of its den about sunrise or sunset to wander over the fields in quest of prey, he went to the place at the dawn, and, says his Noble descendant, "he was not long near the place when he saw this strange beast crawl forth from its den, which observing him at some distance, he being on horseback, it lifted up its head with half of the body, and a long time stared him in the face with open mouth, never offering to advance or come to him. He took courage and drew much nearer that he might perfectly see all its shapes, and try whether it would dare to assault



him, but the beast turning almost in a half circle, returned to the den, never offering him the least prejudice, whereby he concluded that the creature was not so dangerous as the report stated, and that means might be adopted for its destruction."

Being informed that it would both be useless and dangerous to attempt to assault the animal by a sword or dagger, on account of the necessity of approaching it almost grappling, Sir John Somerville found that there was no other mode of killing it than by a sudden attack with a long spear on horseback. Having watched its movements several days, he found that it could not run backward, but required to turn itself in a half circle, and that it always stared at him with its mouth open. He caused a spear to be made nearly double the ordinary length, and plated with iron from the point downwards, "that no fire upon a sudden might cause it to fall asunder." This spear was made as he directed, and he took the precaution of training his horse with a blazing peat on the top of a lance, until the steed was familiarly accustomed to the smell, smoke, and light of the fire, and would not refuse to advance on the spur although it blew in his face. He also caused a small wheel of iron to be fixed within half a foot of the point of his spear, that the said wheel might turn on the least touch without hazarding the breaking of the weapon.

Sir John Somerville, having concluded his preparations, publicly intimated to the gentlemen and peasantry that on a certain day he would undertake to kill the monster or die in the attempt, and he invited as many of them as chose to be spectators. Many looked upon the invitation as a jest, and all concurred in censuring his rashness. "The appointed day," says Lord Somerville, "being come, somewhat before the dawning he placed himself, with a stout and resolute fellow his servant, whom he gained by a large

reward to hazard with him in this attempt, within half an arrow flight, or thereby, to the mouth of the den, which was no larger than to admit the outgoing and re-entering of the serpent, whom he now watched with a vigilant eye upon horseback, having before prepared some long, small, and hard peats, bedaubed with pitch, rosin, and brimstone, fixed with a small wire upon the wheel at the point of his lance, and these being touched with fire would instantly break out into a flame.—About the sun-rising, this serpent or worm, as by tradition it is named, appeared with her head and some part of her body without the den, whereupon the servant, according to direction, set fire to the peats upon the wheel at the top of the lance, and instantly this resolute gentleman put spurs to his horse, advancing with a full gallop, the fire still increasing, placed the same with the wheel, and almost the third part of his lance directly in the serpent's mouth, which went down the throat into the belly. The lance breaking by the rebound of his horse gave her a deadly wound. In the pangs of death, some part of her body being within the den, so great was her strength that she raised up the whole ground that was above her, and overturned the same to the furthering of her ruin, being partly smothered by the weight thereof."

The body of the serpent was taken from among the rubbish and exposed many days to the peasantry, who came great distances to view the dead object of their terror. The place where the animal is believed to have been killed is called the *Worm's Glen*, and the exploit of Sir John Somerville was commemorated in the sculpture which is still to be seen above the door of the old church of Linton. For this service he was also rewarded by a royal gift of the lands and barony of Linton, which continued long in the possession of his descendants the Lords Somerville.

Stories similar to this are to be found in the traditionary recollections of other nations. The Scottish legend only

requires to be a little embellished, which would make the reputed exploit of Sir John Somerville the more romantic. A young and beautiful lady should be introduced as vigilantly guarded by the monster, whom Sir John should be made to rescue and to marry, and various other particulars might be added by a fertile imagination, which would place the legend on a parallel with the mythological story of Perseus, or the exploits of the renowned Seven Champions of Christendom. The origin of the legend of the serpent of Linton is with probability intimated in the Statistical Account of the Parish. "Over one of the church doors," says the writer, "a man on horseback is cut on stone, killing with a spear a fierce animal. It is said to have been the last that infested this district when the woods were cut down. It seems to have been a deed of valour, as the memorial of it, we are told, is preserved on the crest of Lord Somerville's arms, whose ancestors once possessed a large estate in the parish."

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### SIEGE OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.\*

A.D. 1640.

THE siege of the Castle of Edinburgh by the Covenanters in 1640 is a curious episode in the history of that celebrated fortress. At the sitting of the Scottish Parliament in the beginning of June that year the garrison, who were in the interest of Charles I., opened a fire upon the city, and killed several persons on the streets. This conduct greatly exasperated the inhabitants, and particularly the triumphant leaders of the Covenant, who resolved to ob-

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\* *Memorie of the Somervilles; Munro's Expedition, Part II.*

tain possession of the fortress. The garrison, commanded by General Ruthven, were summoned to surrender in the name of the Parliament, but a contemptuous answer was returned, and General Leslie was entrusted with the conducting of the siege.

Four batteries were erected—one near the Castlehill, the second in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, the third a little above St Cuthbert's church, upon the site of the present Queensferry Street, and the fourth on the opposite side of the North Loch, on the ground now occupied by the houses of Hanover Street. All these batteries were mounted with guns, but the cannon were of no great weight, and two of the batteries were altogether unnecessary.

There was at that time on the Castlehill, near the foot of the parade, an outer fortification, somewhat resembling a ravelin or half-moon, called the *Spur*, which was demolished by order of the Scottish Parliament in 1649. In other respects the older part of the buildings of the fortress were the same as at present. We are told on this occasion that the *Spur*, "which took up the greater part of the Castlehill to little purpose, added no strength to the Castle, but put those that were within to the charge of a greater number of men than was needful to defend so strong a hold." It appears that Leslie at first meditated merely a blockade, preventing supplies of provisions, and thereby compelling the garrison to surrender. For this purpose he erected his first battery opposite the *Spur*, on the north side of the Castlehill, a little above the spot where Cromwell planted his battery when he besieged the fortress in 1650, but "our pious zealots of the feminine complexion within the town, with their brethren, and the ministers, who kept themselves far enough back from blows, must needs have a formal siege layed to the Castle,

and all possible endeavours used to take it by the strong hand."

During the erection of the batteries General Ruthven kept up a constant fire upon the besiegers, and many were killed, but they succeeded in erecting the works, and opened a fire upon the Castle. The governor returned the compliment with double the number of shot, to show that he wanted neither ammunition nor resolution to defend the fortress. It is stated that the chief object of both parties at first was to dismount each other's cannon, or at least to make the cannon useless. "When much powder," says a cavalier chronicler, "was spent upon both sides to small effect, Ruthven discontinued the shooting, but at such times as he was sure to do the Covenanters a displeasure either in their works, soldiers, or guns, the truth being, if his generous soul had not pitied the inhabitants of this distracted and ungrateful city of Edinburgh, who had received so many favours and enjoyed so many privileges by the bounty of his Majesty's royal predecessors and his own grants, wherein there were not a few thousand that could not discern between the right and left hand, he might easily have reduced it to ashes or to a ruinous heap in a very few days, notwithstanding the *mountains of dung* which they reared up in the streets as high as the tops of the highest houses for their defence, but in effect served to secure the people walking in the streets in case Ruthven played his guns that way."

The *mountains of dung* piled in the streets of the Old Town of Edinburgh to intercept the bullets of the garrison were rather ludicrous defences, yet it appears that, notwithstanding General Ruthven's forbearance, many were killed "of both ages and sexes, by accidental and casual shots from the Castle, when they were firing upon the batteries and against some prominent places of the town,



wherein those who besieged him had placed musqueteers, to take off his cannoneers, and such soldiers as stood either for defence of the battlements or as sentinels." After continuing the siege in a desultory manner some days, and finding every attempt to batter the walls unavailing, Leslie called a council of his officers, which was attended by some of the influential leaders of the Parliament, when it was resolved to attempt possession of the Spur by means of a mine on the Castlehill. The work was begun under the superintendence of Major Somerville of Drum, on the site of the present Water Reservoir near the Spur, and opposite that part of the rock by which an ascent could be made with some difficulty. It is remarkable that Leslie should have taken no notice of this part of the rock, by which Cromwell intended at one time to enter the fortress, and this distinguished Scottish general, who had been present at many Continental sieges, is accused of "spending most of the time of this siege in shooting bullets in the air, or at the rock," the batteries erected above the West Church, as St Cuthbert's Church is commonly designated. and on the site of the present Hanover Street, then called the *Lang Gate*, or *Road*, doing little or no injury to the fortress.

During the siege the garrison made several sallies upon the besiegers and the city, one of which is recorded by an eye-witness. Some sheep scampered off from their drovers or owners in the Grassmarket, and ran up a steep and narrow lane, still partly in existence, called the Castle Wynd, leading to the parade ground then occupied by the Spur. By some means or other the sheep reached the north bank of the Castlehill, which overlooks Prince's Street. It was early in the morning, and when the soldiers of the garrison first observed the sheep, which they did before the animals were noticed by the besiegers on the battery, they made a sally by a gate at the foot of the wall of the Spur, which opened

towards the North Loch, now occupied by Prince's Street Gardens, and began to drive the sheep into the Castle. As soon as the besiegers observed this proceeding they seized their arms, and without waiting for orders rushed to the rescue of the sheep. A singular encounter ensued, and we are told that the fight was conducted "without either word or sign to distinguish the one party from the other, often killing and wounding they knew not whom, friend or foe, but as they drave the sheep to or from the Castle, which was all the token or mark they had to distinguish their friends from their enemies." The skirmish attracted a number of persons to the spot, and after an hour's fight, in which upwards of forty persons were killed, besides many who were wounded on both sides, the garrison soldiers succeeded in securing thirty sheep, which they carried into the Castle. Some hours afterwards a parley was concluded between both parties, until the dead bodies were carried away, and "thus ended the skirmish of the sheep."

Some minute particulars are preserved of this siege, which, though of a gossiping nature, are curious. One morning two chief cannoneers of the besiegers, who had been brought from the Continent to serve in the war, fired their guns to so little purpose from the battery erected near the Spur, that the commander ironically told them that they had not only missed the Castle but the whole rock. Nettled at this observation, the cannoneers assured this officer that they would immediately redeem their want of success. They pointed out to him a large cannon placed on the Half-Moon Battery, directly above the second gate of the fortress, and told him that they would dismount it with the first shot or forfeit a month's pay. The officer replied that he would double the wager if they pleased. The cannoneers commenced their preparations, but while they were stooping at the end of the cannon to

make their aim sure, a shot from the Castle shattered them to pieces. "Their entrails," says an eye-witness, "were carried as high as the house tops," and parts of their bodies were seen adhering to the chimneys some weeks afterwards. As much of their bodies as could be gathered together were decently interred.

Major Somerville, who had the charge of the mine, invited some of the principal officers of the besiegers to dine with him at his lodgings, then on the Castlehill. While they were sitting at dinner, a ball from the Castle passed through the wall of the kitchen, and severely wounded a young woman in the act of "*flaming a leg of veal*." The conduct of the officers, when they ascertained that the young woman was not seriously injured, was not the most delicate, and sundry licentious jokes were passed which form a strange contrast to the religious principles of the party with whom they were connected.

The besiegers now began to despair of obtaining possession of the fortress by assaults from their batteries, and devoted their whole attention to the mine. While the mine was in progress, Major Somerville was sent to Dundee to apprehend Scrymgeour, the Constable of that town, "a worthy gentleman of an honourable and ancient family, heritable bearer of the royal standard in time of war, who, by reason of his great age, being nearly eighty, could hurt them no farther than by his good wishes and prayers for his royal master." Scrymgeour could have easily concealed himself, for some of his friends in Edinburgh had sent him an intimation of the order to arrest him, but he considered it prudent to face the danger. He received Major Somerville and the officers who accompanied him in the most courteous manner, being well acquainted with Somerville's relations. After the ordinary compliments were exchanged, the Major made the old Constable acquainted with the purport of his visit, and exhibited the

warrant to apprehend him. Scrymgeour read the warrant and returned it to the Major, observing that "he could have wished from his soul that the nobility and gentry of Scotland had been better advised than to have taken up arms against their native prince, in the behalf of another nation, especially after his Majesty had given them all possible satisfaction as to their own security both in the Church and in the State, and he doubted not but the present and future generations might smart for their faults." Somerville answered that "he was not entitled to discuss the intentions of the State, but he hoped that those whom he served would act according to their declarations to the world—that their present undertakings would tend to advance and secure the Protestant religion, the honour and safety of his Majesty's person—and that nothing would be derogated from his just authority." "Honour and safety!" exclaimed the old cavalier, laying his hand on Major Somerville's shoulder, "you are a young man, and may see the contrary. So they began with his grandmother Queen Mary, and the end was tragical, and those are truly blind who do not see the same spirit of rebellion working in this generation. For my part I took the Covenant solely from respect and loyalty to the King, which was my interpretation of it, and if I had understood it otherwise I never would have taken it, or drawn a sword in the quarrel."

Major Somerville brought the old Constable of Dundee to Edinburgh, and found the mine prepared to assault the *Spur*. It appears that the Covenanting officers were by no means ambitious for the honour of superintending the operation, but Somerville, assisted by an officer named Waddel and a select party, at length undertook the dangerous duty. The garrison were on the alert, yet the besiegers succeeded in blowing up a great part of the south-east wall of the ravelin. Exposed to a severe fire from the

garrison, and foiled in every attempt to obtain possession of the gates of the fortress, the Major drew up his men under the shelter of a wall near the Spur, and resolutely took up his position. While here he was addressed from the battlements by General Ruthven, with whom he was intimately acquainted—"Somerville, you have exposed yourself and your soldiers to certain hazard, for which my old comrade your general (Leslie) is to blame. Retire, I beseech you, under the favour of my shot, for I have no pleasure in the death of gallant men." The Major, however, refused to retreat, until he was peremptorily ordered off by General Leslie, severely wounded. Of one hundred and twenty-five soldiers, thirty-three and the Major only escaped, and most of them wounded or otherwise hurt.

Every attempt to carry the Castle having failed, it was now resolved to turn the siege into a blockade, and starve the garrison into a surrender. This had the desired effect, for General Ruthven, having been somewhat more than three months besieged, his provision became scant, his water failed, many of his soldiers were dead, and most or all of those alive were sick of the scurvy by the frequent use of salted meat, so that he had scarcely men to mount guard and stand sentinels upon the walls. The garrison had abandoned the Spur and all their outworks, and confined themselves solely to the fortress. A white flag was at length hung out, as an intimation of their wish to surrender, and General Leslie, with the sanction of the Committee of Estates, appointed Major Somerville and two gentlemen to hold a conference with Ruthven. They met in a guard-room within the third gate of the fortress, where Ruthven had a suitable repast prepared, to "persuade them that he wanted not store of provisions to hold out for a long season, but that his Majesty's commands and service required his presence elsewhere," which, he



declared, "were the sole reasons for his relinquishing the stronghold." He addressed himself chiefly to Major Somerville, and told him "they were now met in a more friendly manner than some weeks before, if stone walls had not hindered their nearer approach;" then inquiring for his old companion General Leslie, he observed that formerly they were wont to serve the same master, alluding to the great Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and "now he was heartily sorry for the unhappy difference which divided them, for although he was a soldier by profession and lived by his sword, yet he was so good a countryman as to wish peace at home and wars abroad." Somerville coincided with this opinion, and expressed his hope that there would be speedily a good understanding between the King and his subjects of both kingdoms. "By my faith," replied the cavalier general, "those are not in the way to effect this as long as they are in arms against the King, and force his garrisons and commissioned officers. But, Sir, your superiors must answer for that. The present business is the surrender of this place to the Estates of Scotland, on such terms as are fit for them to give and me to receive." Major Somerville replied that he had not the smallest doubt such conditions would be granted as would not be inconsistent with his fidelity to the King. "Nay," said Ruthven, "if I thought the surrender would bring my loyalty into question, I would leave my bones in the Castle."

The garrison at length surrendered after a siege of five months, during which it is stated upwards of a thousand persons, including women and children, were killed, while the besieged sustained little loss except what was caused by "thirst and eating of salt meat, which gave them the scurvy, whereof many of them died." The Covenanters took possession of the fortress, and Major Somerville was entrusted with the command. Ruthven and his soldiers embarked at Newhaven for England amid the execrations

of the prevailing party, who designated him "malignant, and traitor to his country, and murderer of the people and saints of God, which, albeit he had escaped the hands of men, yet they hoped the justice of God would send him and his accomplices to the bottom of the sea." The cavalier general heard their reproaches with the utmost indifference. We are told that he marched down the High Street with the same grace as if he had been at the head of an army, disdaining so much as to cast an eye upon his revilers, until he came to Newhaven, where he civilly took leave of the noblemen, gentlemen, and officers who accompanied him, giving twenty pounds sterling as a gratuity to the soldiers who guarded him to the boat.

This cavalier officer was afterwards created Earl of Brentford by Charles I., and appointed general of his army, after the death of the Earl of Lindsay, at the battle of Edgehill. It is said that he was as much celebrated in the wars of Bacchus as of Mars. After the battle of Leipsic an officer named Munro, the gallant author of a quaint and curious work, entitled "*Munro's Expedition*," tells us that he entered the hall where Gustavus Adolphus and the Duke of Saxony were carousing. "Being seen by his Majesty," he says, "I was presently kindly embraced by holding his arm over my shoulder, wishing I could bear *as much drink* as old Major-General Ruthven, that I might help his Majesty to make his guests happy."

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## FEUDS OF THE SOMERVILLES.\*

A.D. 1593 AND 1596.

THE quarrels which existed between the families of persons of rank and their relatives in Scotland often exhibit a

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\* *Memorie of the Somervilles*; Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*.

curious and lively picture of Scottish manners and of the state of society in former times. The law was completely disregarded; the parties whenever or wherever they met were certain to attack each other, and their encounters were often characterized by much bloodshed and loss of life. A bitterness of hatred, a desire of revenge, and a determination to retaliate real or imaginary grievances, were conspicuous in all those sanguinary quarrels, and these feelings were cherished by their dependants and retainers, who cherished all the resentments and animosities of their masters.

For some years previous to 1593 there was a deadly feud between the families of Cowthally and Cambusnethen, two branches of the noble family of Somerville. The Somervilles of Cambusnethen interested themselves in behalf of Gilbert, Master of Somerville, who was also connected with them by marriage, and according to the custom of the times engaged all their friends and allies to defend him in a dispute about certain landed property. Among the allies of the family of Cambusnethen was James Johnstone of Westerhall, whose mother had been a daughter of the former family, and who considered it his duty to support their pretensions and claims on all occasions. This gentleman was a thorough-bred Borderer, an excellent swordsman, and capable of contriving and executing the boldest enterprises. Among other exploits he had made himself conspicuous by killing in the park of Stirling, in 1584, Robert Hamilton of Inchmachan, a creature of James VI.'s unworthy favourite James Stewart, Earl of Arran, against whom he had sworn vengeance for causing Douglas of Mains to be executed upon his false accusation.

At a ford of the Clyde between Pittenain and Carstairs one of these feuds occurred. Johnstone of Westerhall had crossed the river at this ford attended by three domestics, and proceeded to a house in the vicinity where he intended to

remain until his business was settled. He had only been a few hours in the house when Hugh Somerville, second son of Lord Somerville, who had received intelligence of Johnstone's movements, repaired to the place with the intention of surprising him in the house, and revenging his family quarrel. Fortunately the approach of Somerville and his attendants was noticed by a servant girl, who exclaimed to Johnstone—"Those you are looking for are now coming." "How many are of them?" inquired the Laird of Westerhall. "Many," replied the girl, "but they ride so hard and close that I cannot count them." "To horse! to horse!" exclaimed Johnstone to his retainers; "this house can afford us no shelter, and we can make no defence here."

They instantly mounted their horses, and rode to the ford, which was within an arrow flight from the house, followed at full speed by Hugh Somerville and eight of his attendants, who attacked them near the ford. Johnstone, perceiving that all his intended assailants had not come up, ordered his three attendants to turn and face the enemy. He and his little party received their fire, which did them no injury, and they then discharged their own pistols. Their fire was so far effectual that the horse of Somerville of Blackpool was killed, the rider sorely bruised, and a retainer of Lord Somerville, a feuar in Carnwath, received a shot in his arm, which the unskilfulness of a surgeon caused to be amputated. After discharging their pistols both parties drew their swords, and inflicted several wounds on each other.

At length all Somerville's party came up, and Johnstone seeing the folly of contending with such numbers, ordered his retainers to cross the ford. He was followed by Hugh Somerville, and observing that gentleman to be nearest to him, he raised himself on his saddle, and exclaimed—"There are two brothers contending for a ship, but this

shall decide the controversy." Johnstone immediately discharged a reserved pistol, and Somerville made a narrow escape, as the ball grazed his breast, carrying off two buttons, and cutting the cloth. The Laird of Westerhall and his followers, severely wounded, succeeded in gaining the other side of the ford, but they would have been all taken and put to death by their pursuers if the villagers of Pettinain, attracted to the scene of strife by the firing of the pistols, had not interfered, by forcing the Somerville party back over the ford. Both parties stood for a short time looking at each other, separated by the Clyde, and after discharging a few pistol shots, which did no harm, they retired to their several homes. At this time the family of Westerhall possessed the estate of Pettinain in Lanarkshire, which had been bestowed on their ancestor in 1455, for his valour in the battle of Arkinholme.

Three years afterwards Johnstone of Westerhall had an encounter on the same quarrel in Edinburgh with Hugh Somerville of Writes, commonly called *Broad Hugh*, from his bulk. Those gentlemen had often fought before upon equal terms, but it must be admitted that on this occasion Westerhall took an unseemly advantage of his opponent. He was walking up the curious old street which has now almost disappeared called the West Bow, at the head of which Broad Hugh happened to be standing, when a person who knew their family quarrels exclaimed to Johnstone — "There is Broad Hugh Somerville of the Writes." Concluding that Somerville was waiting for him at the head of the West Bow, or that he was acting in contempt, Johnstone instantly drew his sword, and exclaiming, "Turn, villain!" he ran furiously towards his opponent, and inflicted a dangerous wound on Broad Hugh's head. That gentleman, finding himself unexpectedly struck and sorely wounded, drew his sword as soon as he recognised Westerhall, who had not attempted to repeat his stroke, and being



the taller man, and of great personal strength, he pressed his antagonist. Johnstone traversed the breadth of the street, but Somerville kept close to him, having the advantage of the hill, the Bow having been a steep ascent. The utmost consternation prevailed in the neighbourhood. The people ran into the shops, and no one attempted to separate them, for every stroke of their swords threatened instant death to the combatants and to any one who might come near them. Broad Hugh pressed his antagonist to the foot of the West Bow at the Grassmarket, and by this time Johnstone was almost overcome by fatigue. He stepped within the door of a shop, and stood upon the defensive, and here the last stroke of Broad Hugh almost broke his sword in pieces, having hit the lintel of the door, the mark of which long remained.

The city was now in an uproar, and the magistrates being informed that two gentlemen were engaged in a deadly encounter in the West Bow—an incident too common in that age—sent their halbert-men to seize them, and they were both secured, and conveyed to their own residences. The wound on Broad Hugh's head was likely to prove dangerous, but he was at length perfectly cured. After the death of Lord Somerville he and Westerhall were reconciled, and all their differences forgotten.

In those times it was also no uncommon thing for the contending parties to besiege other in their mansion-houses, arming all their retainers. Gilbert Lord Somerville, a few years after the above encounter between Westerhall and Broad Hugh, having quarrelled with his brother Somerville of Cowthally, resolved to expel him forcibly from his own residence. It was garrisoned by Hamilton of Raploch, a number of persons named Hamilton and some Somervilles. Lord Somerville, assisted by his father-in-law, Somerville of Cambusnethen, prepared ladders at Carnwath for scaling the walls, and ordered most of the horses in that barony

to be employed in conveying heather from the muirs, to be made up in bundles for filling up the double ditches at Cowthally. From the house of Cambusnethen were brought four *hagbuts of found*, probably a kind of small swivel cannons, and the siege of Cowthally was regularly commenced. The swivels, placed on a sandy hill near the house, were of little use, and the besiegers were constantly exposed to the fire of the occupants of the mansion. Some of Lord Somerville's followers were hurt, and a son of the Laird of Cambusnethen died of his wounds.

The lawless proceedings of both parties greatly irritated the Government. A lion herald was despatched from Edinburgh with the King's command to take possession of the house of Cowthally, and to disperse Lord Somerville and his followers. His Lordship, afraid of incurring the penalties of rebellion, saw it prudent to obey, and the house of Cowthally was surrendered to the lion herald, who placed it under the charge of Robert Somerville of Overcallo. "This gentleman," we are told, "was a great confident of the Lord Somerville, being his lady's uncle, a stout and resolute man, who both before this and afterwards committed many wild pranks." Lord Somerville, as may be anticipated, soon obtained possession of Cowthally, which he made his residence, and his brother occupied the mansion-house of Drum, living "in much jealousy of each other on account of their several pretensions."

## BATTLE OF BRECHIN.\*

A.D. 1451.

THE old episcopal city of Brechin in Forfarshire was the scene of a bloody conflict, on the 18th of May 1451, between the respective forces of the Earls of Crawford and Huntly, but it ought to be observed that the precise year is variously stated, though that now given is preferred—the years 1452 and 1453 being also assigned as the periods of the conflict. King James II. had recently assassinated the Earl of Douglas with his own hand in the Castle of Stirling, to revenge the alleged injuries and treason committed by that nobleman and his powerful family and connections. He promoted to the office of lieutenant-general of the kingdom Alexander Earl of Huntly, who advanced at the head of a considerable force to oppose Alexander, third Earl of Crawford, surnamed *the Tiger* and *Earl Beardie*, who was in arms to revenge the death of the Earl of Douglas.

The contending parties met on a level muir at the north-east boundary of the parish of Brechin, on the road leading to the North Water Bridge. The forces of Huntly far outnumbered those of Crawford, yet the struggle for a long time proved doubtful, and might have terminated in a different manner, if, during the warmest part of the struggle, a gentleman named Colossie, who is mentioned as the proprietor of an estate called Bonnymoon, had not left Crawford's army, and gone over to Huntly's forces. He com-

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\* Tytler's History of Scotland; Douglas' Peerage; Drummond of Hawthornden's History; Memorie of the Somervilles; Sir James Balfour's Annals of Scotland; Abercromby's Martial Achievements of the Scottish Nation.

manded the left wing of the Angus bill-men, and had been irritated in a conversation held with the Earl of Crawford during the previous evening. This defection was fatal to that nobleman. His troops, dismayed at such an unexpected calamity, and regardless of the furious and desperate efforts made by him to restore their courage, took to flight in every direction. The Earl's brother, and nearly sixty gentlemen of rank, bearing coat-armour, besides numbers of persons of inferior rank, were slain.

On Huntly's side the loss did not exceed five barons and a small number of yeomen, but he had to lament the loss of two sons. The Earl of Crawford fled with Sir John Lindsay, one of his brothers, to the house of Finhaven, where it is said he uttered the following exclamations—"That he would be content to remain seven years in hell to have in so timely a season done the King that service which the Earl of Huntly had performed, and carry that applause and reward he would receive from him." If these expressions are true, they must be held as grossly profane, but at the same time they prove that Crawford was no rebel in his heart, and that he acted in consequence of engagements with which he considered his honour involved. A different version of this incident, however, is related on the authority of Drummond of Hawthornden. "During the confusion and flight of Crawford's army," says Mr Tytler, "a yeoman of the opposite side, riding eagerly in pursuit, became involved in the crowd, and, fearful of discovery, allowed himself to be hurried along to Finhaven Castle, to which the discomfited Earl retreated. Here, amid the tumult and riot consequent upon a defeat, the yeoman is said to have overheard with horror the torrent of abuse and blasphemy which burst from the lips of the bearded savage, who, calling for a cup of wine on alighting from his horse, and cursing in the bitterness of his heart the traitor who had betrayed him, declared that he would

willingly take seven years roasting in hell to have the honour of such a victory as had that day fallen to Huntly."

The Earl of Crawford, infuriated at the conduct of Huntly in plundering the fertile county of Moray, and razing to the ground all that part of the town of Elgin which was his property, attacked and *harried* the estates of those to whose "refusal to join his banner he ascribed his defeat, expelling them from their towers and fortalices, giving the empty habitations to the flames, and carrying themselves and their families into captivity." From this statement it appears that he was little weakened by his loss at Brechin. This battle was not immediately decisive in favour of the King, though it proved so in its consequences. The Earl of Crawford was forfeited, but he embraced an opportunity shortly afterwards, when James II. passed through the county of Forfar, to appear before the King meanly dressed; and in a posture of the deepest humility he made a long speech, during which the tears flowed abundantly, acknowledging his offences. He was pardoned, and entertained James most magnificently at his castle of Finhaven. The Earl became a loyal subject, but he did not long survive his pardon. Six months afterwards he was carried off by a fever in 1454, and was buried with his ancestors in the church of the Grey Friars at Dundee.

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## BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.\*

A.D. 1138.

IN the year 1138, when the war between Stephen King of England and David I. of Scotland was carried on with

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\* Sir James Balfour's Annals; Sir David Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland; Rapin's History of England; Carte's History of England.



more than usual bitterness, and with various successes on the part of the Scots, the English attempted to negotiate a peace. They sent Robert de Bruce, a Norman baron, and Bernard de Baliol, a baron of Yorkshire, the descendants of both of whom figure prominently in Scottish history, to treat with David, who had taken up arms not so much on his own account as to support the claims of his niece the Princess Matilda, which the English themselves had sworn to maintain. The Scottish King rejected the proffered conditions, and on this occasion Bruce renounced the homage he had performed to David for a barony in Galloway, as did also Baliol, who had sworn fealty to that monarch.

The English were at this time in a deplorable condition, and the inhabitants of the northern counties had little other resources than their own valour and the policy of Thurston, Archbishop of York. Stephen was so pressed in the south of England, where many of the barons had risen against his government, that he could oppose no army of consequence to the Scots, who mustered 26,000 men; and the only succour he was enabled to send to the north was a body of cavalry under the command of Baliol. But the Archbishop of York called in the aid of religion, in his exhortations to his countrymen to fight for their lives and fortunes. Aged, and unable to appear in public on account of various infirmities, he deputed an ecclesiastic named Ralph Nowel, whom, in the exercise of his assumed authority over the Scottish Church, he had nominated to the Bishopric of Orkney, to act as his representative. The Archbishop issued an order to all the ecclesiastics in every parish of his diocese to appear in procession with their crosses, banners, and relics, and enjoined all men capable of bearing arms to repair to the general rendezvous of the barons at Thresk, in defence of Christ's Church against the *barbarians*, as he not inaptly designated the Scots. He

promised victory to the English if they were penitent, and he assured those who should fall in battle of the certainty of salvation. At York he heard the confessions of the barons, and delivered into their hands his crosier, and his metropolitan banner consecrated to St Peter.

The English standard was erected on Cutton Moor in the neighbourhood of Northallerton. We are told that it was the mast of a ship, fitted into the perch of a high four-wheeled carriage, and from it were displayed the banners of St Peter of York, St John of Beverley, and St Wilfred of Ripon—the saints to whom those magnificent churches are dedicated. On the top of this mast there was fixed a small casket containing the consecrated host. From this singular standard the battle which ensued is commonly termed the *Battle of the Standard*.

The Scottish King at first endeavoured to surprise the English army, and to accomplish this he commanded his troops to abstain from burning villages, that their march might not be discovered by the smoke. A dense mist favoured his project, and he approached the English without discovery, but a timely alarm was given, and they ran to arms, though in a state of great disorder. At this critical juncture, and to gain time, they sent Robert de Bruce to David, with whom a long residence in Scotland had caused an intimate friendship. This baron represented to the King that the English and Normans, against whom he was arrayed, had repeatedly asserted the rights of the Scottish monarchs against their rebellious subjects; and that they were more faithful to the royal family than were the Scots themselves, who rejoiced at this unnatural war, because it afforded them an opportunity of displaying their resentment against those who had often frustrated their treasonable devices. Bruce also dwelt on the savage outrages which the Scottish army had committed. "I charge your conscience," he said to the King, "with the innocent

blood which cries aloud for vengeance. You have beheld the enormities of your army, and these you have lamented. You have disclaimed any connection with these outrages. Now is the time to prove the sincerity of your protestations, by withdrawing your people from a war as disgraceful in all its operations as the event is doubtful. We are not mighty in numbers, but we are determined. Urge not brave men to despair. It wrings my heart to see my dearest master, my patron, my benefactor, my friend, my companion in arms, in whose service I am grown old, thus exposed to the danger of battle, or to the dishonour of flight." When Bruce concluded this speech he burst into tears. David also wept, but his resolution to fight was unchanged. One of the Scottish leaders who was present at this conference exclaimed—"Bruce, thou art a false traitor." The Baron was dismissed from the Scottish camp, and at parting he again renounced his allegiance to David I.

The Scots prepared for battle, and their King, by the advice of his chief leaders, resolved to commence the attack with the men-at-arms and the archers, but the men of Galloway claimed that pre-eminence, alleging that it was their right by ancient custom. It is stated that most of the men-at-arms in the Scottish ranks were subjects of England, who, disgusted at home, had joined the forces of David. This caused several altercations and jealousies. "Whence arises this mighty confidence in these Normans?" exclaimed Malise Earl of Stratherne indignantly to the King. "I wear no armour, yet they who do will not advance beyond me this day."—"Earl," retorted Allan de Percy, an illegitimate son of the great baron of that name, "you boast of what you dare not perform." David repressed this dispute, and unwillingly yielded to the claims of the men of Galloway.

The Scots were ranged in three divisions. The first was composed of the men of Galloway under their chiefs Ulric

and Donald ; the second, of the men-at-arms, the archers, and the inhabitants of Cumberland and Teviotdale, led by Prince Henry, son of the King, assisted by an experienced warrior named Fitz-John ; the third consisted of the troops of the Lothians, the Islanders, and volunteers. David commanded the reserve in person, protected by a body guard of English and Normans.

The English formed themselves into one compact body, ranging themselves round their sacred standard, in the supernatural efficacy of which they had the most implicit confidence, but their great and real advantage over the Scots consisted in their armour. Their men-at-arms dismounted, removed their horses to the rear, and mingled with the archers in front of battle. This was partly done to show their resolution to conquer or die, and partly to avoid engaging at too great distance with the long lances of the men of Galloway. The soldiers were exhorted to courage by Ralph Nowell in the name of the Archbishop of York. He promised them victory, and gave absolution to all who should fall in the action. From every quarter resounded in response—" *Amen ! Amen !*" Walter l'Espec ascended the carriage in which the standard was fixed, and made a speech to the soldiers, which, from his age and venerable appearance, made a deep impression, reminding them of their ancestors, and describing the outrages committed by the Scots. " Your cause is just," he declared, " it is for your all that you combat. I swear that on this day I will overcome the Scots or perish." While repeating these words he grasped the hand of the Earl of Albemarle. The barons around him exclaimed enthusiastically—" So swear we all."

The action commenced by the Galwegians rushing on the English with horrid yells and exclamations, and the battle continued two hours, contested with obstinate valour. So fierce was the attack, that the English spearmen gave

way, but they were well supported by their archers, who committed fearful havoc among their assailants. The Galwegian leaders Ulric and Donald were slain, and their followers, overwhelmed and dismayed by incessant showers of well directed arrows, fell into disorder. At this crisis Prince Henry, the eldest son of David, charged at the head of a chosen body of cavalry, pierced through the English force, and attacked and dispersed the troops guarding the horses in the rear. The Galwegians now rallied, and prepared to renew the combat, when an English soldier cut off the head of one of the slain, raised it aloft on his spear, and loudly exclaimed—"Behold the head of the King of Scots." This restored the courage of the English, while it spread consternation through the Scottish army. The Galwegians cast away their weapons, and the men of Lothian, the Islanders, and those who formed the third body, fled in all directions. David hastily dismounted, and brought up his reserve to support the second line, but the troops were now dispirited and feeble, and the attendants of the King, seeing the field irretrievably lost, compelled him to retire. The Scots, broken and dispersed, nevertheless rallied round their royal ensign when they saw it displayed, and were able to check the pursuit of the conquerors. David succeeded in reaching Carlisle in a gallant retreat with the remains of his army, but the inhabitants of the country, exasperated at the recent outrages of the Scots, massacred all the stragglers whom they found.

The Scottish King remained ignorant of the fate of his son for some days, but the Prince had escaped unknown, by ordering his followers to mingle in the pursuit, and he succeeded in reaching Carlisle after encountering many difficulties. When he arrived, he found the army in a state of mutiny and tumult. Enraged at their defeat, the Scots, who were a mixed multitude, and inflamed by mutual animosities, began to assault each other. David, however, interposed



his authority, and restored his soldiers to order. He bound the whole of them by a solemn oath *never to desert him in war*, and exacted hostages from them as a security for its observance. He led them to besiege the Castle of Werk, the stronghold of Walter l'Espeç, which he reduced by famine, and razed to the ground. He then returned to Scotland, but rather like a conqueror than like a leader whose army had been routed. In 1139, peace was concluded between Stephen and David by the mediation of the Queen of the former, who was the niece of the Scottish King.

The monkish writers dwell with great satisfaction on this battle, which they consider to have been gained through the influence of the consecrated host which surmounted the banners of St Peter of York, St John of Beverley, and St Wilfred of Ripon. It is remarkable that some of the Scottish writers have the boldness to turn the overthrow of David into a victory, and Sir James Balfour, among others, records it as such—a species of national vanity severely reprehensible.

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## SURPRISE OF DUMBARTON CASTLE.\*

A.D. 1571.

THE Castle of Dumbarton, situated on a most remarkable insulated rock of a conical figure on the Clyde, and almost surrounded by water at full tide, was in former times one of the most important fortresses in Scotland. The extraordinary mass of basalt on which it stands is on all sides

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\* Richard Bannatyne's *Memorialles*, edited by Robert Pitcairn, Esq.; Crawford's *Memoirs*; Sir John Graham Dalryell's *Illustrations of Scottish History*, in which a part of the *Journal of the same* Richard Bannatyne, Secretary to John Knox, is reprinted.

very steep, and anciently it was considered impregnable. In fact, the appearance of the rock, accessible only on one side, which is the entry to the fortifications, evinces that before the use of artillery nothing could scarcely subdue the garrison except a surprise, treachery, or famine.

During the regency of Lennox, the successor of the Earl of Moray in that dangerous office, the Castle of Dumbarton was held by Lord Fleming for Queen Mary, and several persons of rank, among whom was Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, had taken refuge in it for safety. Lennox longed for the possession of this important fortress, and orders were given to Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordanhill, a brave and enterprising officer, to attempt to surprise the only fortified place in Scotland which remained in the interest of the Queen since the commencement of the civil war. The Castle, moreover, commanded the river Clyde, and it was considered the most advantageous locality in the kingdom for landing any foreign troops who might be sent to Mary's aid.

The strength of the Castle, which, it is already stated, was in the opinion of that age impregnable, rendered the governor, Lord Fleming, more secure than he ought to have been, considering its vast importance, and that the possession of it by the Queen's enemies would in all probability annihilate her cause in Scotland, or at least dispirit her friends. Crawford prepared for his enterprise with caution and resolution, assisted by a soldier named Robertson who had deserted from the Castle, and who is said to have proposed the scheme to the Regent, offering to go himself the first in the hazardous attempt. Four persons were at first only cognizant of the enterprise, namely, the Regent, Captain Crawford, the Laird of Drumwhassel, and this soldier. On the forenoon of the first day of April, the Regent ordered the Laird of Drumwhassel to secure all the passages by land and water between Glasgow and Dumbarton.

ton, and to meet a select body of cavalry and foot about ten in the evening at the hill of Dunbuck, about two miles from the Castle on the banks of the Clyde.

The rendezvous was held at the time and place appointed, and here Crawford and his colleague declared the object of the enterprise to the soldiers. Exhorted by their leaders, and stimulated by promises of a liberal reward, the soldiers eagerly assented to the attempt, notwithstanding its dangerous and apparently hopeless nature. They repaired their scaling ladders and ropes, and having properly secured all the avenues to the Castle, that no intelligence of the design might reach the governor or the garrison, Crawford and his companion set forward at the head of a small but determined band at midnight.

The moon, by the light of which they had repaired their ladders and ropes, was by this time hid, and the sky which had hitherto been clear was obscured by a thick fog. About three hours before daylight the assailants began their operations where the rock is highest, knowing that there were fewer sentinels there, and hoping to find them less vigilant than those at the more accessible points of the rock. Here they fixed their first ladder, but the weight and eagerness of those who mounted soon brought it to the ground. None of them were hurt by the fall, nor were the garrison alarmed by the noise, or even attracted by a glare of light which is described as rising suddenly from the ground behind the assailants, and then "past suddenly away." Crawford and the soldier scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladders to the roots of a tree growing in a cleft of the rock.

This spot was reached with the greatest difficulty, and they were still at a considerable distance from the foot of the wall. In the middle of the ascent a singular incident occurred. One of the soldiers, either from fear or some other cause, was suddenly seized with a fit, and clung to

the ladder apparently lifeless. This unforeseen difficulty put them at a stand. To pass him was impossible, and to tumble him down the precipice would not only have been barbarous, but might have hazarded a discovery. The ingenuity of Crawford did not forsake him. With the greatest presence of mind he ordered the soldier to be tied to the ladder, that he might not fall when he recovered from the fit, and, turning it, they mounted with ease over his belly. At length they succeeded in reaching the foot of the wall of the fortress, which they accomplished with great labour, "whiles up and whiles down, notwithstanding the calling of the watch."

Daylight began to break, and a cloud of mist encircled the immense rock, which prevented the assailants from being recognised by the sentinels. There still remained a high wall to climb, to which they soon placed their ladders, and mounted one after another as close as possible in silence. Captain Ramsay was the first upon the ladder. The sentinel was astonished to see a man's head appear above the outer wall, when the silence of the morning had not been interrupted by the slightest noise, and before he recovered his surprise, and had only time to give the alarm, Ramsay appeared on the parapet, from which he leaped, followed by his companions, into the fortress, exclaiming, "*God and the King! A Darnley! A Darnley!*" The sentinel was soon silenced, but he had given the alarm, and the officers and soldiers of the garrison were running out naked, solicitous for their own safety, and incapable of making any resistance against armed men. Ignorant of the number of their assailants they fled, and Crawford immediately took possession of the magazine, and seized the cannon, which he turned against the garrison.

Resistance was impossible, and Lord Fleming fled by the postern gate, near which he procured a boat, and escaped to Argyleshire. Among the persons of distinction found in

the castle were Lady Fleming, who was treated with great kindness, the Archbishop of St Andrews, the French envoy Virac, the Master of Livingstone, afterwards Earl of Linlithgow, and Fleming of Boghall. The Regent Lennox arrived from Glasgow at ten o'clock in the morning of the 2d of April, and had the satisfaction of finding the enterprise successful. He secured the unfortunate Archbishop of St Andrews, who was sent to Stirling, where he was soon afterwards most unjustly condemned and put to death. Only three of the garrison fell by the hands of the bold assailants, and Crawford was appointed to the command of the Castle as the reward of his valour.

Besides the cannon, which appear to have consisted of only eight pieces, found in the Castle by the assailants, there were several barrels of powder, and a good store of ammunition. As it respects provisions, the garrison had twelve chalders of meal, ten bolls of wheat, eight bolls of malt, nine entire hogsheads of biscuit, twenty tuns of wine, and four whole puncheons of *Balcone*.

Captain Crawford wrote an account of this enterprise to John Knox, which has been preserved. "After my hearty commendations," he says to the Reformer, "the Laird of Braid shews me that you are desirous to know the manner of the taking of Dumbarton, and what we found in it. The manner was this. I having knowledge of the mode of watching in the garrison, and where the sentinels were stationed, and having an yeoman, one who had been one of the sentinels, and who knew all the crag, where it was best to climb, and where fewest ladders would be required, without any farther intelligence I took on hand to make an attempt, and to do every thing that was possible. We departed from Glasgow an hour before sunset, having previously provided ladders and ropes, and *craws* of iron to put between the rocks for the fixing of cords; but before we left Glasgow we sent our horsemen to keep all the pass-



ages." He then narrates their rendezvous at the hill of Dunbuck, and their preparations—that to prevent discovery they made the attempt on the highest part of the rock—and that after entering the fortress with the loss of three soldiers belonging to the garrison, and wounding others, they succeeded in reaching the cannon, which they threatened to turn against the garrison. Crawford denies that he was in communication with or received intelligence from any of Lord Fleming's soldiers. The letter is chiefly curious, as showing that this daring and hazardous exploit caused a great sensation throughout the country, and it was certainly one of those enterprises which none but a man of great courage and resolution could undertake.

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### SIEGE OF INNERWICK AND THORNTON CASTLES.\*

A. D. 1547.

IN the parish of Innerwick, in the county of Haddington, there still exist the ruins of an ancient castle, near the village of the same name, which originally belonged to a younger branch of the Family of Hamilton. From its appearance and situation the Castle of Innerwick was probably one of those small fortalices erected as Border defences, of which an old Scottish writer observes that there were two in every league. The Castle is romantically built on the summit of a rocky eminence which overhangs a wooded glen, separating it from a fortress of a similar description called Thornton, now entirely erased.

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\* Patten's *Diarie of the Duke of Somerset's Expedition*, &c., in *Fragments of Scottish History*, edited by Sir John Graham Dalyell; *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*.

This fortalice was besieged, taken, and destroyed by the English under the Duke of Somerset, in his celebrated expedition into Scotland in 1547, and the proceedings are thus narrated by Patten, an officer of the English army. He says that while a body of miners was left to blow up the walls of Dunglass Castle, the army marched a mile and a half northward, and arrived at two *peels* or *holds*, called Thornton and Innerwick, both erected on a craggy foundation, and divided a stone-cast by a deep ravine wherein runs a small rivulet. Thornton then belonged to Lord Home, and was held for that nobleman by a person named *Tom Trotter*, who chose to abscond, under the pretence that he would send assistance to the small garrison he left to defend the place.

Innerwick was kept by Hamilton, the son and heir of the proprietor. Somerset summoned the parties in Innerwick and Thornton to surrender, but an indignant refusal was the reply. The order was immediately given by the English commander to assault both *peels*, which indeed it was madness to attempt to retain against such a numerous army. The fortalice of Thornton was attacked by a battery of four great pieces of ordnance, while a chosen party of Sir Peter Newton's hackbutters were ordered to watch the loop-holes and windows on all sides. A similar party were stationed against Innerwick, and those soldiers exerted themselves so successfully that they effected an entrance into the fortalice. The besieged had betaken themselves to the battlements. Here they were fired at from beneath, and were soon compelled to ask mercy from the English commander. Somerset sent a messenger to assure them of his clemency, but before this functionary could reach the fortalice eight of the besieged had fallen, and one who leaped over the walls was slain while crossing the rivulet in the glen.

The peel of Innerwick was taken possession of by the

English, who burnt it to the ground, with all the outer buildings and the corn stalks. But the garrison of Thoruton made a more determined resistance. They were only sixteen in number, and Tom Trotter had locked them up in the fortalice, taking the keys with him. It may be noticed that this personage forgot to return to their assistance. At length, perceiving the folly of holding out the place any longer, they exhibited a "white linen *clout* tied on the end of a stick, crying all with one tune for mercy." They were answered that they were traitors, and that it was too late to ask terms, which induced them to pull in their *white clout*, supplanting it by the signal of defiance, and they recommenced the defence, throwing stones on their assailants, and doing as much injury as lay in their power, with "great courage," observes Patten, "on their side, and little hurt of ours."

It was too evident that the English were determined to possess the fortalice, and the besieged exhibited their flag of surrender a second time, calling from the walls for mercy. "Nay, nay," was the reply, "never look for it; arrant traitors ye are." They petitioned that if they must die they would be allowed some short interval for the exercises of religion. Sir Miles Patrick sent a messenger to Somerset with this petition, which was granted; the besieged then proceeded to the Duke, and "humbled themselves before him," after which act of humiliation they were committed to the custody of the provost marshal. It appears that their lives were spared, to the great regret of Patten, who gives his opinion of this act of clemency in the following manner:—"It is somewhat here to consider, I know not whether the destiny or the hap of men's life, the more worthy men, less offenders, and more in the judge's grace, were slain; and the beggars, the obstinate rebels, who deserved nothing but cruelty, were saved." The fortalice was so shattered by the cannon that the greater part of the

building fell to the ground, and what remained was rendered completely useless. Innerwick still remains a melancholy ruin, but the peel of Thornton has long disappeared.

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## THE BATTLE OF ENBO.\*

A.D. 1259.

IN the year 1259, the Danes and Norwegians having landed at the ferry of Unes, proceeded to ravage the county of Sutherland, committing the most savage excesses, and slaying numbers of the peasantry. William Earl of Sutherland resolved to oppose those ancient enemies of the country, who had often scourged it by their periodical visits, notwithstanding the many severe defeats they had sustained. Mustering his numerous vassals he marched against the Danes, whom he met at a place called Enbo, between the ferry of Unes and the ancient episcopal city of Dornoch.

The conflict which ensued was obstinate and bloody. The Danes fought from desperation, the men of Sutherland to protect their country, and to rid themselves of the common enemy; but the invaders were at last overthrown with great slaughter, and the survivors were pursued to their ships. The Thane of Sutherland is traditionally said to have exhibited great bravery on this occasion, and it was his personal valour which chiefly determined the victory. He singled out the Danish general, towards whom he fought his way; but while thus forcing a passage through the Danes to encounter their chief he was accidentally disarmed. The gallant nobleman seized the leg of a horse, which he

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\* History of the Family of Sutherland; Statistical Account of Scotland.

opportunately found lying on the ground near the mutilated body of the animal, and with it he inflicted a mortal blow on the Danish general, who almost instantly expired.

This victory freed the country from the ravages of the Danes till the year 1263, when they sustained a more severe defeat at the battle of Largs in Ayrshire. It is said that the name of the town and parish of Dornoch is derived from the gallant exploit of the Thane of Sutherland. The name Dornoch is a compound of two Gaelic words signifying the *foot* or *hoof of a horse*, and the *horse shoe* is still retained in the arms of this old seat of the bishops of Caithness. In memory of the same exploit a stone pillar was erected on the spot where the Danish general fell, supporting at the top a cross encompassed by a circle which was designated the *Earl's Cross* and also *Righ-roish*, or the *cross of the king or general*. Being erected in a sandy hillock it was gradually undermined by violent winds, and it fell in the eighteenth century and was completely destroyed. Some fragments of it, however, still remain, and the graves of the slaughtered Danes are still pointed out to the stranger.

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### THE BATTLE OF ANCRUM.\*

A.D. 1544-5.

IN the sequestered parish of Ancrum, in the county of Roxburgh, there is still a stone, broken and defaced, which once contained an inscription in doggrel rhyme—

“ Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,  
 Little was her stature, but great was her fame,  
 Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,  
 And when her legs were smitten off she fought upon her stumps.”

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\* Holinshed's Chronicle; Leslie, *De Rebus Gestis Scotorum*; Buchanan's History; Ridpath's History of the Borders; Sir Walter



This refers to a tradition that in the battle, which is the subject of the present narrative, a young Scottish woman named Lilliard followed her lover, and when she saw him fall she rushed forward, and by her gallantry aided to turn the fight in favour of her countrymen. The heroine was slain in the engagement, and the spot on which she fell and was buried was indicated by the stone now mentioned. From her interference the fight is often termed the battle of *Lilliard's Edge*, because fought on the brow or edge of a rising ground.

Henry VIII., to revenge the rejection of his offers to marry his son Edward to Mary Queen of Scots, both of whom were then children, resolved to invade Scotland. The English, who mustered in considerable force, were commanded by two knights—Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Bryan Laton—and overran without opposition the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, and the adjacent districts. Having achieved these conquests they proceeded to London in expectation of a reward, but they were induced to return to Scotland and renew their depredatory warfare.

The Earl of Angus, who had large estates in the ravaged districts, was greatly exasperated against the English both on account of the losses he had sustained, and also because they had some time previously defaced the tombs of his ancestors in Melrose Abbey. The Earl of Arran was at this time Regent during the minority of the young Queen, and her absence in France, and the complaints of Angus respecting his own private losses and the public disgrace at length roused him from his timid indolence. The Regent took the field, accompanied by Angus, with only a few hundreds of men to oppose five thousand English. A

considerable reinforcement was expected by the Regent, for the body of men whom he commanded seems merely to have been designed to check the predatory parties of the English, and to protect the inhabitants of the Borders until a suitable army was mustered to drive the enemy out of the country.

The English were at Jedburgh when the Regent and Angus arrived at Melrose, where they resolved to wait for their reinforcements before they took the field against the enemy. Aware of the limited numbers of the Scots the English marched from Jedburgh with the intention of overpowering them by numbers at Melrose, but the former were duly informed of their approach, and prudently withdrew from the town to the neighbouring hills, while the English returned to Jedburgh. The Scots continued their march southward, during which they were reinforced by three hundred men from Fife under Norman Leslie, son of the Earl of Rothes, and by various companies of the Border troopers, so that their force in all amounted to about 1700 men, according to some authorities, while others limit them to 1500, of whom a considerable number were gentlemen.

The English followed the Scots, who were now reinforced by Walter Scott of Buccleuch. This bold Border chief hung over their march, and suggested to the Regent the propriety of giving them battle in the neighbourhood of the village of Ancrum. The Baron of Buccleuch, who knew the country, instantly advised the Regent to draw up his forces in a kind of ambush, where they would not be perceived by the pursuing enemy. Arran adopted this recommendation, and having dismounted his cavalry, sending the horses to some eminences in the rear, the Scots were drawn up on low ground, where they were in a great measure concealed.

When the English perceived at a distance the apparent

confusion among the Scots caused by their dismounting, they imagined the latter were already in the act of flight. They advanced with the greatest precipitation, as if secure of their prey, with the wind and sun directly in their faces. It was towards evening, when to their surprise they came suddenly upon the Scots drawn up in good order. Breathless by their rapid march, and exhausted by previous fatigues, the English were in no condition to fight, but trusting to their numbers they stood to their arms. No time was lost in commencing the attack, which was done with the utmost impetuosity by the Scots, who fell upon them in a manner no less fierce and resolute than unexpected. The English were soon thrown into irretrievable confusion, which was assisted by a strong wind and the declining rays of the sun falling right on their faces, but chiefly by the defection of seven hundred Scottish Borderers who served in the English army. Those were the Halls, Olivers, Turnbells, and some others; for in a letter written by Sir Ralph Evers, dated 14th September 1544, those Border septes are mentioned as having entered into a bond with England, and the battle now narrated was fought on the 17th of February afterwards. We are told by Buchanan that "the first line of the English, impeded by their own perturbation, and charged by the Scots, were driven back upon the second, and the second upon the third; and, impelled the one upon the other, their ranks were broken, and such rout and terror spread every where, that it was impossible to distinguish either banner or leader, and every one consulting his own individual safety, no one ever thought of the public danger or disgrace. The Scots, following close upon this rabble, there was no longer a battle, but a slaughter."

The English fled in all directions closely pursued by the victors. Sir Ralph Evers, Sir Brian Laton, and several gentlemen of distinction, were slain, and five hundred sol-

diers fell in the pursuit. Above one thousand prisoners were taken, among whom were eighty persons of rank. It is stated that one of the prisoners was an alderman of London named Read. This gentleman had obstinately refused to advance his share of a sum demanded by Henry VIII. in the preceding month of January from the citizens of London in the way of benevolence, and he was sent as a punishment to serve in the war against the Scots; but he eventually found that he was obliged to pay more money for his ransom than his share of Henry's demand would have cost him.

The Scots, greatly exasperated against the English, are said to have treated their enemies with great barbarity on this occasion. It is asserted that they lost only *two men*, and that those two were killed by their own weapons. If this is the fact, the tradition of the fair Lilliard rushing into the battle when she saw her lover fall, and contributing to the defeat of the English by her bravery, must be rejected as a fable. But the Scots lost a considerable number of men, though not nearly in proportion to the English, and from the tradition of Lilliard's exploits it is evident that in some parts of the field the battle was hotly contested. The Regent Arran complimented the Earl of Angus for his distinguished conduct in this battle, and also the Earl's brother, Sir George Douglas, declaring in presence of the army that their actions had entirely removed all suspicions of their favouring the English interest. The bold Baron of Buccleuch, Normarr Leslie, and other gentlemen, were specially noticed. The Scots returned to Jedburgh, and there refreshed themselves with the provisions collected by the English, who, confident of victory, had resolved to return to that town.

It is related that the Earl of Angus, when about to plunge into the thickest of the battle, exclaimed—"O that I had my white gosshawk here! We should all yoke at

once." This was occasioned by the Earl seeing a heron flying over the army. Henry VIII. bitterly inveighed against Angus, whom he accused of ingratitude for some previous favours, and vowed to be revenged. When this was intimated to the Earl, he indignantly exclaimed, alluding to his relationship to the King, having married the Princess Margaret of England—"What! Is our brother-in-law offended because I am a good Scotsman, and have avenged the defacing of the tombs of my ancestors at Melrose upon Ralph Evers? They were better men than he is, and I ought to have done no less. Will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry that I know where to keep myself secure from all his English host!"

Such was the battle of Ancrum Muir, otherwise Lilliard's Edge, in which the fair heroine Lilliard is reported to have "done the deed which gilds her humble name." Some English historians designate it the battle of Panier-haugh, or of Broomhouse. It is related that Sir Ralph Evers had burnt the tower of Broomhouse in the neighbourhood, with its lady, her children, and the whole family, and that after the rout of the English, the cry of the Borderers, who with their red crosses had waited the event, was to revenge this act of cruelty. This probably accounts for the defection of the seven hundred Borderers in the service of the English already noticed. Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laton were interred in Melrose Abbey—a fact which shows that the Earl of Angus cherished no resentment against the dead. We are informed by an eccentric authority that in 1812 or 1813, when he happened to be in Melrose, some workmen were clearing out the floor of the old abbey, and he saw a stone coffin inscribed *DNS IVERS*—the contraction for *Dominus*. It was an entire stone, fitted to the head, neck, and body. The skeleton was entire, but soon mouldered into dust. The coffin of Sir Brian Laton was only flag-stones. Sir Ralph Evers was a Border baron, and



his character is thus intimated in a verse of an ancient minstrel ballad—

“ And now he has in keeping the town of Berwick,  
The town was ne’er so well keepit I wot ;  
He maintained law and order along the Border,  
And ever was ready to prick the Scot.”

In a document, entitled “ Exploits done upon the Scots from the beginning of July,” in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of Henry VIII. (1544), there is an appalling catalogue of the devastation committed on the Scottish frontiers in 1544 by Sir Ralph Evers, Sir Brian Laton, Lord Wharton, and their colleagues, to whom Henry had committed the task of avenging his disappointment at the breach of the match between his son Edward and the infant Queen of Scotland. The English were evidently masters of all the Border counties, and Henry is said to have bestowed the districts of Merse and Teviotdale upon Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laton. Some of the inroads of those marauding barons will form no inappropriate conclusion to the present narrative, more especially as the Scots, though weakened by domestic quarrels and dissensions, were enabled to revenge the depredations by the defeat of Ancrum Muir. On the 17th of July 1544 Sir Ralph Evers writes—“ John Carr’s son, with his garrison, took a town in the Merse called Greenlaw, and slew one of the Redpaths, brought away sixty-eight kine and oxen, eighty sheep, nine horses and nags, one Scot slain. Sir George Bowes, Sir Brian Laton, Henry Evre, and others, burnt Dunse, a market town, and brought away diverse prisoners, much *insight geir*, sixteen nags; five or six Scots slain.” But this was trifling when compared with some of the other predatory excursions. The people of Bedrule in Roxburghshire were plundered of three hundred cattle, six hundred sheep, and much *insight*, besides having their residences burnt to the ground.

Lord Ogle, Sir John Witherington, and other gentlemen of Northumberland, at the head of 2300 men, burnt several towns, and then forayed to Mackerston and Rutherford. In these expeditions they plundered the people of 320 head of cattle, 200 sheep, and sixty horses, taking twelve troopers and twenty footmen prisoners, and slaying several persons. In short, the whole country was ravaged by those plundering barons appointed by Henry VIII., to revenge himself upon the Scots ; and their deeds of rapine, slaughter, and robbery, are mentioned in their letters with the utmost indifference. It appears that the Scottish Borderers in those times were unable to resist the temptation of English gold, and not a few of them are mentioned as assisting in the forays, and as particularly active in securing plunder. To this they were probably the more readily induced by their own hereditary animosities and private quarrels, and nothing can be more deplorable than the picture of the state of the Border counties at this period, until the English were completely defeated at Ancrum Muir. Almost every town, village, and farm-steading, was ravaged, plundered, or burnt ; the whole country was scoured by lawless and savage troopers, and every thing valuable on which they could lay their hands was carried away. The sum total of the loss sustained by the inhabitants of the Border counties in the devastation committed by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Laton is thus enumerated : — Towns, towers, parish churches, farm-steading, 192 ; Scots killed in the forays, 403 ; prisoners, 816 ; head of cattle, 10,386 ; sheep, 12,492 ; horses, 1296 ; bolls of corn, 850 ; insight geir, &c., to an amount apparently unknown. The English made the Borderers in their pay the chief actors in all these expeditions. It is stated by a competent authority, that “ the inhabitants of Liddesdale, also comprehending the martial clans of Armstrong, Elliot, and others, were apt on an emergency to assume the red cross, and for the time become English

subjects. They had indeed this to plead for their conduct, that the sovereigns of Scotland had repeatedly abandoned them to the vengeance of English retaliation, on account of hostilities against that country which they were unable to punish. These clans, with the Rutherfords, Crossers, Turnbulls, and others, were the principal instruments of the devastation committed in Scotland in 1544-5. They expiated this fault, however, by a piece of treachery towards their English allies, when, seeing the day turn against them at Ancrum Muir, these assured Borderers, to the number of 700 men, suddenly flung away their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made great and pitiless slaughter among the flying invaders."

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### SIR GIDEON MURRAY'S OFFER.\*

REIGN OF KING JAMES VI.

UPWARDS of twelve miles below the county town of Peebles, on the north bank of the Tweed, are the ruins of Elibank Tower, amid scenery wild and pastoral, surrounded by steep green hills. It appears to have been originally a double tower, with subordinate buildings, ornamented by a terraced garden on the south and west sides. This tower was either built, or repaired and enlarged, by Sir Gideon Murray, third son of Andrew Murray of Blackbarony, the representative of a family of great antiquity in the county of Peebles. Sir Gideon is said to have studied theology in his youth, but having either accidentally or intentionally killed a man named Aitchison, he was impri-

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\* Sir Walter Scott's *Border Antiquities*; Sir John Scott's (of Scotstarvet) *Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*; Spottiswoode's *History of the Church and State of Scotland*.

soned in the Castle of Edinburgh. From this fortress he was, however, released by the influence of the lady of Captain James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Arran, who procured for him a remission or pardon.

Sir Gideon relinquished the clerical profession, and became chamberlain to his relative Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. He was first territorially designed of Glenpole, but in 1594-5 he procured a charter of the lands of Elibank, and after his liberation from the Castle of Edinburgh he retired to the tower of that name, where, with others of the surname of Murray, he engaged in a feud with a branch of the great Border clan of Scott. A curious traditionary story connected with this feud is related by Sir Walter Scott, one of his descendants, who informs us that it is "established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the Borders."

"The Scotts and Murrays were ancient enemies, and as the possessions of the former adjoined to those of the latter, or lay contiguous to them on many points, they were at no loss for opportunities of exercising their enmity *according to the custom of the Marches*. In the seventeenth century the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettrick belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a Border house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William,) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays of Elibank, whose property lay a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gideon, conducted his prisoner to the Castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner. 'The gallows,' answered Sir Gideon, for he is said already to have

acquired the honour of knighthood, 'to the gallows with the invader!' 'Hoot, no,' answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom: 'Would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when you have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?' 'Right!' answered the Baron, who caught at the idea, 'he shall either marry our daughter, Mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it.' Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he upon the first view of the case stoutly preferred the gibbet to *Mickle-mouthed Meg*, for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. It may be necessary to add that Mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.—Sir Gideon appears completely to have reconciled his feud with the clan of Scott by this union."

The sons of Scott of Harden and the lady he was compelled to marry under the singular circumstances above mentioned, were, 1. Sir William Scott of Harden, who carried on the line of the family. 2. Sir Gideon Scott of High Chester, whose son was created Earl of Tarras at his marriage to Agnes Countess of Buccleuch, of which marriage there was no issue. 3. Walter Scott of Reaburn, a family of whom the author of *Waverley* was descended. 4. John Scott, of whom are descended the Scotts of Wooll. Sir Gideon Murray undertook the management of the Baron of Buccleuch's extensive estates, when about 1596 the latter found it necessary to go abroad for some time to avoid the displeasure of James VI., which he had incurred on account of his family connection with Francis Stuart,



Earl of Bothwell. He assisted the Laird of Johnstone, and carried the standard of the clan Scott, in the celebrated conflict between the Maxwells and Johnstones called the battle of Dryfe Sands. Sir Gideon was appointed Treasurer Depute by the interest of the unfortunate Earl of Somerset his kinsman, who was nominated Treasurer, Comptroller, and Collector in Scotland by King James after his accession to the crown of England. "Under this subordinate title," says Sir Walter Scott, "he exercised all the real duties of the office with such punctuality and accuracy, that he not only retrieved the credit of the Exchequer, but was able to supply the expense of repairing the various palaces and castles of Holyrood, Edinburgh Castle, Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline, Falkland, and Dumbarton. He also defrayed all the expenses attending the visit of the King to his native country in 1617, and obtained a high degree of favour with James by doing so. Of this Sir John Scott of Scotstarvet has preserved a remarkable instance—that when Sir Gideon Murray 'went thereafter to the Court of England, there being none in the bedchamber but the King, the said Sir Gideon, and myself, Sir Gideon by chance letting his chevron fall to the ground, the King, although being both stiff and old, stooped down and gave him his glove, saying, 'My predecessor Queen Elizabeth thought she did a favour to any man who was speaking with her when she let her glove fall, that he might take it up and give it her again; but, Sir, you may say a King lifted up your glove.'"

Nevertheless the royal condescension did not prevent Sir Gideon Murray from getting into disgrace, on a charge of "abusing his office to the prejudice of the King. The informer," says Archbishop Spottiswoode, "was James Stewart, styled the Lord Ochiltree, who out of malice carried to the gentleman for the strictness which he had used in calling him to an account for the duties of Orkney

made offer to justify the accusation." Sir Gideon felt this calumny so severely that it caused his death, and he was interred in the Chapel-Royal of Holyroodhouse. His eldest son, Sir Patrick Murray, was created Lord Elibank in 1642.

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### BATTLE OF ATHELSTANEFORD.\*

A.D. 800.

THE parish of Athelstaneford, in the county of Haddington, distinguished as the scene of the ministerial labours of Robert Blair, author of "The Grave," and John Home, author of the Tragedy of "Douglas," received its name, according to Buchanan, from a battle fought in it during the reign of Achaius, King of Scotland. Athelstane, whom the historian supposes was a Danish chief to whom Northumberland was ceded by Alfred the Great, but who was in reality a Saxon leader, entered Scotland, and ravaged the territories of Hungus, King of the Picts—the Pictish monarchy being then in existence. Hungus applied to Achaius for assistance to repel the Saxon invader, and as that King was already incensed against the English, he readily furnished his Pictish contemporary with 10,000 men, under the command of his son Alpin, who was also the nephew of Hungus. The Scots entered Northumberland, which they ravaged, and carried off considerable plunder. Athelstane followed them on their return, and overtook the Scots near the town of Haddington.

Both parties prepared for battle at a rivulet in the immediate neighbourhood of the village of Athelstaneford

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\* Buchanan's History; Statistical Account of Scotland.

called *Lug Down Burn*, supposed to be a corruption of *Rug Down*, which separates the parish from that of Haddington. It is not agreed whether Achaius was also present, and it is of no importance to inquire, as the whole story is obscured by uncertain tradition. The affair, however, was in after times deemed of sufficient importance by the monks to engraft upon it, or connect it with, a miraculous appearance, which has not even the claims to originality, as it is evidently borrowed from the celebrated story connected with the conversion of Constantine the Great. Hungus, who was much inferior in every respect to Athelstane, after disposing his watches for the night, very piously considered that without Divine assistance all human efforts would be of little avail, and devoted himself to prayer. Exhausted by bodily and mental fatigue he fell into a slumber, and there appeared to him in a vision St Andrew the Apostle, who exhorted him to courage and promised him a glorious victory. Hungus, like a prudent leader, lost no time in communicating this vision to his soldiers, which inspired them with hope, and induced them to prepare with alacrity for the contest.

The following day was spent in skirmishing, and on the third day after this pretended vision both armies came to an engagement. The action had scarcely commenced when there appeared in the sky an irradiated St Andrew's cross. This very convenient miracle so terrified the Saxons that they were defeated by the first attack of the Picts, and Athelstane was pulled from his horse and slain at the ford of the rivulet called *Lug Down Burn*, a circumstance which gave his name to the parish. The village over which this miraculous intimation was given is still called *Martle*, supposed to be a contraction of *miracle*. The Saxons were completely defeated, and were compelled to retire with great loss.

It is farther pretended that the appearance of this cross

induced Achaius to institute an order of knighthood in honour of St Andrew, who was now viewed as the tutelary saint of Scotland, and that this was the origin of the Order of Knighthood called the *Thistle*. There are other accounts of the origin of this Order, which are probably as authentic as the traditionary one now related. The legend of the vision of St Andrew is contained in a "History of the Blessed Regulus, and the Foundation of the Church of St Andrew," in the Register of St Andrews, written about the year 1140. There can be little doubt that it served the purposes of its inventors, who made little distinction between the marvellous and the probable, and who appear to have acted on the principle, that when they proposed any thing to be believed by the people, it was as well to come out with a good bouncer at once, after the manner of the hero of modern times called Baron Munchausen.

It is proper to notice that several historians deny the existence of Athelstane, or at least they maintain that no king so called lived at that time, and he is not mentioned by Fordun or in the Saxon Chronicle. This, however, does not invalidate the tradition, as it is not necessary to prove that Athelstane was more than a Saxon chief or leader.

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### JOHN ARMSTRONG'S DOOM.\*

A.D. 1529.

A FEW miles from Langholm, in the county of Dumfries, there is a roofless tower at a place called the Hollows, on

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\* Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History; Sir Walter Scott's Border Antiquities; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Statistical Account of Scotland; Ridpath's Border History; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials.

the banks of the river Esk. This ruin is called Gilnockie Tower, and was the stronghold of one of the most notorious of the Border marauders, familiarly called *Johnnie Armstrong*, a personage celebrated both in history and tradition, who is supposed to have been a brother of the Laird of Mangerton, chief of the clan or sept of Armstrong. The terror of Johnnie Armstrong's name was spread as far as Newcastle, and at the head of a band of followers he levied *black-mail* or *protection* and *forbearance money* many miles around his tower. Whoever refused was certain of being completely plundered and harassed in the most daring manner. He contrived to keep the Borders for many years in a state of the most despotic subjection to his authority, which was considered of more importance than that of the sovereign.

It often happened, when the disturbances upon the Border reached a certain height, that the kings or governors of Scotland marched against these districts at the head of an overpowering force, seized the persons of the principal chiefs, whom they confined in various prisons in the centre of the kingdom, and executed the inferior leaders without mercy. This summary mode of justice was exemplified in 1529. King James V., resolved to "danton the thieves of the Border, and make the rush-bush keep the cow," undertook an expedition through the Border counties, to suppress the turbulent spirit of the moss-troopers and others, at the head of eight thousand men. The purport of the expedition was so secretly planned by the King and his advisers, that the chief leaders of the moss-troopers were not aware that they would be exposed to any danger from their sovereign, and many of them were seized with the utmost ease. The Earl of Bothwell, Lords Home and Maxwell, the Lairds of Buccleuch, Fernihirst, Johnstone, Polwarth, Dolpamington, and others, were apprehended, and committed to ward in distant prisons in the centre of the kingdom; but others were executed without mercy, among



whom were Piers Cockburn of Henderland, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, popularly called *King of the Borders*, and Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie Tower.

The evil genius of the last named marauder prompted him to appear before James at the head of thirty-six horsemen, arrayed in all the pomp of Border chivalry. The Laird of Gilnockie was induced to make this display by the crafty advice, it is said, of some courtiers, who knew that it would exasperate the King. As soon as the Border chief appeared before James, the latter, whose indignation against him was increased by the parade of his attendants, fiercely ordered the *tyrant*, as he designated Armstrong, to be removed out of his sight, exclaiming, "What wants that knave which a king should have?" The unfortunate Laird of Gilnockie saw at once the snare into which he had fallen, and he attempted to avert his fate by liberal professions. He offered to the King that he would sustain himself, with forty *gentlemen*, ever ready at his royal service, and at their own charges, without injuring any Scottish man; and he farther declared that he would produce any subject in England, of whatever rank, duke, earl, or baron, within a certain day, either living or dead, to his Majesty. But James was inexorable, and the bold marauder seeing no hope of favour, haughtily exclaimed, "It is folly to seek grace at a graceless face, but if I had known this I would have lived upon the Borders in despite both of you and King Harry, for I know King Harry would down-weigh my best horse with gold to know that I am condemned to die this day."

Johnnie Armstrong and all his followers were hanged at Carlinrig Chapel, two miles to the north of Moss-paul, on the road between Hawick and Langholm, about ten miles from the former town, and they were buried in the now deserted cemetery, where tradition still points out their graves. It is said by Buchanan that James executed Armstrong

and his retinue in direct violation of his solemn promise of safety. Johnnie had some virtues, notwithstanding his marauding life. We are told that he never molested any of his own countrymen, and it appears from his own statement that he committed his depredations chiefly on the English; yet the Armstrongs are accused of having destroyed in the course of a few years not less than fifty-two parish churches in Scotland, and they openly boasted that he would be subject neither to James nor Henry, but would continue these excesses.

A mansion in Hawick called the Black Tower, in former times the occasional residence of the Buccleuch family, especially of the celebrated Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, and now the principal inn, was of late years possessed by a lineal descendant of the Laird of Gilnockie. Instead of following his ancestor's marauding example, and exposing himself to a similar fate, this individual levied contributions upon the public in the more humble character of landlord of the well known and comfortable Tower Inn.

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## THE DEATH OF ALPIN.\*

A.D. 836.

A PRINCE named Alpin, the father of Kenneth King of Scotland, reigned contemporary with his cousin Drest, King of the Picts. Taking advantage of the commotions and strife characteristic of a savage age, and perceiving the weakness of his neighbours beyond the Clyde, he resolved to reign over richer people and more extensive domains. In A.D. 836 he sailed from Kintyre, and landed in the

bay of Ayr with a powerful force. He laid waste the country between the rivers Ayr and Doon before the chiefs could collect their people and meet him in conflict, and following the course of these rivers he penetrated to the ridge which separates Kyle from Galloway, carrying destruction with him in his progress.

But Alpin soon received a check in his desolating career. The chiefs had collected their followers, and met the invader in the parish of Dalmellington, where during a sharp struggle he was killed by the weapon of an enraged chief, near the site of Laicht Castle, which derived its name from the stone of Alpin—a grave-stone known and recognised nearly four centuries after this last of the Scoto-Irish kings had finished his career, and left his claims to a more fortunate successor. The word *lacht* signifies a *grave* or *stone*, and there are still the remains of an old castle in the parish of Dalmellington, at a place called *Laicht*, demolished by the proprietor in 1771 to inclose some ground. There are also two farms in the parish called Over and Nether Laicht, and several cairns intimate the scene of strife. The foundation charter of the town of Ayr, granted by William the Lion in 1197, when describing the limits of its exclusive trade, names *Laicht Alpin*, the stone or grave of Alpin, as one of its distinguishing boundaries.

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## THE EXPLOITS OF WIMUND.\*

A.D. 1141.

THE adventures of Wimund, “a flagitious impostor,” as Lord Hailes designates him, “who disturbed the tranquil-

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\* Sir David Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland*; Chalmers' *Caledonia*.

lity of a nation happy and contented under the government of a virtuous prince," are little known to many readers of Scottish history. This Wimund was an Englishman of obscure birth, who in his youth had attained some proficiency in penmanship by transcribing old writings in monasteries. He afterwards became a monk in the Abbey of Furness, situated on the borders of Lancashire, where he applied himself to his studies with great diligence. Possessed of a lively genius, capable of expressing himself in eloquent language, and having a tenacious memory, Wimund soon became distinguished among his brethren of the Abbey. He was considered the most able member of the community, and held in respect for his great acquirements in that rude and uncivilized age.

In 1134, Olave, King of the island of Man, gave certain lands to Ivo or Evan, Abbot of Furness, for endowing an Abbey at a place in the island called Russin, and Wimund was sent with some of his Cistercian brethren to Man, probably to take possession of this new foundation. His persuasive eloquence, his commanding appearance, and it is said his *portly figure*, so charmed the semi-barbarous Manx, that they requested him to be consecrated their bishop. But Wimund had other projects in view than the episcopal dignity. He pretended that he was the son of Angus Earl of Moray, who had been killed with a great number of his followers at Strickathrow in 1133. This Earl of Moray claimed a title to the throne as the heir of Lulach, King of Scotland, the successor of the celebrated Macbeth, and the descendant of a long line of princes, who as Maormors of Moray ruled that district with an independent sway, and were often opposed in civil conflict to the Scottish kings. The Earl had disputed the right of David I. to the crown, nor were his claims ill founded, as he was lineally descended from Kenneth IV. the son of Duff, the *eldest* son of Malcolm I.; while David was descended from

Kenneth III., the *youngest* son of Malcolm I. It was in a contest with David I. in support of his claims that he was killed at Strickathrow, and the King was freed from a troublesome rival, who could at all times annoy him by his pretensions.

As Wimund was a stranger in the island of Man, the inhabitants of which had little intercourse with Scotland, there was no one who could refute the impostor. He declared his resolution to avenge his alleged father's death, and to vindicate his own claims and right to the estates of his ancestors, delineating in eloquent and persuasive language the glory and advantages which would result from the enterprise. Many bold men of desperate fortune espoused his cause, and having collected some vessels he began to make piratical excursions into the neighbouring islands. He even obtained in marriage a daughter of Somerled, Thane of Argyle, and assumed the name of Malcolm, or, as he is designated by Buchanan, Malcolm Macbeth. It is doubtful whether Somerled really believed him to be the son of the Maormor of Moray, or permitted this marriage merely from policy to favour an enterprise against Scotland. In 1152 this powerful Hebridean Thane invaded the kingdom to vindicate the pretended rights of the children of Wimund, and eleven years afterwards he was slain with his son near Renfrew in another hostile expedition. From these invasions it rather appears that Somerled believed Wimund to be the son of the Maormor of Moray, though he might have undertaken these expeditions also to satisfy his desire of adventure.

Wimund, under the assumed name of Malcolm, next invaded Scotland, probably the county of Ross, killing many of the inhabitants, and pillaging the district. David sent forces to repress these outrages, but Wimund constantly eluded the royal troops, sometimes concealing himself and his followers amid forests, and at other times retreating to his ships.



As soon as the Scottish army was withdrawn he came from his coverts, and renewed his depredations.

The successes of this adventurer began to render him formidable to the Scottish government. He attempted to levy contributions in the diocese either of Ross, Caithness, or Moray, but this was resisted by the bishop, who declared, in allusion to Wimund's ecclesiastical function—"I never will establish a precedent for one bishop paying tribute to another." This bishop assembled his retainers, and though his force was very unequal he marched out to oppose Wimund. The intrepid prelate soon came in sight of the impostor and his forces, and to animate his followers he began the onset by throwing a small hatchet. Wimund, who was advancing at the head of his band, received the blow, and was struck to the ground. Encouraged by this prosperous omen the Scots attacked and routed the enemy with great slaughter.

Wimund effected his escape with difficulty, but his defeat neither repressed his energies nor disheartened his followers. He collected more forces, and continued the predatory war. It is remarkable that David was at length compelled to enter into terms with this bold adventurer, and actually bestowed a certain territory on him, and he was advanced to be superior of the Abbey of Furness, in which he had passed his earlier days. The precise right of the Scottish King to the territory of Furness is not apparent, but it is conjectured that he held it with Westmoreland, to which it is more intimately joined by its situation than to Lancashire.

At length the insolence of Wimund excited a conspiracy against him, and a chosen party surprised him, put out his eyes, and made him an eunuch. He was delivered to David, who imprisoned him in the castle of Roxburgh. After a tedious captivity he was pardoned, and set at liberty, and he retired to the Abbey of Byland in Yorkshire,

where he spent the remainder of his days. But his spirit was neither depressed nor humbled by his calamities. It is said that he delighted to relate his adventures to the monks of Byland, and an ancient English historian observes that "he was wont to boast merrily that he was never overcome in battle except by the stroke of a silly bishop." He is also reported to have said, "If they had left me only the smallest glimmering of sight, my enemies should have had no cause to boast of what they did."

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### BATTLE OF LIFF.\*

A.D. 730.

IN the east part of the parish of Liff. in the immediate neighbourhood of Dundee, there is a place called *Pitalpie*, or the *Pit of Alpin*, from its being the scene of a memorable engagement between the Picts and Scots, in which the latter were routed, and Alpin their king slain. On the top of a hill east of Pitalpie there is still to be seen a large stone called the *King's Cross*, in the centre of which is a hole about a foot deep, and as the Scots were encamped at no great distance from the Tay, their King probably fixed his standard in this stone. In the neighbourhood there is another eminence on which were discovered eight or ten graves constructed of flag-stones, and the head of each grave was due west.

There is considerable obscurity respecting the precise period when this battle was fought and the principal leader. The date above assigned is that of the learned author of *Caledonia*, who maintains that the Alpin here mentioned

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\* Chalmers' *Caledonia* ; Buchan's *History*.

is a different person from Alpin the father of Kenneth II. The subject is so obscure that it is almost hopeless to attempt its elucidation, and it is not of sufficient interest to waste time in the inquiry. The fact of a battle having been fought near Dundee between the Scots under Alpin, and the Picts, under a leader who is designated Brudus, in the place of their King, who was slain by a rustic, is unquestionable. The Picts, who had been repeatedly defeated, now resolved to make one grand struggle against the Scots, and having pressed into the service every man among themselves capable of bearing arms, they marched against their enemies, who were encamped not far from Dundee. No sooner had the hostile forces come in sight of each other than the battle commenced, and was characterized by all that ferocity excited by mutual hatred. The struggle continued long doubtful, but at length victory declared for the Picts. Their general ordered a chosen body of cavalry to rise from an ambush, who, in order that they might appear more numerous, placed the camp attendants upon the baggage horses in array on the neighbouring hills, and there moved as if they intended to wheel round to attack the Scots in the rear. The Scots no sooner perceived this unexpected intimation than they fled in all directions, and no exertions of Alpin could restore them to order. The greater part escaped in safety, taking shelter in the woods, but, though few fell in the battle, there was a considerable carnage in the pursuit.

Alpin and several of the leaders of the Scots were taken prisoners. The indignant Picts put the leaders to death on the field of battle, and probably deposited them in the graves already mentioned as having been discovered, in which were found human bones, which crumbled to dust when touched. Alpin was ignominiously bound, and, all ransom being refused for his life, he was beheaded on the spot now called Pitalpie, formerly *Basalpin*, which signifies the

*death of Alpin.* His body was interred here, but his head was fixed upon a pole, and carried to Abernethy, the capital of the Pictish kingdom, where it was most conspicuously placed in triumph.

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## CONFLICT AT LOCH LOCHY.\*

A.D. 1544.

IN the year 1544 several of the Highland clans, taking advantage of the distracted state of the kingdom, committed great excesses. The Earl of Huntly was sent into the Highlands at the head of a considerable force to restrain their disorders, and to punish the aggressors. There was an ancient feud between the Frasers and the Clan Ranalds, which had often caused much bloodshed on former occasions. Huntly is accused by Buchanan of fomenting the feud, because "of all the adjacent tribes the Frasers alone refused to acknowledge his authority," but Sir Robert Gordon has exculpated his memory from this odious charge. It appears that by the Earl's exertions he restored to Hugh, fifth Lord Lovat, who at Queen Mary's accession to the crown in 1531 had been appointed her Justiciar in the North, and also to the chief of the Grants, sundry lands of which they had been deprived by the Camerons and the Macdonalds of Glencoe, but the inaccessible fastnesses to which those marauders retreated prevented Huntly from chastising them, and he was compelled to return.

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\* Anderson's Historical Account of the Family of Fraser; Sir Robert Gordon's History of the Family of Sutherland; Buchanan's History.

Lord Lovat, on the 15th of July 1544, resolved to take possession of the property recovered for him by Huntly, and mustering all his clan, he proceeded at their head to the locality. His Lordship encountered no molestation in his progress, but on his return he was waylaid by a mixed party of the MacDonalds and other clansmen. After loud execrations, yells, and gesticulations against each other, in the peculiar manner of the Highland clans when bidding mortal defiance, a desperate conflict ensued. The Frasers stripped themselves to their shirts, which procured for the fight the designation of *Blaranlein*. After each party had exhausted all their arrows they drew their swords, and commenced a mortal combat in the wild and desolate region of Loch Lochy. The battle lasted twelve hours, the victory inclining to neither party at night-fall. On the following morning the carnage too faithfully distinguished the vanquished in this savage conflict. The loss sustained by the Frasers was such as to cause almost a total extinction of the name. Lord Lovat, the Master of Lovat his eldest son, and eighty gentlemen and retainers, lay dead on the field of strife. Four only escaped, and Fraser of Foyers, the only gentleman who survived, owed his recovery to the care and attention of his foster brother. Seven of the Clan Ranald were all who left the field alive, and every one was wounded.

The dead bodies of Lord Lovat and the Master were carried from the field on the following day by his vassals, who resorted in crowds to the spot, and were interred at Beauly. The Latin inscription over his Lordship's tomb was visible till the year 1746. It is asserted that the defeat of the Frasers was caused by the cowardice of a party of Lord Lovat's retainers who basely fled, but for this statement there is no clear proof. There is also a tradition which affords a striking illustration of the attachment of the Highland clans to their chief. Lord Lovat, it is



said, having stooped to lift some water in the hollow of his hand to quench his thirst, a cry was raised by his followers that he was killed. They immediately surrounded his body, and each man fell where he stood. The Master of Lovat is also traditionally said to have lost his life by the taunts of his stepmother, a daughter of Walter Ross of Balnagowan. He did not at first accompany his father in the expedition, but Lady Lovat's insinuations of cowardice prompted him to follow, and he unhappily joined his friends in time to share their fate. Whatever were Lady Lovat's motives, the death of the Master, who was Lord Lovat's only son by his first marriage, opened the succession to the title and estate to her own eldest son Alexander, who succeeded his father as sixth Lord.

Buchanan observes, in reference to the result of the conflict—"The Frasers were all cut off to a man, and thus would have perished one of the most numerous and deserving of the Scottish clans, but, by Divine Providence, as we may believe, eighty of the principal men of the clan had left their wives pregnant, who in due time brought forth males, all of whom arrived safely at man's estate." Sir Robert Gordon seems to imply the pregnancy of *three hundred*. Such are the foolish speculations of a love for the marvellous, as connected with the restoration of the Clan Fraser. The gallant clan, which has produced many distinguished individuals, was not destined to be extinguished by the broadswords of the Clan Ranald and their allies.

## SIEGE OF HADDINGTON.\*

A.D. 1548.

THE defeat of the Scots at the fatal battle of Pinkie precipitated them into new engagements with France, which were zealously promoted by Mary of Guise, the Queen Dowager, who, after the murder of Cardinal Beaton, took a considerable share in the direction of public affairs. The English, however, were still powerful in Scotland, and a body of troops, by command of the Duke of Somerset, seized and fortified Haddington on the banks of the Tyne. Situated at a considerable distance from the sea, this town could not be defended without great expense and danger. Its supplies of provisions could easily be cut off, for the range of hills which intervene made it a difficult matter to supply the town with necessaries from the English Borders.

The spirit of the Scottish nobility was broken at Pinkie. They felt themselves weak, and at the mercy of the English victors; but by courting a closer alliance with France they relinquished their former principles, and disregarded their true interest. In an assembly which met at Stirling, as no prospect of assistance appeared except from France, they resolved to offer the young Queen Mary in marriage to the Dauphin, son of Henry II., and they even proposed to send her immediately to that country to be educated at the court of the French King. Henry II. was then at peace with England, but to gain such an acquisition to his power,

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\* History of the Campaigns of 1548 and 1549, translated from the French Account by an Eye-Witness; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Buchanan's History of Scotland; History of Haddington Parish, in the First Volume of the Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland.

as an alliance with the Scots by the marriage of their young queen to his son, was to him of the utmost importance. He accepted the offers of the Scottish ambassadors without hesitation, agreed to their requests, and resolved to defend with vigour his new acquisition. Six thousand French soldiers, commanded by Monsieur D'Essé, assisted by some experienced officers, landed at Leith in May 1548, to assist the Scots in opposing the English, who had garrisoned various places throughout the kingdom. Of those troops 1000 were cavalry and men-at-arms, 2000 were French infantry, and 3000 were foreign infantry in the service of France.

Those troops who, as a writer quaintly observes, "did little good in Scotland, but spent the King of France's money," proceeded to Edinburgh, where they remained some weeks. Shortly after their arrival the Regent Arran received intelligence that an English army consisting of 40,000 men had resolved to advance into Scotland as far as Pinkie, within six miles of the metropolis. There was truth in the report, but the numbers of the English were grossly exaggerated. A considerable body of English troops encamped at a place called Fawside, in the neighbourhood of Pinkie, and the Regent with the French auxiliaries advanced to meet them. The English commander offered battle, but the Scots having become wiser from experience, and recollecting their recent defeat at that place, chose a situation where their opponents could not attack them with safety. The English commander did not deem it prudent under such circumstances to hazard an attack, and retired in good order toward Haddington. The French would not follow them, pretending that it was not their custom to pursue any except those who fled in battle.

It was now resolved to prosecute with vigour the siege of Haddington, and the town was invested by the Scots and French. The fortress erected by the English at Had-

dington is described by a contemporary as quadrangular, situated in the midst of a low plain, and commanded by no heights or eminences. It was "surrounded by a large flat bottomed ditch," says this eye-witness, "a strong curtain of turf, a spacious rampart, and good and safe breast-works. Four strong bastions were conveniently placed at the four corners of the walls, and behind these, towards the most champagne country, the English had raised several works of earth by way of platforms and ravelins, where they planted a great many guns of a middle size to annoy us as we sat before the place." This writer, who was in the French army, concludes a long account of the fortifications by expressing his opinion of the strength of the place. "In fine," he says, "the fort is so very convenient and spacious, that the garrison in case of necessity may retreat into it and draw up in order of battle, nay, and raise new fortifications for a farther defence."

Before Haddington was regularly invested several brisk sallies had taken place, which were attended with considerable loss, chiefly on the side of the English. A French officer named Villeneuve fell in one of those encounters. The auxiliaries were reinforced by some thousands of Scots, who repaired to the French camp in obedience to the Queen Dowager's commands. During the siege a Parliament was convened on the 7th of July 1548 in the Abbey of Haddington, now entirely demolished, which was situated about a mile east of the town, where there is still a little village called the *Abbey*. This Parliament ratified the young Queen's marriage to the Dauphin, and consented to her education at the court of France. It is stated that there was a violent dispute on those important arrangements, some contending that nothing but a perpetual war with England and slavery to France could be expected by the removal of the Queen, while others argued that the

should accept the proffered friendship of England, which would ensure them a long peace on the most favourable terms; but the majority carried the point, influenced by selfish motives, and not a little influenced by the Regent Arran, who had a liberal pension from France allowed him, and the command of a hundred cuirassiers.

The Scottish reinforcements consisted chiefly of Border moss-troopers and Highlanders, whose appearance astonished the French, and who, says the writer already cited, "were very good company to us for the space of eighteen or twenty days." The former wore coats of mail, and each had a large bow in his hand, their quivers, swords, and shields hanging as it were in a sling. The Highlanders were "almost naked; they have painted waistcoats and a sort of woollen covering variously coloured," alluding to their varied tartan clothing, "and are armed as the rest with large bows, broadswords, and targets." These auxiliaries soon commenced skirmishing with the English, apparently without waiting for orders. They had scarcely arrived when about 600 of the Highlanders marched deliberately to the very gates of Haddington in defiance. The advanced guards of the English were beaten off, and they designed to attack upwards of 500 of the besieged, who were posted between the port and the barriers; but the discharge of artillery from the fortifications, with the nature of which they were little acquainted, soon quelled their courage. The Highlanders held their ears at the sound, and threw themselves on their bellies at each shot. They were all thrown into disorder, and the English were preparing to take advantage of it, when Monsieur Linieres met them with a chosen party, and put a stop to their pursuit. A party of his musketeers fired upon their flank, while another French officer, at the head of fifty gentlemen, pushed the English back to their barriers. Here a French gentleman



advanced unattended, and singling out an English soldier who had wounded him a few days before, struck him dead with a halbert at one blow.

D'Essé, with Strozzi, D'Andelot, and upwards of twenty of his officers, began now to reconnoitre the vulnerable parts of the fortifications, in order to discover the places which could be advantageously battered, for the English made such a gallant defence that it was inevitable the siege must be turned into a blockade. They were exposed to a severe fire from some soldiers who were lying on their bellies incessantly loading and discharging their pieces, but a French party succeeded in dislodging those dangerous marksmen. D'Essé had leisure to view the works more narrowly, and while so doing he was amused with the exploit of one of the Earl of Argyle's Highlanders. He had probably never before seen a cannon, and having observed the conduct of the French, seeing them go fearlessly forward to the very mouth of the enemy's cannon, he walked straight to a party of English who were engaged with a few French, and seizing one of them, the Highlander flung him over his back, and in defiance of his violent struggles brought him in this plight to the French camp. It was there discovered that the enraged captive had bit poor Donald's shoulder in such a ferocious manner, that he had almost died of the wound. D'Essé rewarded the Highlander with the present of a coat of mail and seventy crowns, which he received with great gratitude.

Two days afterwards upwards of 800 Scottish pioneers, under the direction of a French officer named La Chapelle, began to cast up a trench on the left of the Abbey Port, and to construct such other works as were considered sufficient to protect the besiegers from the fire of the enemy. Some of the English sallied out to disturb the workmen, but they were beat back with the loss of seven men by *Monsieurs Strozzi and D'Andelot*. Some days afterwards

Monsieur Strozzi was dangerously wounded in one of those encounters which were of continual occurrence.

A deserter came over to the French camp from the town of Haddington, who positively assured D'Essé that the besieged had neither provisions nor ammunition to hold out for twelve days. This caused the French commander to push forward the work of the trenches, and they commenced a furious fire on the fortifications; but this did so little damage, that D'Essé called a council of war, to consider the practicability of attempting to carry the place by assault. This design, however, was abandoned, and D'Essé was mortified to find that every attack was unavailing. To prevent any succours reaching the town during the night, the French commander ordered an officer to be constantly stationed at one of the avenues which led to it from the camp, trusting that the Scots on the other side of the town would also exercise due vigilance. But a Scotchman, who was known by the singular soubriquet of *The man with the two heads*, contrived to deceive his countrymen. The expected succours reached the town, and the French were mortified to find in the morning that two hundred English, with their baggage and train, had succeeded in passing eight thousand Scots, at the distance of little more than two hundred paces.

Soon after this exploit, so ably managed by *The man with the two heads*, all the Scots, with the exception of about 600 dependants of the Earls of Arran and Huntly, thought proper to withdraw to their several homes. Their provisions and necessaries had become exhausted, and they were not a little annoyed at the length of the siege. The English now turned the tables against Monsieur D'Essé, and intimated to him that they intended to act on the defensive no longer, but compel him to raise the siege. The Frenchman received this notice with surprise and agitation, and, though he studiously contrived to conceal it from the sol-

diers, he communicated it to his officers, and to the Queen Dowager, who was then at Edinburgh. Lest his artillery, in case of a sally by the besieged, might be turned against his own troops, he sent off all the great guns to Edinburgh, keeping only six small field pieces in his camp. The English put their threat into execution. They made sallies upon the French from the town at all hours, sometimes on foot, and sometimes on horseback ; the besiegers were compelled, in turn, to act on the defensive, though they caused some loss to their assailants.

The Queen Dowager now resolved to use her influence in behalf of D'Essé's troops. She had been informed that numbers of the French were idly spending their time at Edinburgh, and that most of the Scots had retired home. Her first object was to send a suitable supply of provisions to the French camp at Haddington, with a condescending message that "she meant not to repay the services she expected from their bravery with so small a compliment, but that they might trust to her word that she would employ all the means Almighty God had left in her hands, nay, and the favour of her friends, rather than that the particular merit of each of them should not be fully acknowledged."

This attention on the part of the Queen Dowager, who was their own countrywoman, pleased the French, who may be said to have in a manner raised the siege. Meanwhile the Queen Dowager began to bestir herself in Edinburgh. Mounted on horseback, and accompanied by several of her ladies, she visited the houses of the citizens, with whom she remonstrated for their apathy. As she rode along the High Street, a crowd of persons gathered around her, and, aware of her popularity, she addressed them in an energetic speech in their own language. "Is it thus, my friends," she asked, "that you second the French? Is this the example you have given them? If my eyes had not

informed me of this your forgetfulness of honour and duty, I would never have been prevailed upon to believe it. I ever thought, and am still willing to entertain the same sentiments, that no nation under the sun can excel yours in gallantry. After all, it may be that you crowd thither from mere curiosity, and that you have no wish to fight for the honour of your country, and to support the French your allies against your enemies the English. Forbid the thought, gracious Heaven! Rather let me persuade myself that you want arms and horses, to fight with the greater advantage. Convinced, therefore, that it is beneath the heroism of Scotsmen to incur the reproach of indifference to their country, I inform you that within two days we shall have a battle at Haddington. I know you would never forgive yourselves, if, through your own negligence, you lost this opportunity of repaying the injuries you have received from this very enemy—injuries no less than the ransacking your goods, the laying waste your properties, the slaughtering of the parents who gave you existence, and of those friends the familiar intercourse with whom makes life desirable.”

Addressing the French soldiers who were loitering in Edinburgh, and who had been drawn to the spot where the Queen Dowager was addressing the citizens, this princess said—“ I am indeed surprised that you, who have betaken yourselves to the profession of arms, and have already made noble advances in the path of honour, should not be afraid of being deprived, by your own listlessness and inactivity, of that reputation which you and all brave men must hold as of the greatest value. With the design of driving us from before Haddington five or six thousand English are at hand, but care is already taken, by the help of God, to frustrate their attempts. I am confident that you seek honour solely for the sake of honour, esteeming it a full return and compensation for all the valour you can

display, and that you would be truly grieved if you did not participate in the glory which awaits your fellow-soldiers in the camp. The truth is, that these brave men are sufficiently numerous to assure themselves of victory without your assistance; but the English in such a case would only feel the weight of their arms, and the world would loudly condemn your conduct. I persuade myself that you will not willingly incur such a degradation."

These addresses of the widowed queen of James V. and mother of the young Queen Mary had a powerful effect. The citizens responded by loud acclamations, and protested their willingness to defend her to the uttermost; the French understood the dignified reproof she had given them, and resolved to proceed to the camp at Haddington. An hour after the Queen Dowager had retired from the High Street to her residence in the Castle, every Scottish and French soldier in Edinburgh was on his way to Haddington—"They crowded," says one eye-witness, "with winged haste, and fought with unusual resolution. I shall not dwell upon the successful prudence of her Majesty—a princess born with every virtue, whose merits alone ensure respect and command obedience."

But it is necessary to return to Haddington. D'Essé had resolved to wait for the attack of the English in his camp, and having stationed sufficient guards of Scottish and French soldiers in all the outposts to prevent a surprise, he ordered his troops to repose in their armour. About two hours before sun-rise the English made their sally, in expectation of finding the besiegers asleep, but they found the latter prepared for their reception. D'Essé addressed his soldiers in a long speech, and from the tenor of it, the French commander had evidently little confidence in his troops. Various skirmishes took place, and a number fell; but at last a regular action commenced, in which, according to the French statement, the English lost 800 men killed, and



upwards of 2000 were taken prisoners. It is pretended that only *fifteen* fell on the side of the Scots and French—an assertion utterly at variance with the truth, for some hundreds were killed, and the English, if they were really defeated, retired in such a manner, that D'Essé did not venture to follow them—this commander having *sagaciously* resolved that “serious and important affairs are not to be hurried on with precipitation!” It appears that the same prudential consideration was so agreeable to the other officers, that there are great doubts if the Scots and French really obtained any important advantage. The whole of those prudential gentlemen agreed in this—“That recent success, by prompting men to greater but uncertain achievements has often been an occasion of their losing the real advantages they had gained; and that errors of this kind have in all ages proved fatal to states—therefore Mr D'Essé, accustomed to a *discreet use of his success*, to a due consideration of his powers, and to bound his hopes within the limits of prudence, *gave orders to sound a retreat!*”

Whatever was the nature of the battle, the whole affair was represented to the Queen Dowager as a splendid victory, and the Princess thought herself gratefully bound to visit the camp in person. She accordingly repaired to Haddington, and addressed the soldiers in the following language:—“I ever esteemed you, but now I cannot fail to love every one of you for the signal service you have done me. Assure yourselves that nothing in my power shall be wanting to testify the value I place upon your services, and since the present affairs of this kingdom and my service depend upon you, it is only reasonable that I should see you rewarded. I have ordered some presents for you, as an earnest of my further liberality. I hope to be at no distant period in a situation to make you acknowledge that the rewards of victory are greater than the hazards of war.”

The Scots are accused of expressing their hatred to the English by pulling out the eyes of the mangled bodies of the slain, and evincing other outrageous symptoms of revenge and indignity. It was at length resolved to turn the Siege of Haddington into a blockade, and to starve the garrison into a surrender. The Abbey was made the headquarters of the French commander, and here D'Essé resolved to remain quietly until he obtained possession of the town. But the English, who appear to have held the French in the utmost contempt, continually molested him by sallies. On one occasion about two hundred of them attempted to surprise his mounted guard. Leaving Haddington during the night, they took a circuit by Aberlady, and at the same time their chief commander at the head of a party attempted to seize a quantity of barley. A combat ensued, which was attended with no important consequences to either party. Seeing the English in a sort of night dress, the officer who led the French party exclaimed to his soldiers—"Fall on, comrades, and fear not a few rogues in their shirts." A personal combat took place between the English commander and Monsieur D'Anelot, a description of which, says the French eye-witness, would "to some people seem a story much of a piece with those of our old romances." The English retired, and D'Anelot also drew off his men, apparently satisfied with whatever advantage he had gained.

D'Essé at last found it necessary to raise the siege. The Regent Arran had promised him the assistance of 6000 foot and as many horsemen as were required, but he was unable to fulfil his stipulations. The French commander assembled his officers, and informed them of his resolution to leave the place, more particularly as he was unable to meet the forces of the English then advancing to expel him from Haddington. "There are none of you, gentlemen," said D'Essé, "who does not deserve to command an army,

and you cannot but know that the best of officers must retreat when unable to fight. Yet I am certain you would rather choose to stay and die with me on this spot, than flee in disorder before our enemy, though they were more numerous than they actually are. Good men lie under an indispensable obligation to obey the commands of honour, though such commands should be attended with the greatest dangers ; for, as the desire of life is that which often brings inglorious death upon mankind, so the love of virtue proves the occasion of life, endless as immortality."

Having expressed himself in this philosophical manner, D'Essé commenced his retreat to Edinburgh, closely pursued by the English. Thus terminated the Siege of Haddington, which resisted the combined efforts of the Scots and their French allies. On the following year the garrison voluntarily retired to England, but not before they set fire to the town, and destroyed the fortifications.

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### CONFLICT AT DRUMDERFIT.\*

A.D. 1372.

IN or about the year 1372, the Maclellennans pillaged Tain, a royal burgh on the south of the Frith of Dornoch in the county of Ross ; and the Chanonry of that county, which was the residence of the bishops of Ross, near Fortrose, was also plundered by those marauding mountaineers. Marching eastward, they encamped on an eminence between Munlochy and the ferry of Kessock. Here they were encountered by the Laird of Lovat, who had raised a number of his vassals, in conjunction with those of the

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\* Anderson's Historical Account of the Family of Fraser.

Earl of Ross, at a place called Drumderfit. Such havoc was made of the unfortunate MacIennans, that the hill on which the battle was fought is to this day called *Dun-a-dear*, or the *Hill of Tears*. Only one of them escaped, and it is said his life was preserved by concealing himself under a vehicle called a *loban* or *currich*, still occasionally used as a wretched substitute for a cart. The descendants of this individual inhabit the neighbourhood at the present time, and are known by the affirmed name of Loban, or Logan.

It is also stated by tradition that the victory was obtained as much by the crafty policy of the then Provost of Inverness as by the broadswords of the Frasers. The MacIennans had threatened to burn that town unless a large sum was paid to avert the calamity. The civic functionary affected to listen to the proposals, and in the meantime sent a quantity of spirituous liquors as a present to the chief. The mountaineers fell victims to the snare, and while in a state of intoxication they were put to the sword by the Frasers, assisted by the citizens of Inverness.

On the following year the M'Ivers, M'Aulays, M'Leas, and other vassals of the Earl of Ross, rose in arms against him. They intended to surprise the Earl, but his Lordship was opportunely made acquainted with their project, and seized Donald Garve M'Iver, one of their leaders, whom he imprisoned in the castle of Dingwall. This so much exasperated the revolted clans that they pursued the Earl's second son, and apprehended him at Balnagowan. The Earl, with the assistance of Fraser of Lovat, raised two hundred men of his own clan, and this force was increased by a party of Dingwalls and Monroes. The marauding vassals were pursued and overtaken at a place called *Bealach-na-broig*, between the heights of Ferrindonald and Lochbroom, where they were encamped. A bloody fight ensued, and the M'Ivers and M'Leas were

almost entirely cut off. On the side of the victors there fell William Dingwall of Kildun, chief of his family, with one hundred and forty of his name. The Monroes of Foulis also severely suffered. Besides several gentlemen, that family lost eleven who were to succeed each other, and made an infant the chief of that ancient house.

At the beginning of the ensuing year the scattered remains of the revolted tribes, in number about one hundred, lurked in a forest about eight miles above Beaully, whence they undertook a pillaging expedition to the Lowlands. Their place of concealment was discovered by the son of the Laird of Lovat, who convened a few resolute followers and fell upon them at Ardnagrask. A conflict ensued in which many of them were slain, and the rest were pursued to a place since called *Bear-na-scallag*, where their leader and six more of them were killed. The cairn under which they are buried is still called *Carna-scallag*, and the spot *Bear-na-scallag*, or the *Gap of the Servants*, because the victory was obtained by the assistance of the men-servants, called *scallag* in Gaelic.

The few survivors of this marauding band were pursued to Kilmorack. Seven of them attempted to conceal themselves amid the foliage of a tree which hung over a precipice above the river Beaully, about a quarter of a mile west of the parish church. They were discovered by one of the pursuers, who cut the tree with his battle axe, and the unfortunate fugitives were drowned in the river. The site of this transaction is still called *Beam-Erechis*, or the *Coup-de-Grace*.



## THE RAID OF THE MONROES.\*

A.D. 1378.

IN the month of June 1378, the Monroes of Foulis, when returning from a predatory incursion in the south of Scotland, passed near Moyhall, the residence of M'Intosh, chief of the Clan Chattan. As it was customary to present a share of the booty to a chief for liberty to pass through his domains, the dues of M'Intosh were at once admitted; but when he avariciously coveted the whole, his demand was treated with contempt. M'Intosh summoned his vassals, and determined to compel the Monroes to surrender all their booty. Meanwhile the latter pursued their journey, and fording the river Ness, they sent the cattle they had plundered across the hill of Kinmylies into Lovat's territory.

The M'Intoshes, commanded by their chief, followed the Monroes, and came up to them at the Point of Clagnahayre. Here they commenced an obstinate and bloody conflict, in which quarter was neither sought nor granted. The Clan Chattan lost their chief, who appears to have been a ferocious barbarian. There is a malediction called the *Curse of Moy* connected with this savage. In a raid upon the Grants, M'Intosh carried off the chief of that clan, his daughter, and her lover. The victor asked the lady to choose the life of her father or her intended husband, swearing that one of them must die. After a struggle of feelings which can be better imagined than described, the old chief of the Grants compelled his daughter to save the youth, and avenge his death. The chief was accordingly put to death,

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\* Conflicts of the Clans; Pennant's Tour in Scotland; History of the House of Sutherland; Anderson's History of the Family of Fraser.

and in the morning, when the lady expected to be placed under the protection of her lover, she was directed to his lifeless corpse—the unfortunate gentleman having been inhumanly murdered with her father. In the wildness of frenzy she invoked a terrible imprecation on the murderer, that, as he had barbarously outraged the feelings of a child, neither he nor his race might ever have one to represent them.

The survivors of the Clan Chattan retraced their steps to their own country with the dead body of their chief. John Monro, tutor of Foulis, as he is called, lost his arm in the conflict, which during his life procured for him the soubriquet of *John Back-Lawighe*. The Monroes soon retaliated the outrage committed by the Clan Chattan. They collected a sufficient force, and marched during the night to the Island of Moy, the family residence of the chief of the M'Intoshes. This island is situated in a lake nearly two miles long and about one in breadth, and on it are still to be seen the ruins of this fastness of the chief of the Clan Chattan. The Monroes succeeded in reaching the island by means of rafts, and revenged themselves by the murder or captivity of all the inmates.

## CLEANSE THE CAUSEWAY—EDINBURGH.\*

A.D. 1520.

DURING the minority of James V. the Scottish nobility were noted for their turbulence and ambitious animosities, and none more disturbed the kingdom than the Earls of Angus

\* *Memorie of the Somervilles*; Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*; Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) *History*; Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*; Buchanan's *History of Scotland*; Anderson's *Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton*; Maitland's *History of Edinburgh*; Home's (of Godscroft) *History of the Douglasses*; Sir James Balfour's *Annals*; Drummond's (of Hawthornden) *History*.

and Arran. It appears from the Register of the Town Council of Edinburgh, quoted by Arnot, that the Regent Duke of Albany was so much irritated at the conduct of those noblemen, that he issued a proclamation, strictly prohibiting any gentleman of the name of Douglas or Hamilton to be chosen Provost of Edinburgh. In defiance of this order, and though the sentiments of the citizens were in favour of the Earl of Angus, whose power and influence were at that time almost uncontrollable, the Earl of Arran thought proper to interfere in the election of the Provost, and a serious riot ensued. One of the Deacons of the Incorporated Trades of the city was killed by the Hamiltons, and this disaster completely alienated the citizens from the Earl of Arran. Taking advantage of these disorders, the Earl of Rothes and Lord Lindsay encountered each other on the High Street to revenge a personal quarrel, and it was with the utmost difficulty that those noblemen and their followers were prevented from committing a dreadful slaughter. Rothes and Lindsay were eventually secured—the one committed prisoner to the castle of Dunbar, and the other to the castle of Dumbarton.

The Earl of Arran withdrew for a short time to Glasgow, whither he was followed by James Beaton, Archbishop of that See, and Lord Chancellor of the kingdom, the Earls of Eglinton and Cassillis, Lords Ross and Sempill, the Bishop of Galloway, the Abbot of Paisley, and many other influential persons connected with the west of Scotland. The disputes between Arran and Angus had now proceeded to such an extremity, that the adherents of those noblemen seemed to divide the nation into two factions, the one maintaining the French and the other the English interest.

A parliament was summoned to be held at Edinburgh on the 29th of April 1520, probably with a view to mitigate

the contending factions, and to adopt measures to remedy the national disorders. Meanwhile the adherents of the Earls of Angus and Arran lost no opportunity of evincing their hatred of each other. Among the enemies of Angus was Kerr of Fernihirst, who had assumed the power of holding justice courts at Jedburgh, which the Earl claimed as his exclusive right. A dispute ensued, in which both parties, as usual, had recourse to arms. Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, an illegitimate son of Arran, was either ordered or resolved to support the Baron of Fernihirst, and marched to Kelso attended by his own retainers, and by four hundred Borderers. He had nearly reached that town when he fell into an ambuscade prepared by Kerr of Cessford and Sommerville of Cambusnethan, both of whom espoused the interest of Angus. Hamilton ordered his troopers to dismount and fight their assailants on foot, but the Merse Borderers abandoned him in his emergency, and fled. He was compelled to retire, and he was so closely beset that four of his retainers were slain. With the utmost difficulty he succeeded in making his escape with the remainder of his followers to Home Castle.

Various private encounters of a singular description took place between the followers of the contending noblemen previous to the meeting of Parliament. But it is necessary to revert to the proceedings at Edinburgh. Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie had been chosen Provost of the city, a gentleman who was a near relation of the Earl of Angus. Preparatory to the meeting of the Parliament, the Hamiltons alleged that they could not consider their lives safe in a city of which he was the chief magistrate, and Douglas voluntarily resigned his office. This clamour was fostered by Arran, who wanted a person favourable to his ambitious views to be invested with the civic authority, and Robert Logan, a burghess of the city, was elected Provost.

The Earl of Arran, attended by Archbishop Beaton and the most influential noblemen and gentlemen of the west of Scotland, arrived in Edinburgh to attend the Parliament. Angus was also in the city, but his followers amounted to only four hundred men armed with spears. The Earl of Arran and his friends convened at the residence of Archbishop Beaton in the Blackfriars' Wynd, in the immediate neighbourhood of and leading to the Blackfriars' Monastery, which stood upon the site of the present Royal Infirmary. This well-known and even celebrated alley in the Old Town of Edinburgh existed previous to the year 1230, when Alexander II. granted it to the Dominicans of Blackfriars, though it was then and for many years afterwards a mere passage between the High Street and the Monastery, crossing the street called the Cowgate; for we find King Alexander granting permission to the monks to build houses on both sides of the Wynd for their benefit. It is interesting to know that the house in which Archbishop Beaton, the Earl of Arran, and others of their party met, is still in existence. It was built by the Archbishop, who, being Chancellor, was obliged to reside a considerable part of the year in Edinburgh. This house afterwards became the town residence of the Archbishops of St Andrews, to which see Beaton was translated two years after the affair of *Cleanse the Causeway*. It is the corner house at the bottom of the Blackfriars' Wynd on the east side, one front facing the lane, and another the Cowgate, forming two sides of a quadrangle; the exterior angle presenting a turret, which is a picturesque object when viewing it from the alley called the High School Wynd.

An old writer mentions a very satisfactory reason for Archbishop Beaton's opposition to the Earl of Angus. He, as well as Angus, was one of the four *tutors* or governors of the young King James V. Those four tutors claimed the revenues of four vacant benefices, and Angus



had thought proper to appropriate the income of three of those wealthy institutions to himself. At the conference in the Archbishop's house, it was proposed by that prelate that they should apprehend Angus, which could be easily done, as his followers in the city were not numerous. The suggestion was eagerly approved, and preparations were made to thrust the Earl into prison. They resolved to close the gates on the following morning, and securing him within the city, prevent any one from proffering assistance to him and his followers.

Angus was then at his lodgings near the curious old street, which has now almost disappeared, called the West Bow, long the principal thoroughfare from the Lawnmarket and High Street to the Grassmarket. His friends conveyed to him an intimation of the project of his enemies, and advised him to lose no time in acting on the defensive, otherwise his captivity was inevitable. He sent his uncle, the celebrated and distinguished Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, to remonstrate with Archbishop Beaton, the Earl of Arran, and the other parties present, to caution them against offering any violence, and to inform them that, if they had any offences to allege against him, he would be judged by the laws of the kingdom, and not by men who were his avowed enemies. While the Bishop of Dunkeld was employed in this mission the Earl of Angus arrayed himself in his armour, summoned his spearmen to attend him, and drew them up in the High Street, near the Nether-Bow Port, the entrance to the city from the Canon-gate, in battle array.

When the Bishop of Dunkeld entered Archbishop Beaton's house in the Blackfriars' Wynd, he found all the persons present already armed, and determined on the most desperate measures. Even the Archbishop was prepared for a rencounter. He had clothed himself with a coat of mail, which was covered by his ecclesiastical dress, but

which did not escape the notice of the Bishop of Dunkeld. Addressing himself to the Archbishop, the Bishop of Dunkeld stated that the Earl of Angus was ready to answer for his conduct in Parliament—that all he demanded in the meantime was liberty to visit his wife, the widow of James IV., who then resided in the Castle, after which he engaged to depart peaceably from the city. He at the same time reminded the Archbishop that his present proceedings were utterly at variance with his profession as a minister of religion, and exhorted him to exert his influence in preventing bloodshed and soothing the distractions of the kingdom.

The Archbishop in reply imputed the whole proceedings to the Earl of Arran, who, he said, was enraged at the many insults he had suffered from Angus. “Nay, my Lord,” said the Bishop of Dunkeld, “some say you are the chief cause.” “I deny it,” answered the Archbishop, “and it is necessary, for the common good, that the power of the Earl of Angus should be curbed. As for my Lord Arran, he is deeply offended with the Earl of Angus for many provocations he has received, but chiefly for the attack on his son (Hamilton of Finnart) by Somerville of Cambusnethan, and for the slaughter of the French gentleman De la Battie, committed by Sir David Home, the brother-in-law of Angus, with the knowledge and consent of the Earl.” The Archbishop concluded a vehement speech by striking his breast, and asservating—“There is no remedy. The Earl of Angus must go to prison. Upon my conscience I cannot help it.” When he struck his breast, the armour concealed by his episcopal dress rattled, at the sound of which the Bishop of Dunkeld said—“How now, my Lord? I think your conscience clatters! We are priests, and to put on armour, or to bear arms, is not consistent with our profession.” The Archbishop, who felt the reprimand, considered it necessary to proffer an

apology, stating that he had merely provided for his own personal safety in those days of continual turmoil, when no man could leave his house without hazarding his life.

The Bishop of Dunkeld, finding his negotiations fruitless, sought out Sir Patrick Hamilton, with whom he was intimately acquainted. He represented to that gentleman all that had passed between him and Archbishop Beaton, and so impressed Sir Patrick with the reasonableness of the demands of Angus, that he proceeded to the Earl of Arran his brother, and readily prevailed with him to relinquish his designs against the Douglasses and their chief, adding that he "had no will to fight in his friend's quarrel, be it ever so just." But Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, who was present, and who could not endure the prospect of a reconciliation with Angus, reproached Sir Patrick in the most contemptuous manner. "Thou liest, bastard sneak!" he exclaimed; "I dare fight where thou wilt not be seen this day." The Bishop of Dunkeld returned to Angus, and informed him there was no hope of an accommodation with his opponents, who were assembling to attack him. "As for me," he said, "I can do no more than go to my chamber and pray for you."

The Earl of Angus, who was prepared for the worst, had supplied his spearmen with suitable weapons of defence from armourers' shops as he passed down the High Street. He was so popular in the city that the inhabitants even handed pikes and other weapons from their windows to his followers, whilst numbers of them joined him, and considerably reinforced his followers. He caused the entrances of the *wynds* and *closes*, as the narrow alleys in the Old Town of Edinburgh are designated, leading from the High Street to the Cowgate, to be barricaded with carts, barrels, and such other lumber as he could conveniently procure, and stationed a few men at the entrance of each of the alleys to prevent the removal of those obstructions. He also seized

the gate at the Nether-Bow, where he left a sufficient force, and stationed himself with a chosen body of followers in the High Street, opposite the entrance to the Blackfriars' Wynd.

Sir James Hamilton, who had assailed Sir Patrick Hamilton for his alleged timidity before the Bishop of Dunkeld, now rushed out of the Wynd at the head of the Hamiltons, to attack Angus and his followers. Angus, who knew him, called to his followers to save him, but it was too late, as he was killed at the very commencement of the contest. A bloody affray ensued, in which many of the citizens took part, and the whole city was in an uproar. The windows of the lofty tenements in the Old Town were crowded with spectators, men, women, and children; the clashing of swords, shouts, yells, and execrations of the combatants as they rushed towards each other, increased the general consternation. The conflict continued with great fury on both sides, but the Hamiltons were at length forced to give way. But the friends of Angus were too numerous and powerful, and a rumour that he had received a reinforcement from the Borders compelled them to instant flight. Angus drove his assailants down the Blackfriars' Wynd, and the latter, from the narrowness of the alley, could offer no resistance. The Earl of Arran, and a relative who had issued among the first from the Wynd, fought their way through the *melee*, and retired down an alley on the north side of the High Street. At the foot of this alley they found a collier's horse, and throwing the burden off the animal, they mounted and rode through a shallow place of the North Loch, no one thinking of pursuing them. They reached the other side of the Loch, on which the New Town of Edinburgh is built, and escaped in safety.

About seventy of the Hamilton party were killed, among whom were Sir Patrick Hamilton, an illegitimate son of the first Lord Hamilton, and ancestor of the Hamiltons of

Kincavil ; and the son of the first Earl of Eglinton. Archbishop Beaton fled, with some others, to the church of the Black Friars for sanctuary, but he was pursued thither, dragged from behind the high altar, his episcopal habit torn from his back, and he would have been put to death by the victors if the Bishop of Dunkeld had not interfered, and represented to them the odium they would incur by killing a prelate. He was consequently allowed to depart, but he prudently left the city, and he did not consider himself safe until he reached Linlithgow, sixteen miles distant, whither he travelled on foot with all expedition. Towards the termination of the fight eight hundred Border troopers, under the command of the Prior of Coldingham, brother of Angus, and Sir David Home, his brother-in-law, arrived to assist him. Finding the gates closed and locked, they forced the wickets with hammers and entered the city, but by this time the fray was over. This reinforcement, however, was of great advantage to Angus, who immediately issued a proclamation allowing all persons connected with the Hamilton party to leave the city without molestation. Those individuals took advantage of the proclamation, and retired.

This memorable skirmish on the High Street of Edinburgh was, says Lindsay of Pitscottie, long afterwards called by the common people of the country, and the town of Edinburgh, *Cleanse the Causeway*, and no designation could be more appropriate. Yet it was attended with little or no advantage to the Earl of Angus. His rival Arran contrived to preserve his influence, and had the chief direction of public affairs until the arrival of the Duke of Albany from France in 1521. In a Parliament held at Edinburgh on the 26th of December that year, Angus and his adherents, particularly Home of Wedderburn, Somerville of Cambusnethan, and Cockburn of Langton, were forfeited, and sentenced to banishment, for refusing to obey a sum-



mons to answer for various alleged crimes and misdemeanours committed during Albany's absence. The Bishop of Dunkeld, celebrated in the annals of Scottish poetry for his translation of the *Æneid*, retired to London, where he died in the spring of 1522.

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## SIEGE OF BURNTISLAND.\*

A.D. 1651.

THE royal burgh and now thriving seaport of Burntisland, remarkable for having the best harbour in the Frith of Forth, was invested by a detachment of the forces of Oliver Cromwell, after his great victory at Dunbar, in 1650, and the site of the English camp is still pointed out. This burgh was then fortified, and its remarkable situation upon a peninsula, surrounded on the north by hills in the form of an amphitheatre, must have made it when enclosed by walls and towers a singular looking place. Cromwell summoned the town to surrender, but the magistrates returned him an answer of defiance. The worthy Provost and the functionaries of the burgh resolved to make themselves conspicuous in opposing the English general, or at least not to yield without obtaining some advantages for the inhabitants.

It does not appear that Cromwell ordered the siege of Burntisland to be vigorously pressed, though he was aware of the importance of possessing the most advantageous harbour in the Frith of Forth. His attention was rather di-

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\* Life of Cromwell; Statistical Account of Scotland; Sibbald's History of Fife; History (anonymous) of the Parliamentary Campaigns in Scotland.

rected to other districts of the country, the movements of the Presbyterian and Cavalier royalists in which were of a serious nature, and required his utmost efforts to suppress. The cautious lieges of the *Kingdom of Fife*, as the county is popularly designated, meanwhile acted on the principle of that whoever was to be the victor in the dispute, whether Charles or Cromwell, they must be subjects; and it was a matter of no great importance to them generally whether the Covenant or the English sectaries triumphed.

Cromwell was resolved to possess Burntisland, which was then the only fortified burgh in Fife, and he intimated to the Provost that he really must prepare to surrender the town, or abide the consequences. The Provost, who disliked the smell of gunpowder, as much as any "douce" burghal merchant, who prefers remaining among his wares to encountering a shower of bullets, had sagacity enough to perceive the folly of attempting to hold out the place, and he convened the town council to deliberate on the position of affairs. It was clear that the "Southrons," as he designated the English, were determined to take the town, and that Cromwell was a *loon* with whom it would be dangerous to trifle. But the burghal functionary was severely assailed for his cowardice by the valiant deacons, whose "voice was still for war," and who wished to appear as heroes in the estimation of their wives and fellow-townsmen.

The English made due preparations for the siege, nor were the Burntislanders negligent in adopting measures for their own defence. They were not ignorant of the advantages they possessed by the situation of their town, and as Cromwell had few ships in the Frith, they could easily either procure provisions or effect their escape. It was at length resolved, however, to surrender the town to the Parliamentary forces, on the condition that Cromwell would pave the streets and repair the harbour. These terms, when offered to the English general, were willingly accepted, and

he faithfully performed his engagement. The present harbour was in consequence chiefly constructed by Cromwell, and the streets paved. The republican soldiery withdrew, and left Burntisland in a better condition than at any period of its existence as a town. The conduct of Cromwell made him popular with the inhabitants, who were perhaps the only community in Scotland sensibly benefited by the Parliamentary soldiers.

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## CROMWELL IN SCOTLAND—GLASGOW.\*

A.D. 1650.

AFTER the battle of Dunbar, which retrieved Cromwell's affairs in Scotland, and secured for him the possession of Edinburgh and Leith, he marched to Glasgow to watch the motions of the military enthusiasts of the western counties, with whom he was more willing to negotiate than to fight. In these counties the Solemn League and Covenant had found more supporters than in any other district of the kingdom, and the people were animated by a particular zeal in favour of the principles set forth and maintained in that remarkable document. The Solemn League and Covenant was levelled as much against the Independents as against those other parties honoured by its maledictions, and the religious tenets inculcated by Cromwell and his republican soldiery were mortally hated by the Scottish Presbyterians of that age.

We are told by a contemporary diarist, that before Cromwell had entered Glasgow the "most part of the inhabit-

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\* Nicoll's Diary; Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* · Cleland's *Annals of Glasgow*; *Cromwelliana*.

ants left the town, and fled to sundry parts of the country, to shelter themselves, not so much from fear of the enemy, for their carriage (behaviour) was *indifferently guid*, but because they dreaded to be branded with the names of *Compliers* and *Sectarians*, as before they were censured and punished for remaining in the town the time of James Graham's (the great Marquis of Montrose) incoming, and brought upon themselves the name and style of *Malignants*, devised against them by their own neighbours, who hated them, and sought their places and offices." Cromwell wrote a letter to the magistrates, dated at Kilsyth, October 10, 1650, the day before he entered Glasgow, to assure the citizens that if they remained in their houses no violence would be offered to them; but it appears from the diarist just quoted that the lieges of St Mungo's celebrated city either suspected his sincerity, or resolved to avoid sundry odious reflections which they had incurred when the great Marquis of Montrose occupied their city. The English army, which had marched from Edinburgh by Linlithgow, Falkirk, and Kilsyth, consisted of 9000 men, cavalry and infantry, "well ordered and appointed," says our diarist, *civilly honest*, and of *guid carriage* for the most part, but some of their foot *very base*." It appears that Cromwell desecrated the churches of Glasgow in the same manner as he had done the English cathedrals and parish churches, for "the kirks and kirkyards were made stables and centres for the guards and horses, and other provision" of the sectarian soldiery.

Cromwell chose for his residence a house in Silver Craig's Close, on the east side of the Saltmarket, and he held his levees in a room which in recent times was used as a sale-room for old furniture. He sent for Mr Patrick Gillespie, an active Presbyterian minister, and afterwards Principal of the University, who exercised great influence in the religious affairs of the west of Scotland. Mr Gillespie was

edified by a long prayer by the English general, abounding with the enthusiastic sentiments of the age, in which he took an opportunity to explain his own views and those duties which he expected his visitor to discharge. As no opposition was offered to Cromwell by the citizens of Glasgow, he obtained possession of the city in the most peaceable manner, and the main body of the Scottish army under General Leslie offered him no threatening molestation.

On the following Sunday Cromwell attended divine service in the Cathedral, accompanied by his principal officers. The preacher on this occasion was, according to some authors, Mr James Durham, who had been formerly a captain of dragoons, and who is noted as the author of various religious treatises, in one of which, when disposing of the modes of breaking the second commandment of the Decalogue, he sets forth upwards of *seven hundred* divisions and subdivisions to prove those modes to be sins. Others, however, allege that the preacher was the famous Zachary Boyd, one of the ministers of the city, whose bust adorns one of the gateways of the University. Whether the preacher was Durham or Boyd, he made no concealment of his sentiments. He denounced sectarians in the most unmeasured language of abuse, and inveighed against Cromwell and the republican soldiery as enemies of God and of the true faith. An officer named Thurlow, who was present, feeling indignant at this abusive freedom, asked Cromwell if he would permit him to shoot the *scoundrel*, and put his hand on his belt to grasp his pistol. "No, no," replied Cromwell, "we will manage him in his own way." After the sermon was concluded the English general invited the preacher to dine with him, and the latter complied. After a brief repast Cromwell asked him to pray, and afterwards took his own turn, holding forth no less than three hours. The powers of the general in extemporaneous praying so astonished the Presbyterian divine, that he completely altered



his opinion, and entertained for Cromwell the utmost respect. The result was that the next time he ascended the pulpit his discourse was turned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.

We are told by the editor of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, that on this occasion "among the crowd who assembled to gaze on the General as he came out of the church was a shoemaker, the son of one of James VI.'s Scottish footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but after his father's death had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name. The man fled, but at Cromwell's command one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the General's lodging. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker's son came out in high spirits, and showing some gold, he declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to hear the particulars of his interview; and among others the grandfather of the individual who communicates this narration. The shoemaker said that he had been a play-fellow of Cromwell when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street, and that he had fled when the General first called him, thinking he might owe him some ill will on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in the church. 'He proposed,' said Cromwell, 'to pull forth the minister by the ears, and I answered that the preacher was a fool, and he another.'"

Cromwell on this occasion remained only three days in Glasgow, deeming it expedient, on account of the state of the weather, to return to Edinburgh with all his forces to prosecute the siege of the Castle. No military operations of any consequence characterized the march to or from

Glasgow. "We effected nothing more," according to the official account, "than to say we had been there." He returned by the Kirk of Shotts, where, observes the contemporary diarist, "they had much difficulty to carry their guns."

Sir Walter Scott mentions that his mother had the good fortune to converse with a woman who had seen Cromwell. She could only remember that he had a *very large nose*. His other proceedings in Scotland are given in various parts of the present work.

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## THE SIEGE OF PERTH.\*

A.D. 1310.

ROBERT BRUCE, having established his authority in Scotland, resolved to invade England, and he entered the Bishopric of Durham, which he ravaged without mercy. A distinguished writer observes, that the conduct of Bruce was marked "with that cruelty and licentiousness which disgrace the character of a brave man;" but it ought to be recollected, that this distinguished Scottish monarch was probably induced to commit severities on account of the state of the kingdom in the year 1310, for we are assured by Fordun that there was then so great a famine in Scotland, as to cause many persons to feed on horse-flesh. Bruce had other reasons to induce him in a fierce age to satiate his revenge, and he led back his army enriched with spoils.

Bruce at his return laid siege to Perth, then commanded by William Oliphant, and it is stated that the Earl of

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\* Fordun's *Scotichronicon*; Sir David Dalrymple's *Annals of Scotland*; *Traditions of Perth*

Strathearn was also with the English garrison. A contemporary poet describes the "Fair City" as appearing, in the eyes of a French gentleman who was with Bruce, little better than a "wretched hamlet," but this account is inconsistent with the dangers with which Bruce had to contend before he took the town. The garrison scornfully rejected the conditions offered by Bruce, and after having invested the place six weeks he raised the siege. But the King had no intention to abandon it. This was simply a *ruse*, to provide himself with suitable implements for scaling the walls, and he returned in a few days with ladders and a chosen body of infantry. The night appointed for the assault was dark, and favoured his enterprise. Bruce himself carried a scaling ladder, and was the first to enter the ditch which surrounded the city from the Tay. In passing this ditch it is stated that he stood in water to his throat. The French gentleman already mentioned, when he saw Bruce thus gallantly enter the ditch, exclaimed—"What shall we say of our French lords who spend their days in good cheer and jollity, while so worthy a knight hazards his life to win a miserable hamlet?" He instantly threw himself into the water, followed the heroic Bruce, and it is supposed first entered the town, the King being the second who took the wall. The city was taken, plundered, and burnt, and the walls levelled. The son of the Earl of Strathearn fought under the banners of Bruce, and made his father a prisoner.

The "Fair City" soon recovered from this misfortune. About two years afterwards the North Inch was the scene of a curious single combat. An Englishman named Hugh Harding challenged a Scotsman called William de Seintlowe for wearing his coat armorial, which was three yellow or gold greyhounds with blue collars on a red field. They fought at Perth to decide the controversy, in presence of Robert Bruce. Harding was the victor, and the

King, sitting in a chair of state, adjudged to him the coat armorial.

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## CAMPAIGN OF EDWARD III.\*

A.D. 1327.

ABOUT the commencement of the year 1327, Edward III. of England received information that the Scots had assembled in great force on the Border, with the intention of violating the truce made by his father Edward II. in the preceding year before his deposition. Negotiations for peace were then in progress, and the Scots had decided that unless it was instantly concluded they would ravage the northern English counties. Various reasons are assigned for this violation of the truce on the part of the Scots. One writer asserts that they had detected the bad faith of the English, and another that the English had seized some Scottish ships bound for the Low Countries, killed the crews, and refused to make satisfaction; but it will readily be admitted that a monarch of such prudence as Robert Bruce would not have involved himself in a war with England, unless he had sufficient causes of complaint.

The Scots, under the command of Randolph Earl of Moray, and Douglas of Liddesdale, entered England by the Western Borders on the 15th of June, and their army, com-

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\* Ridpath's Border History; Sir David Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland; Rymer's *Fœdera*; Fordun's *Scotichronicon*; Leland's *De Rebus Britannicis Collectanea*; Barnes' Life of Edward III.; Barbour's History of Robert the Bruce; Carte's History of England; Froissart's Chronicles of France and England; Home of Godscroft's History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus; Hollingshed's Chronicle.

posed chiefly of mounted troopers, is said to have amounted to nearly twenty thousand men. Edward III., who was then only fifteen years of age, arrived at York—that city being considered the most conveniently situated for observing the movements of the Scots, and for collecting the national forces. When the English army mustered, it contained at the lowest computation fifty thousand men, and the whole marched on the 10th of July from York in three divisions. During the collection of these forces the Scots marked their progress by the usual devastations, penetrating through Cumberland into the south-western parts of Northumberland, and thence into the western parts of the Bishopric of Durham, which are extremely wild and mountainous.

The first division of the English army was led by the young King in person, and lay the night of the 10th of July at Topcliff, where they halted two days until the other divisions came up. The English auxiliaries consisted of heavy-armed cavalry, and a gallant body of Flemish horsemen commanded by the Count of Hainault. It is said that the English army was far too numerous and encumbered to follow the Scots through the desert and rugged paths into which they were led by the experienced invaders from the North. On the 13th of July the English decamped from Topcliff before daybreak, and arrived by a forced march at Durham, a distance of nearly fifty miles. Here they remained four days expecting intelligence of the motions of the enemy.

On the 18th of July the English descried at a distance the smoke of the flames kindled by the ravages of the Scots. They marched from Durham in order of battle, the infantry ranged in three bodies, supported by the cavalry on their flanks, and proceeded towards the quarter whence they discerned the smoke. They marched two days without receiving intelligence of the Scots, which induced them to



conclude that the latter were in the act of retiring. Their march was excessively fatiguing, through woods, morasses, and uncultivated tracts of country, yet with wonderful celerity they pressed onwards. On the evening of the 19th of July the English encamped at a wood near a rivulet, where they disencumbered themselves of their heavy baggage. As yet, however, there was no appearance of the Scots. Their ravages were too visible, but the perpetrators were no where to be seen. The speed with which they moved or retreated astonished the English, and the rapidity of their marches was almost miraculous. It was resolved, in a council of war held in a monastery, that they should endeavour to gain the river Tyne by a forced march, and attempt to intercept the Scots, who were supposed to be returning to their own country. The army was put in motion at midnight, and on the evening of the 20th of July, after a most laborious march over rugged and unfavourable ground, without any order being observed by the soldiers, the cavalry, who had left the infantry behind, reached the Tyne, and crossed that river at a place called Haidon. It happened to be peculiarly rainy weather, and before the infantry could come up the river was swollen by the incessant rains, and was no longer fordable. This unexpected occurrence caused the army to be divided for several days, during which they lay on both sides of the Tyne almost destitute of provisions and forage, and without any accommodation for quarters.

The Scots were still invisible, and the perplexity of the English was increased by their deplorable situation. Day after day there was no intelligence of the enemy; the few provisions obtained from Newcastle and other towns in the neighbourhood were sold at exorbitant prices, which served to increase the discontent. The troops began to murmur, and it was loudly alleged that false traitors had led the King and the army into a wild and uncultivated district, to

perish through fatigue and famine without encountering the enemy. The infantry at length succeeded in passing the river, and engaged in a new pursuit with the same want of success. Not a Scot was to be seen, and the rustic inhabitants had all fled.

It was now resolved to march southwards, and at this stage of the campaign the King promised a reward of lands to the value of one hundred pounds sterling annually for life, together with the honour of knighthood, to any person who should conduct the King in sight of the Scots, in a place where they could be attacked on dry ground. Several knights and esquires swam across the Tyne, and set out on this singular search. Meanwhile the cavalry marched some miles up the river, which they crossed with great difficulty, many soldiers being drowned in the passage. The whole army reassembled at the village of Beltingham, above the junction of the Allan with the Tyne, which had been burnt by the Scots.

The offered reward for discovering the Scots was gained by Thomas Rokeby, an esquire, who brought certain accounts of them on the 31st of July. This gentleman reported that they were encamped on the side of a hill about nine miles distant washed by the river Were, which gives the name of Were-Dale to a district in the western part of the Bishopric of Durham. Rokeby informed the English leaders that he had been "made prisoner by the Scots, and that their commanders, when informed of the nature of his business, had dismissed him, saying, that they had remained eight days on the ground no less ignorant of the motions of the English than the English were of theirs, and that they were desirous and ready to combat." The English were then at the Cistercian Abbey of Blanch on the river Derwent, still called *Blanchland*.

On the 1st of August the English army, under the guidance of Rokeby, advanced towards the Scots, whom they

found drawn up in three divisions on a hill similar to that which they occupied when discovered by the English esquire. It is curious that the English in this campaign seem to have been utterly ignorant of their own country. They marched throughout the northern counties as if the whole district had been an unknown region which none of them had ever traversed previously, and it is not a little extraordinary that such difficulties should have occurred to discover the motions of such a large body of men as twenty thousand Scots. The river Were was in front of the Scots, whose flanks were well secured by rocks and precipices. The English dismounted and advanced, expecting to allure the Scots from their advantageous position, but the latter remained immovable. Marching to the side of the river, which they could not pass, on account of the rapidity of the current and the strong position of their enemies, without the greatest danger, they used their utmost exertions to induce the Scots to hazard a battle. They even offered to leave sufficient space for the Scots to draw up their army if they would descend from the heights, cross the river, and fight on equal ground, but Randolph and Douglas were too sagacious to be moved by this bravado. It is stated that Edward sent a herald to the Scottish commanders, the import of which was—"Either suffer me to pass the river, and leave me room for arranging my forces, or do you pass the river, and I will leave you room to draw up your forces, and thus shall we fight on equal terms." Randolph and Douglas scornfully answered—"We will do neither: on our road hither we have burnt and despoiled the country, and we are fixed here, where we intend to remain as long as it suits our convenience. If the King of England is offended, let him come over and chastise us."

The English monarch was compelled to swallow this mortifying reply. Though destitute of every accommoda-

tion, his troops remained on their arms till the morning, and the Scots, after placing their guards, returned to their camp. During the night, the latter kept numerous fires constantly burning—a circumstance which has provoked the following severe observation from an English historian—“ They made so many and so great fires of English wood, as if they designed thereby to provoke their enemies, by *wasting prodigiously that fuel of which they themselves had so little!*” Lord Hailes properly says—“ This observation is ridiculous, and betrays gross ignorance.” During the night the Scots also sounded horns without ceasing, “ as if,” says an old chronicler of the campaign, “ all the fiends of hell had been there.” Hence Lord Hailes infers, that “ the intention of the Scots in lighting up great fires, and in sounding horns throughout the night, was probably to call in the parties who were occupied in pillaging the country.”

On the following day there were several skirmishes and rencounters with adventurous knights, but when the English saw that the Scots were resolved to maintain their position, they called in their parties. It was reported that provisions were becoming scarce in the Scottish camp, and the English now resolved to blockade their enemies, and reduce them by famine ; but on the morning of the 4th of August, the latter perceived with astonishment that the Scots had decamped during the night, and had posted themselves still more favourably, and on ground of more difficult access, higher up the river Were, amidst a wood of considerable extent. The English stationed themselves on a hill opposite, near Stanhope Park. During the first night of the encampment at this place Douglas distinguished himself by a gallant exploit. In the middle of the night, attended by two hundred horsemen, he crossed the river, and approached the English camp. Under the guise of a commander making the chief rounds, he exclaimed—“ Ha ! St

George ! is there no watch here ?” He thus eluded the sentinels, and passed without discovery to the royal tent. His followers now shouted—“ A Douglas ! a Douglas ! English thieves, you shall all die.” They forced their way in defiance of all opposition, and furiously assaulted the tent. The King’s domestics rushed to the defence of their master, and several of them, including his chaplain, were slain. Edward narrowly escaped, and some of the cords of his tent were cut. Douglas, after committing great slaughter, forced his way through the English, and succeeded in regaining his camp with inconsiderable loss, according to some authorities ; but one writer states that he lost the greater part of his followers, not above forty of them escaping. Another states that he had *five hundred* horsemen with him, and that the Scots cut the tent poles and slew the English as they came out of their tents naked and unarmed.

On the following day a Scottish knight was brought a prisoner to the English camp, and from him they learnt that general orders had been issued to all the Scots to hold themselves in readiness that evening, and follow the banner of Douglas. Apprehensive of a second night attack, the English made themselves ready for battle, kindled fires, and doubled their guards. Two trumpeters were taken prisoners on the following morning, and they intimated to the astonished English that the Scots had left their camp before midnight, and were rapidly marching to their own country. At first this report was treated as a fiction, and the English continued some hours under arms prepared for battle, but they soon ascertained from their scouts, who had passed the river, that the Scottish camp was totally deserted. When Edward was informed that the enemy had escaped he wept bitterly.

This masterly retreat of the Scots is said to have been contrived by Douglas. Taking advantage of the darkness



of the night, he led the army over a morass upwards of two miles broad, and formerly deemed unpassable, by laying brushwood and the branches of trees cut down in the neighbourhood of their encampment. The soldiers who came behind removed this artificial and ingenious pathway, by casting the wood into the marsh. By this contrivance the cavalry and foot passed over in safety, and were several hours on their march towards Scotland before the English were informed of their retreat. The Scots left behind them five prisoners, in a state of nudity, and bound to trees, some of whom had their legs broken according to some writers. Probably they were wounded men, otherwise it is difficult to account for this act of barbarity.

It would have been vain to pursue the Scots, now many miles distant, and the English cavalry were worn out by long marches and scanty subsistence. A writer mentions, however, that about two thousand stragglers in the rear of the Scottish army, who had thrown away their arms to retreat with facility, were cut off by a party of light cavalry sent after them. "The English," says Ridpath, "who passed over to view the deserted camp, saw in it proofs of that simplicity and hardness of living which gave their enemies, when under proper direction, a superiority to forces far more numerous and regular, but at the same time more luxurious than themselves. The skins of the beasts they had slain for food, being in the form of a bag, suspended loosely on stakes, were hanging over the remains of the fires; these hides serving as kettles for boiling the flesh. A great number of spits contained meat ready for roasting. Many carcasses of black cattle, and of red and fallow deer, were also found, with some thousand pairs of shoes (brogues) made of raw hides. The beasts, on the half-boiled flesh of which they chiefly fed, were the stores of the mountains and fields they traversed and ravaged. The rest of their provision consisted of oatmeal, which

they were wont to carry in bags behind them, and of which they made a thin paste baked into cakes, by the help of iron plates trussed in their saddles. Their drink was the nearest fountain, stream, or lake."

The Scots reached their own country without molestation, and the English lay during that night at Stanhope. Here Edward issued a summons for the meeting of a parliament, in which he mentions the escape of the Scots. He says that having "contemptuously refused to enter into a treaty of peace, and invading England with an army, they had committed great devastations; and when this army was beset by the army of England in the Park of Stanhope, the former secretly and in the night made their escape out of the Park like vanquished men, and returned to their own country—some of them being pursued and slain by a part of the English army; yet the King was informed they purposed again to assemble and perpetrate still farther mischiefs" On the 8th of August the English marched from Stanhope, and encamped in the neighbourhood of a religious abbey upwards of six miles from Durham, where they found abundance of forage for their horses, by this time so reduced by long marches and scanty subsistence that they could scarcely walk. On the 10th they marched into Durham, and found the baggage left in the fields on the 19th of July, which had been conveyed thither by the citizens. On the 15th the army arrived at York, where the King thanked his barons for their service, and dismissed the soldiers. The auxiliaries of Hainault were also dismissed. It is said that the latter were necessitated to procure horses to convey them to the south of England, their own having died or become unserviceable in a campaign of three weeks. "Thus," adds Lord Hailes, "after foreign auxiliaries had been hired at an enormous expense, and the whole power of England had been exerted against the Scottish invaders, the enterprise

of Edward III. terminated in disappointment and dishonour."

The King of England was correct in intimating that the Scots intended to assemble and perpetrate further mischief. A military expedition was speedily undertaken against the Eastern Borders, and the castles of Norham and Alnwick were besieged. King Robert Bruce conducted the siege of the former in person, and the attempt against the latter was entrusted to Randolph and Douglas. Norham was gallantly defended by Robert Manners, who was nevertheless compelled to yield the stronghold, but the siege of Alnwick was unsuccessful, and the Scots retired with considerable loss.

The English treasury was exhausted to such a degree that the demands of the Flemish auxiliaries could not be discharged. This state of his finances, and a variety of other circumstances, induced Edward to make proposals for an accommodation of hostilities. Certain articles were prepared and submitted to the commissioners of both kingdoms assembled at Newcastle, a short truce was sanctioned, and in April 1328, peace was concluded with Scotland in a parliament held at Northampton. The articles of this treaty were honourable for the Scots, and necessary for England.

"Various causes," says Lord Hailes, "were assigned for the bad success of the northern expedition. Some men censured the auxiliaries of Hainault, and said that those foreigners were remiss in the public cause, through jealousy of the renown which the English would have acquired by overcoming their enemies. Others suspected treachery, and said that some of the English commanders, having been won by bribes, permitted the Scots to escape from Stanhope Park.—But all this is the language of pride and disappointment.—The cause of that disgrace which befel the English in the summer of 1327 may be easily discovered. Without

guides, and without intelligence of the motions of the enemy, they resolved at all hazards to pursue and attack the Scots, active, accustomed to sudden predatory incursions, and led by able commanders. Former events had taught the English not to despise their adversaries; they now erred through excess of caution, and began even from the gates of Durham to march in order of battle. In a country uneven and difficult, their motions were slow, and ill suited to the rapidity of the course of that enemy whom they had to encounter. No measures had been taken, and perhaps none could have been taken, for supplying the troops with provisions and forage. The forced march to the banks of the Tyne appears to have been ably planned; and if the English army could have maintained itself in those quarters, it would have been extremely difficult for the Scots to retreat home without engaging in a general action at great disadvantage. But it was not easy to find sustenance for an army of 50,000 men in the interior parts of Northumberland; and it was still harder to persuade bold-spirited and impatient barons to endure every sort of hardship in obscure and inactive cantonments, and quietly to wait for that enemy whom they were eager to seek. Troops ill disciplined, and unaccustomed to fatigue, are apt to murmur at the delays of war. In such circumstances the commanders of armies are often obliged to prefer the popular wishes to their own judgment; and, therefore, if the event proves disastrous, they are rather to be pitied than censured. Every thing which befel the English after they quitted the banks of the Tyne must be ascribed to the superior skill and vigilance of the Scottish commanders. What wonder that an inexperienced monarch of sixteen, a court favourite, some foreign officers unacquainted with the country, and a crowd of barons equally unfit to command or obey, should have been foiled by Douglas and Randolph?" His Lordship adds—"However harsh it may now sound,

it is acknowledged by the ancient English historians, that in the course of a twenty years' war the spirit of Scotland had attained an astonishing ascendant over the English."

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### ASSASSINATION OF JAMES I.\*

A.D. 1437.

JAMES I. was a prince worthy of a better age, and a more enlightened and civilized kingdom than was Scotland in the fifteenth century. His well known imprisonment in England had not been without its advantages to himself individually, for the greatest care had been bestowed on his education. In him, after two feeble reigns, and two regencies equally inactive, the House of Stuart produced a sovereign as distinguished for his mental as for his personal accomplishments—"a man of science and learning," says an historian, "an excellent poet, a master of music; illustrious in every personal virtue, free from any personal vice; his very amusements adorned his character—his hours of leisure being frequently dedicated to elegant writing and miniature painting, to mechanical arts, and to the cultivation of the garden and the orchard."

The tragedy which deprived Scotland of this able and excellent sovereign is one of the most melancholy in our national history. The delay of redress for sundry inroads committed by the English, and probably a desire to prevent any treasonable confederacies among his nobility, induced

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\* Appendix to Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Bishop Nicolson's Historical Libraries; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Drummond of Hawthornden's History; Memorabilia of Perth; Noble's History of the Stuarts; History of the House of Stuart; Duff's History of Scotland; Maitland's History; Account of the Death of James I. printed for the Maitland Club.



James to undertake a war against England. With almost incredible alacrity he summoned an army, consisting of nearly 200,000 men, according to the statements of some writers, besides a considerable number of followers and retainers. This unwieldy assemblage, however, even supposing that the number is greatly exaggerated, was ill armed and undisciplined, consisting of men who were courageous and savage enough in their own peculiar mode of warfare, but unfit to endure a campaign against a less numerous and well disciplined force.

The Castle of Roxburgh, so fatal to the son and successor of James, had been for a considerable time in the possession of the English—a circumstance which had caused considerable uneasiness to the Scots. The recovery of this important fortress, then held by Sir Ralph Grey, was the primary object of James, and against it he led his unwieldy army in person. The King sat down before it, and began the assault without success. For fifteen days the valiant governor of the castle kept the Scottish force at bay, and James was at length compelled to abandon the siege, dismiss his army, and return. The causes of this sudden movement and retreat of the King are variously related by our historians. With a vanity too peculiar to our early writers they pretend that the Castle of Roxburgh was almost recovered by James, notwithstanding the bravery of Sir Ralph Grey, when his queen arrived suddenly with the tidings of a formidable conspiracy formed against him. Insinuations are even made against the Queen that this report was a mere invention on her part, because she was disposed to favour the English. The King, according to those writers, suddenly raised the siege, fearing the reality of the plot, and that his commanders had been corrupted by English gold; but these accounts seem to have originated chiefly in the melancholy events which marked the termination of the life of James on the following year. That

there was a conspiracy formed against the King will be immediately seen, but if he had been aware of it he would have been more secure with his army than he was after its dispersion.

James retired to Perth, and held his court in the Monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars, founded in 1231 by Alexander II. This religious establishment, plundered and destroyed at the Reformation, and no vestige of which now remains, was situated in the street still called the Blackfriars' Wynd. It became the residence of the Scottish sovereigns when they held their courts at Perth, after the demolition of the castle, the site of which was towards the north end of the narrow street called the Skinnergate; in its church several Parliaments were held, and in it the national ecclesiastical councils often assembled. James had resolved to celebrate the festival of Christmas in Perth, and when on his journey thither a Highland woman, who pretended to be a soothsayer, but who in reality was acquainted with the designs of the conspirators, appeared before the King and his attendants a few miles from Edinburgh. Her wild and singular attitude astonished James. "My Lord and King," she exclaimed, "if you pass over this water [the Frith of Forth at the Queensferry], you will never return alive." James was startled at her language, more especially as at that moment an old prediction occurred to his recollection, that the King of Scotland would be slain that year. He ordered one of his retinue to ride to the woman, and ask the meaning of her mysterious intimation, but to this person she merely repeated what she had said to the King, persisting in her declaration that if he passed the *Scotish Sea*, as the Frith of Forth was often anciently designated, he would never return alive. She was asked who gave her this information, and she replied that she received it from a man named Hubert, most probably a domestic in the service of the King. The intimation

of the woman was unfortunately disregarded. "Sire," said the attendant to James when he joined the King, "men would smile if your Majesty regarded yon woman's language, for she is evidently a drunken fool, and knows not what she says." The King and his retinue passed on, and arrived in safety at the Dominican Monastery in Perth.

Many omens were afterwards recollected of the King's approaching fate, and many popular traditions are recorded; but the observation of a writer is too true, that "the worst omen was his rigorous administration, which had created many enemies, among whom the conspiracy spread like a fire among combustible materials." Sir James Balfour states that about the end of 1436 a fearful comet, like a fiery sword, was seen in the sky, as if hovering between Edinburgh and Perth; and it may be here observed that, if we are to credit the popular chroniclers of the times, the appearance of fiery swords in the air seems to have been very common in the early history of Scotland. The same annalist gravely remarks that in 1436 a sow brought forth a dog in Perth. An eclipse also happened during the day, which lasted three hours. During the continuance of this eclipse it was as dark as midnight, and these hours were long remembered in Scotland as the *Black Hours*. As a remarkable prodigy we are informed that the frost was so intense during that winter, as to freeze ale and wine into solid substances, and these commodities were sold in that state by weight. Two of the most ridiculous traditions, doubtless improvements on some of the former, are, that a calf was seen with a head exactly resembling that of a horse, and a sow littered pigs with dogs' heads. Absurd as these traditions are, they were religiously believed by the common people after the King's death as so many supernatural indications of his approaching fate.

But it is now necessary to introduce the conspirators. Sir Robert Graham, uncle of Malise Earl of Strathearn.

had been imprisoned by James in 1425, when he took summary vengeance on the family of the Duke of Albany, but the cause, unless he was suspected of being connected with Albany's practices, is not accurately known. In a Parliament held in 1424, a statute was enacted to ascertain the lands which belonged to the crown at the decease of Robert I., and James was authorized to demand the production of all charters and writs of tenure. The King turned his attention to the earldom of Strathearn, and under the pretence that it was a male-fee he gave it, in 1426, to his uncle Walter Earl of Athole and Caithness, grand-uncle to Malise, who was thus divested of the earldom, for his liferent. This nobleman, who was at that time approaching his seventieth year, was the son of Robert II. by Euphemia Ross, the second queen of that monarch; and his grandson, Sir Robert Stuart, was in great favour with James, who gave him the appointment of private chamberlain in the court. As a recompence to Malise, the King assigned to him the earldom of Menteith.

Sir Robert Graham, whose hatred to James was inveterate, beheld the divestment and transfer of his nephew's dignity with furious rage, yet it can hardly be conceived that this alone could have induced him to project the murder of the King. Whatever were his motives, he began to intrigue with the Earl of Athole and his grandson, both of whom were not without ambition, using the dotage of the one, and the inexperience of the other, to promote his own desperate projects of revenge. He intimated, that after the King was despatched the crown would be given of right to Sir Robert Stuart. The latter was thus flattered by the prospect of a throne, and his grandfather Athole was no less attracted by the prospect of seeing his family elevated to the crown.

Graham soon found a number of desperate adventurers to aid him in this conspiracy, and after his plans were ma-

tured, he made it his business to pervert and misrepresent every act of the King. He inflamed the people by false statements of the proceedings of James, while he aggravated the discontentment of the nobles, who were already irritated at their diminished power and influence. In 1434, shortly after Graham had been released from his imprisonment, a meeting of the principal nobility was held, most probably to consider the conduct of James, who was then proceeding vigorously in his plans to humble their feudal greatness. Sir Robert Graham attended this meeting, and expressed himself in the most outrageous manner. It was maintained that the execution of Albany and his sons had originated in the avarice of the King to possess their estates, and no measured language was employed to describe the greedy covetousness by which it was alleged James oppressed and impoverished the kingdom. "My Lords," said Graham, at the conclusion of a long harangue, "if you will firmly support me in what I shall say to the King, I will demand redress in your presence, and I trust in God we shall be satisfied." His proposal was readily confirmed, and the nobles present bound themselves to support him.

The next Parliament was fixed for the accomplishment of this plan, and Graham in the meanwhile was not idle. The Parliament met in 1435, and, relying on the promises of support he had received, this bold conspirator conducted himself in the most daring manner. He rose with a furious countenance, and advancing to the royal seat, he laid his hand on James, and exclaimed—"I arrest you in the name of the estates of your realm now assembled in this Parliament; for, as your subjects are bound and sworn to obey you in the administration of the laws, in like manner you are compelled to defend your people, to govern by the laws, so that you do not wrong them, but defend and maintain them in justice." Then appealing to the peers, he asked—"Is it



not thus as I say?" But astonished at his boldness, and probably awed by the presence of James, they maintained a profound silence, not venturing to appear as the abettors of this daring act. The King immediately ordered Graham to prison, and exasperated at seeing himself deserted by those who had pledged themselves to support him, he retorted a severe sarcasm as he was led out in custody. It does not appear that James endeavoured to ascertain who were connected with this exploit, but it farther confirmed him in his resolution to crush the power of the nobility. Graham was soon after ordered into banishment, and he retired to the solitary fastnesses of the Highlands, revolving in his mind desperate enterprises. As his estates were forfeited he proceeded to renounce his allegiance, and he sent the King a mortal defiance, declaring that for his alleged tyranny he would destroy him, his wife, and children, whenever he had an opportunity. This defiance elicited a proclamation from James, offering a large reward to any one who would bring Graham alive or dead into his presence. Nothing daunted by this proclamation this audacious rebel took advantage of the King's absence at Roxburgh Castle to correspond with some of the discontented nobility, and he voluntarily offered to assassinate James and place the crown on the head of Sir Robert Stuart. Athole and his grandson had before this time engaged in the conspiracy, and it is said the aged Earl was the more easily induced to embark in it from the prediction of a Highland seer in the district of Athole whom he had consulted on the subject, and who had assured him that before his death he would be crowned before a great concourse of people. The chief conspirators were Graham, Athole, Sir Robert Stuart, and one of the King's domestics whom they had bribed to furnish them with information of the movements of James.

The Dominican Monastery at Perth, in which the King was residing at the festival at Christmas 1436, was on this

occasion honoured by a brilliant assemblage of Scottish beauty, and bright eyes were there mixing in the dance and gracing the amusements which were soon to be suffused with tears. The Queen and her ladies resided also in the Monastery, and James, unconscious of his fate, moved among them with his usual gallantry. One of his attendant knights, remarkable for his personal accomplishments, received from him the soubriquet of *King of Love*. James was one evening playing with him at some amusing game, when he indulged in a sportive satire on his new title. "Sir King of Love," said he, "it is not long since I read a prophecy spoken some time ago, which set forth that this year a king should be slain in this land; and well ye wot, Sir Alexander, there are no kings in this realm but you and I. Let me therefore counsel you to be wary, for I let you know that under God I shall take care of my own safety sufficiently, being under your Kingship, and in the service of Love."

Shortly after the above circumstance the King was in his own apartment, conversing with some ladies and several of his friends on various subjects. A favourite squire drew near, and whispered to the King—"In sooth, my Liege, I verily dreamt last night that Sir Robert Graham had slain your Majesty." It is not improbable that this was intended as a timely hint to James, but the squire was sharply reproved by the Earl of Orkney—the same nobleman who founded the chapel at Roslin, who commanded him to be silent, and to tell no such tales in the royal presence. Yet it made some impression on James, who instantly recollected one of his own dreams, in which he thought a serpent and a toad furiously assailed him in his own private apartment, and that he had nothing to defend himself against the reptiles except a pair of tongs he found in the chimney. So great was the reverence in which the devoted King was held, that thrice did Christopher Chambers, the domestic whom

the conspirators had bribed, attempt to approach the royal presence and make a full disclosure, but as often he failed from irresolution, accident, or a sense of pity towards his associates.

At length a night was fixed for the accomplishment of the conspiracy, which happened to be Ash Wednesday, or the first day of Lent, 1437-8, being the night of the 20th of February. The leaders had previously met; Sir Robert Graham had returned from his retreats in the Highlands, and had arrived in the neighbourhood of Perth, where he met Athole and his grandson. A speech is reported to have been delivered by Athole, in which he recited his previous exploits, and his pretensions to the crown, of which he maintained both he and his grandson had been unjustly deprived. "It is truly simple," said Athole, "in him who now oppresses us and usurps our throne to think that deeply-rooted injuries are likely to be forgotten by the bestowal of contemptible favours, and that I would calmly submit to the title of Earl, when I should have been King myself, and receiving his homage. By his tyrannical justice, if he is not hated he is not beloved, but has become an object of terror to his people, who now obey him through their poverty and great grievances, not from affection; and he himself even feareth that some will do that to him which he knows right well he deserveth. Let us then resolve our doubts; our purposes are honour and revenge; our feelings towards him are mutual. Divine Providence seems to favour us, having induced him to dismiss his army, and to come to the very place where our designs must succeed."

The eventful night at length arrived on which this tragedy was to be consummated. Sir Robert Graham was lurking in the neighbourhood of the Dominican Convent, receiving occasional information of the proceedings within from Christopher Chambers, the perfidious domestic. The leader of the conspiracy was supported by a number of

armed men; but it appears from the confession of Chambers, that many, if not the whole of them, were ignorant of the enterprise, until they had unwittingly become parties with the regicide, inasmuch as Graham simply pretended to them that his motive for attacking the Convent was to carry off a young lady of the court to whom Stuart was attached, and whom he designed to marry the following day. The Earl of Athole and his grandson attended the King that evening, which was spent in more than ordinary hilarity, in reading, singing, piping, playing on instruments, and other amusements, both before and after supper. During the prolonging of these recreations the woman who had before warned James of his danger, when on his journey from Edinburgh to Perth near the Queensferry, knocked at the gate of the Convent, and demanded admission. She had followed the court to Perth, and knew that this was the night fixed for the execution of the conspiracy. She was admitted into the court-yard of the Convent, and crossed to that quarter of the building inhabited by James and his retinue. Having discovered the door, she designed to force her way into the King's presence, but it was shut. She knocked till the door was opened by a domestic, who demanded her business at such a late hour of the night. "Let me in," she replied, "for I have something to say, and to tell the King. I am the woman who not long ago desired to have spoken with him when on the road to Perth." The earnestness of the woman astonished the domestic, and he proceeded to inform the King. Supposing that it was some frivolous affair, James was not inclined to stop his amusements, and simply said—"Let her come to-morrow." When this was intimated to the woman, she sorrowfully replied—"Well, it will repent you all that you will not let me speak now to the King." This called forth a jest from the domestic, who hastily shut the door, and the woman departed.

Some time after supper, the amusements of the court having been kept up till a late hour, James called for the parting cup, and every one present drank before retiring to rest. Athole's grandson was the last who quitted the King's presence, and he left the door of the apartment open—a precaution needless on his part, as he had previously contrived to destroy the lock. It appears that a door of one of the rooms opened into a garden, for about midnight the conspirators had laid down planks of wood and hurdles, by which they might be able to get over the ditch which surrounded the garden near the outer wall. By this way they entered the Convent, and shortly after midnight, when the court had retired to rest, Graham with three hundred Highlanders of Athole was in possession of the house, having entered without being observed, or meeting the slightest interruption.

James was in his own apartment, and was standing before the fire-place in a kind of undress, gaily conversing with his Queen and a few of her ladies, when suddenly he heard a loud noise in the court-yard proceeding from the clashing of armour and armed men, and the flashes of torches from without glared through the room. Immediately he suspected treason; the warnings he had received instantly recurred to him, and his thoughts naturally reverted to the ferocious criminal who had insulted him by renouncing his allegiance, and sending him a mortal defiance. Astonishment and terror were depicted in the countenances of the ladies, and as the noise waxed louder they clung to each other, surrounding the King. Recovering their composure, the Queen and the ladies rushed to the door, which they found open, and the bolts destroyed. The King, without arms or attendants, besought them to keep the door fast as long as they could, while he examined to see if escape were practicable. He found the windows so strongly barred as to preclude any possibility of escape from them, and he



had no time to attempt the wrenching of the bars, for the tumult and clashing of armour every moment increased. Heavy footsteps were already heard in the gallery leading to the King's apartment, and the violence without too clearly indicated the intentions of the assailants.

When the King found it impossible to escape by the windows, he seized the fire tongs, and after a desperate exertion succeeded in lifting a plank from the floor, which covered a kind of square vault or cellar of narrow dimensions. Through this aperture he dropped himself, and the flooring was carefully replaced. He found himself in a disagreeable room, full of dust, from which he could not escape, for by a sad fatality he had caused a small square window, through which he could have easily passed, to be built up three days previously, on account of the tennis-balls entering it when that game was played in the garden. Yet even in this place he might perhaps have been safe, if his own impatience had not betrayed him.

As soon as the conspirators had possessed themselves of the Convent, their object was to rush to the King's apartment, and tradition affirms that they were shown it by Athole's grandson, who only little more than an hour before had left the presence of James with every profession of regard. A page named Walter Straiton, who was in the act of carrying a cup of wine for the King and Queen, seeing them consulting among themselves, he loudly exclaimed, *Traitors! Traitors!* and hastened to secure the door. The unfortunate page was stabbed to the heart by one of the conspirators, who all simultaneously ran along the gallery towards the apartment with axes, swords, and other weapons. The cries of the page, however, had warned the inmates of the approach of the assassins. The King was at this time in the cellar under the floor, and the ladies ran towards the outer door. The bolts, of rude construction in those days, had been previously despoiled or removed, but

Lady Catherine Douglas, of the House of Douglas, performed an act worthy of being known to latest posterity. This noble lady thrust her arm into the bolt, while the other ladies attempted by their pressure to secure the door. But the delicate arm-bone was in a moment broken by the violence of the assassins, who burst open the door, and scrupled not to trample down and wound several of the fair defenders.

The ferocious appearance of the conspirators alarmed the helpless ladies, who fled from them with loud cries of terror and lamentation. Several attendants, whom the noise had called together, and who offered resistance, were killed, and among them fell Patrick Dunbar, a brother of the Earl of March. The conspirators were now in the apartment under which the King was concealed. They found the Queen stretched on the floor, incapable of imploring protection. A villain wounded her, and would probably have murdered her, but a son of Sir Robert Graham interposed, exclaiming—"What! shame on yourself! What will you do to the Queen? She is a woman. Let us go and seek the King." Leaving the Queen in that situation, with her hair dishevelled, and her dress from their rudeness hanging loose about her, they proceeded to search every corner of the apartment. But their search was vain, and it is remarkable that they never recollected the cellar below the floor. Some of them proceeded to the adjoining rooms, while others went to the more remote apartments. Every place was diligently explored—"in the litters," says a contemporary writer, "under the presses, the forms, the chairs, and all other places, long they busily sought the King."

At length a temporary quietness ensued, and James, supposing that the conspirators had left the Convent, called for sheets to draw him out of the place of his confinement. The ladies with considerable exertion removed the plank, and were proceeding to extricate the King, when one of

them, Elizabeth Douglas, fell into the place. At this unfortunate moment Christopher Chambers happened to pass along the gallery, and his eyes caught the ladies standing over the elevated plank. He sought his associates, to whom he said—"Sirs, wherefore stand we thus idle and lose our time, when the object of our search is hid? Come on with me, and I shall soon discover where the King is." He entered the apartment with a torch, and though the noise of his approach had caused the ladies hastily to replace the board, he carefully examined the floor. He soon perceived that a plank had been broken up, and lifting it, he held the torch in the aperture, and beheld the King and the lady. "Sirs," he loudly cried, "the bridegroom is found for whom we have been searching and carolling all night long."

This fatal discovery, at least accelerated if not caused by the impatience of James, was no sooner known than the conspirators speedily assembled. They broke up the floor, and one of them, named Sir John Hall, leaped into the cellar with a dagger in his hand. The King grappled him by the shoulders, and dashed him on the ground. A brother of this Hall descended and aimed at the King, but the blow was parried, and he was also seized by the neck and thrown down. Yet in vain did James attempt to wrest a dagger from either. Although standing above them, and they were stunned by the fall, they held fast their weapons. In the struggle the King cut his hands severely, which rendered him less capable of farther defence. If James had succeeded in obtaining a dagger, he would not only have sold his life at the dearest rate, but in all probability he would have been able to parry their attacks until the alarm had been given, and the citizens of Perth had risen to his rescue.

Sir Robert Graham now entered the apartment, and instantly sprung into the cellar. Weary and faint by his former struggles, weaponless, and profusely bleeding at the

hands, James appealed to him for mercy, as farther resistance was vain. But Graham ferociously raised his dagger, and pointed it at the King's heart. "Thou cruel tyrant," he said, "never didst thou show mercy to those of thine own blood, nor to any gentleman who came in thy way; expect no mercy now." "Then," entreated the King, "I implore thee, for the salvation of my soul, to let me have a confessor." "No," replied the assassin, "no other confessor shalt thou have but this dagger." Graham plunged his weapon into the King's body, and the unhappy monarch fell, imploring mercy, and offering half his kingdom for his life. Struck with remorse, the assassin relented for a moment, and would have withdrawn, when the other conspirators exclaimed from above—"We shall abide by thee faithfully if thou slay him, but if thou come up here, we swear thou wilt die by our hands." When Graham heard this, he and the two Halls fell upon the King and murdered him under circumstances of the most aggravated cruelty. They repeatedly stabbed him in various parts of his body after he was dead, and in his breast there were no fewer than sixteen mortal wounds.

Thus fell James I. of Scotland—one of the most accomplished princes of his time—in the forty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-first of his nominal though only the thirteenth of his actual reign. After murdering the King the conspirators sought the Queen to put her to death, but she had escaped. The alarm was now given in Perth, and the citizens rushed into the monastery, unhappily when it was too late, to defend and rescue their sovereign. Their loud threats of vengeance dismayed the regicides, who consulted their safety by flight in every direction. They were pursued, but they effected their escape, with only one man slain and another wounded, to the fastnesses of the Highlands, bitterly regretting that they had not killed the Queen.

The body of the unfortunate James was buried in the church of the magnificent Carthusian Monastery, or Charter-house, at Perth—a Monastery which he and his Queen had founded in 1429, but of which no vestige is now to be seen. The tomb of James, as well as those of his Queen Joanna, and of Margaret, mother of James V., also buried in the same church, was destroyed when the Charter-house was demolished at the Reformation. It may be noticed, however, that a flat tombstone with two figures in outline, supposed to be James I. and his Queen, was discovered some years ago, and is now to be seen inserted in the wall of one of the divisions of St John's Church at Perth.

It is not accurately known by what means the leaders of this atrocious conspiracy were apprehended. Every writer admits that the murder of the King excited the greatest indignation throughout the kingdom, and even those with whom James was unpopular deplored his fate and deemed the act execrable. So anxious were the people to bring the conspirators to justice, that every baron and chief in the kingdom united in endeavouring to take them. Within a month after the murder they were all in custody. Those first apprehended were Sir Robert Stuart and the domestic Chambers, who were secured, it is said, by Robertson of Strowan—a fact extremely probable, as they both took refuge in that chieftain's district, and in commemoration of it the ancient Family of Strowan have ever since borne a *wild man chained*, lying under the escutcheon of their arms. The others were taken in various places.

The conspirators were carried to Edinburgh and imprisoned in the Castle. Punishments were prepared for them, and a series of tortures devised, which even at this distance of time, notwithstanding the atrocity of their crime, excite a shudder, and sufficiently indicate the barbarism of the age. They were speedily condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, in Edinburgh. Sir Robert



Stuart and Christopher Chambers were first led to execution. A scaffold was erected in the High Street, and a wooden cross of considerable height was placed in the centre. They were both bound to this cross almost naked, and in presence of a great concourse of spectators. The executioner stood before them with a pair of iron pincers or tongs, with which he repeatedly twisted their bodies, and pulled off pieces of their flesh in the most excruciating manner, the blood gushing forth from the ghastly wounds. Yet they endured these torments with great fortitude, and Sir Robert Stuart, who now saw the folly of his ambition to wear a crown, and that of his grandfather Athole, said to the executioner—"Do whatsoever you please, for we are guilty, and well deserve much more than this painful death." They were next compelled to descend from the scaffold, and were led through the streets of Edinburgh, the same tortures being repeated during their progress by the executioner. They were then brought before the Council House, in the vicinity of St Giles's Church, and were made to ascend the scaffold, where they stood nearly two hours a public spectacle, receiving no sympathy from the people. After this they were again carried through the city, till they came to a spot where two high poles had been erected with cross beams, for some mechanical purpose. Here the executioner tied ropes below their arm-pits, and suspended them. While thus hanging, they made a confession of their guilt—Sir Robert Stuart professing the utmost penitence, but Christopher Chambers justified the conspiracy, and all the circumstances of the King's death. They were finally carried to the place appointed for execution, where Stuart was drawn asunder by four horses, and his companion beheaded and quartered. But the statement of Stuart having been drawn asunder by horses is on the authority of Sir James Balfour, for others allege that he was hanged, beheaded, and quartered. His head was sent

to Perth, and placed on a conspicuous part of the city prison. The head and right hand of Christopher Chambers were fixed on a spear and set up in Edinburgh.

The next leader in the conspiracy brought to punishment was the Earl of Athole, the grandfather of Sir Robert Stuart, who had been apprehended by the Earl of Angus. This nobleman, then in his seventieth year, was arraigned and condemned, though he persisted in declarations of his innocence, in the presence of Antony de Santo Vito, Bishop of Urbino, at that time Papal Legate in Scotland. The traditionary narrative of his punishment proves in a remarkable manner the barbarism of the Scots. As the festival of Easter was at hand, the cross-like gibbet on which his grandson had been tortured was from a religious feeling removed, as unbecoming the commemorations preceding that great and solemn festival of the Church, and instead of it a pillar was set up, to which he was tied. Three successive days the punishment of this nobleman was prolonged, and it is hardly credible that at his age he was able to endure the tortures inflicted on him. At first he was placed naked in a cart, over which an engine like a crane was placed, and he was at certain intervals hoisted in the air by ropes and pulleys. The ropes being loosened, he was always suddenly let down with great violence, the motion of the excruciating torture causing a relaxation of the joints. In this manner Athole was dragged along the High Street and the Canongate. On the second day he was tied to the pillar, and a red-hot iron crown placed upon his head, with this inscription—"The King of all Traitors!" This was to fulfil the prediction of the Highland soothsayer that he would be crowned king before a great concourse of people. A contemporary writer, however, denies the fact of the red-hot iron crown, and says it was one of *paper*, on which the word *traitor* was written thrice. Athole was then placed upon a hurdle, and drawn

at the horse's tail through the streets. The third day closed his sufferings. He was led out to the scaffold, where a scene of no ordinary cruelty was exhibited. While he was alive he was stretched naked on the scaffold; his bowels were cut out and thrown into a fire; his heart was roasted, and cast to the dogs; and he was beheaded and quartered. His hoary head was placed on a spike in a prominent part of the city, encircled with a mock iron crown, and his quarters were set upon posts in Perth, Stirling, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. This was the revenge of the Queen Joanna, and it was a fearful revenge for a woman. That Athole was concerned in the conspiracy is undeniable, but as he was not a personal actor in it, the tortures inflicted on him were revolting and infamous. His age ought at least to have sheltered him from the torture. His royal birth and near relationship to the murdered King, also, ought to have saved him from being exhibited in this ignoble manner, and arrayed in the mock insignia of royalty.

The most active and important conspirator was now to be punished. This was Sir Robert Graham, the contriver of the whole plot, and the first who plunged his dagger into the breast of James. He was removed to Stirling, where he was brought to trial. This ferocious regicide had the hardihood to tell his judges that there was no law to put him to death, for he had committed no crime, but had slain his own mortal enemy, which might be proved by his letters to the King some years before, sealed with his own seal, wherein he had sent his defiance, and renounced his allegiance for reasons in his opinion most satisfactory. He contended that if they acted equitably towards him they would immediately set him at liberty, because he had done to the King what the King intended to do to him if he had apprehended him. Perceiving that this reasoning was treated with contempt by his judges, he uttered a bold invective both against them and the King, which was long re-

membered in Scotland. He was immediately condemned, and the sentence was inflicted in the town of Stirling in a manner more revolting than the punishment of his associates.

Graham was placed in a cart, in the centre of which a pole of seven or eight feet in height was placed, and to the top of this pole he was, as it were, transfixed by the right hand, the dagger being driven through it with which he slew the King. In this manner he was drawn through the town. After enduring this torture the executioners separated his hand from his body, and burnt it before his face. He was then nailed to the pole in a state of complete nudity, and a second time drawn through the town. During this progress two executioners continually cut and gashed his body, pinching his legs, thighs, arms, and shoulders, with instruments of red-hot iron. In the midst of those revolting tortures Graham conducted himself with the greatest courage and resolution. "This that ye are doing to me," he exclaimed, "being against the law, is another proof of your immeasurable tyranny. The world will henceforth mention the Scots as brutal barbarians, when the painful and tyrannical tortures are known which you have inflicted on me, and which it is hardly possible to endure. I doubt not, if you continue your wanton tortures on my wretched body, that the very pain will constrain me to deny and blaspheme my Maker. But if I do, I declare before God, the great and chief Judge of all mankind at the universal doom, that you have been the cause of the loss of my soul."

The sight was too much for human nature to endure, and some peers, who attended to see the punishment of the criminal duly inflicted, ordered him to be taken down. But this was more barbarous than the cruelties he had previously suffered. Covered with blood, and disfigured by frightful wounds, a rough mantle of the coarsest manufac-

ture was thrown over his bleeding body, and he was cast into a nauseous and horrid dungeon in a state of insensibility. In the meanwhile some of the inferior sort of the conspirators were hanged and quartered, after whom Graham was brought out to execution. When carried to the scaffold he was placed on his feet, and the coarse mantle thrown over him, which, having adhered to his flesh, had stopped his bleeding wounds, was torn from his body, and the blood flowed anew. So excruciating was the pain caused by this act, that Graham fell down in a swoon, from which he did not recover for some time. When he revived, he said that the tearing of the mantle from his body was more intensely painful than any of the other tortures he had endured. His son, who was one of the conspirators, was now brought out, and was beheaded and quartered before his eyes. He was then beheaded, his heart thrown into a fire, and his body quartered and sent to the four principal towns in the kingdom. His head was placed over the West Port Gate of Edinburgh.

Such was the punishment of the murderers of James I., and notwithstanding their atrocious guilt, it may be placed on the same level with the tortures practised by the most ferocious and barbarous nations. It was characteristic of a country which a French writer of that age says was *more abundant in savages than cattle*, and of a people whose penury and barbarism the French, according to Froissart, witnessed not without a shudder.

With respect to Sir Robert Graham, the tortures he endured seem to have procured for him little sympathy from the common people. He was long remembered with abhorrence in a popular rhyme to this effect—

“ Sir Robert Graham,  
Who slew our King,  
God gave him shame.”



## BATTLE OF INVERKEITHING.\*

A. D. 1651.

WHILE Charles II. was in Scotland, during Cromwell's campaigns to establish the authority of the newly erected Commonwealth, the citizens of Perth, by order of the King, assembled on the fine plain called the South Inch, and selected a chosen body of men who were to march to Burntisland and watch the motions of the Republican fleet and army. This company, under the command of a gentleman named Butler, joined a detachment of the Scottish army from Dunfermline, consisting of three thousand men who were posted on an eminence near the ancient royal burgh of Inverkeithing in Fife, under the command of Major-General Sir John Brown of Fordel and Major-General Holburne of Menstrie. There is a promontory called the *Cruicks*, running into the Frith of Forth above North Queensferry, noted for a project entertained by some foreign wealthy Jews in the reign of Alexander III. to fortify and erect upon it a sort of new Jerusalem—a design which was relinquished probably on account of the interference of the government. Near this promontory Colonel Overton, with about fourteen hundred infantry and some cavalry, landed and encamped to check the Scots, and shortly afterwards Lieutenant-General Lambert crossed with two thousand five hundred cavalry and infantry of the Republican army, to repel the Presbyterian forces from Fife.

On the first day after the encampment of the English there was a small skirmish upon the rocky hills overlooking the Queensferry and the Frith of Forth, but the severe

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\* Nicoll's Diary; Memorabilia of Perth; Statistical Account of Scotland; Cromwell's Dispatches; Sir James Balfour's Annals.

engagement, which was maintained with much obstinacy on both sides, and terminated in the defeat of the Scots, was begun near the town of Inverkeithing, at a place called Hillfield. On account of the Scots retreating, however, the battle was chiefly fought upon the opposite bank of Masterton, which, though not far distant, lies within the parish of Dunfermline. The Scots received such a severe check that sixteen hundred were killed and wounded, and twelve hundred were taken prisoners at Inverkeithing and Dunfermline, with fifty-two drums, several bagpipes, and colours. Among the wounded were Sir John Brown of Fordel, and several officers of distinction.

A rill traversing the valley where this battle was fought, called Pinkerton Burn, is said to have been coloured with blood for three days in consequence of the great slaughter. In the language of the old people of Inverkeithing the plain was like a *hairst field with corpses*—meaning a field thickly strewn with newly cut sheaves of grain. MacLean of Dowart, chief of the Clan MacLean, lost six sons in this combat, each of whom was successively cut down as they all came up to defend their father. A diarist of the time says that “Holburne was employed with some horse and a great number of foot to march upon the enemy. MacLean of Dowart, with five hundred of his soldiers and sundry others of the foot companies, went on courageously, and looking that Holburne would have assisted them with his horse; but they were deceived, for the horse never went on to their help. And so the English won that day, and slew and deadly wounded twelve hundred foot and two hundred horse; Sir John Brown taken prisoner, and the whole name of MacLean destroyed, being all gallant men and able, passing the number of five hundred men at least, they and their followers.”

Another contemporary annalist observes—“Our party (the Scots) was commanded in chief by Lieutenant-General

Holburne, who that day by all honest men was thought to have played the traitor, but he was formally cleared at Stirling thereafter, and quitted his charge in the army, for the whole army exclaimed against him." The people of Inverkeithing have a traditionary story, in confirmation of Holburne having betrayed his trust, that he stood on the East Ness, and invited the English general across the Frith, which is here very narrow, by a trumpet. Sir John Brown of Fordel, who behaved with great fidelity and gallantry on this occasion, was sent a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle, and he soon after died of grief at his defeat.

The loss on each side is variously stated. There can be little doubt that the slain on the side of the Scots as above stated is nearly correct. Yet we are told by an annalist of the time already cited, that "there were killed almost alike on each side, and of the Scots about eight hundred, most of them foot." He most absurdly adds that the English amounted to ten thousand men. Cromwell, in his official account, says, that the Scots lost two thousand men, with about five hundred or six hundred prisoners. Lambert estimated the slain at the same number, but maintains that the prisoners exceeded fourteen hundred, while he limits the loss of the English to only *eight men*—"so easy did the Lord grant that mercy." No confidence, in fact, can be placed in the statements issued by the contending parties in this war, which is evident by a comparison of the official returns of the casualties sustained by each in this and other engagements. We shall in another place follow Cromwell to Perth, and notice his *doings* in the *Fair City*.

## CONFLICT AT THURSO.\*

A.D. 1649.

THERE is a Scottish proverb, "*The better day the better deed,*" and so probably thought Donald Macallister Mullich, who is described as an "Irish captain, a powerful ferocious man," who had figured in the King's service in the campaigns of the great Marquis of Montrose, and who had mingled with the feuds between the clans of Mackay and Sutherland, in favour of the former. It happened that in the year 1649 Niel Mackay, a celebrated leader of a branch of the clan called the Abrach Mackays, entered the county of Caithness, and proceeded to pay a visit to Sir James Sinclair of Murkle, and several other friends, in the neighbourhood of Thurso. This Niel Mackay was followed to that town by Donald Macallister Mullich and some of his retainers, but it is not clear whether the latter personage wished to be near his friend Niel, or whether he repaired thither for his own convenience. Donald entertained very convenient notions of *meum* and *tuum*, and improved on the Rob Roy maxim, as expressed by Wordsworth, that

They should keep who had the power,  
And they should take who can.

Donald was a personage who considered himself and his men entitled to demand a contribution for his own and their support from the inhabitants wherever he went. This, in his opinion, was his undoubted right, and he viewed it as the very quintessence of rebellion—as altogether illegal, presumptuous, and punishable, to offer any resistance, or to

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\* Mackay's History of the Clan Mackay; Gordon's History of the House of Sutherland.

call this assumed right in question. The notions of Donald on this subject of levying contributions were very agreeable to a set of brawny Highlanders, who loved an idle marauding life, and he had always a considerable number of retainers, or a *following*, at command.

On the present occasion Donald demanded a contribution from the lieges of the baronial burgh of Thurso, which the said lieges thought proper to resist. Irritated at their refractory conduct, which he considered an unpardonable insult, Donald resolved to maintain his authority and to revenge himself on their contumacy. As his notions of religion were as convenient as his manner of subsistence, he took the opportunity of a Sunday, while the inhabitants were attending divine service, to obtain from the houses and stores of the Thursonians those necessities which they obstinately refused. A person to whom he communicated his intention suggested to him that he should evince some respect for the Sunday and for the ordinances of God, to which he impiously replied, "In defiance of God and the Sunday, Donald will spill blood."

Donald's project was soon made known to the inhabitants, who took up arms and resolved to act on the offensive. They not only assaulted Donald and his men, but they attacked his ally Niel Mackay and his few followers, who happened at the time to be in a house at a considerable distance from the parish church, and who were utterly ignorant of the whole affair. The Mackays defended themselves, and when joined by Donald and his men a regular conflict took place. Such was the superstitious terror in which Donald was personally held that it was believed he was proof against lead, and a servant of Sir James Sinclair cut a silver button from his master's coat, with which he loaded a pistol, and fired at the Irish captain. The pistol was so well aimed that Donald was shot through the ear,



but nothing daunted by this narrow escape he with the utmost coolness exclaimed in Gaelic—"Hoot! the fellow, he has deafened me!"

Niel Mackay was unfortunately killed shortly after the commencement of the fray, but this was unknown to Sir James Sinclair, who, alarmed for the safety of his friend, called aloud—"Let no man touch Niel Mackay." He was told that he was killed already. "Then," said Sir James, "spare none." About twenty of the Mackays and Irish were killed, and the last two of them were slain at Scrabster, about half a mile west of Thurso. The place where those two fell was marked by large stones fixed in the ground, and the others, with the exception of Niel Mackay, were buried at the principal entrance to the parish church.

The death of Niel Mackay was greatly lamented by Sir James Sinclair, who caused him to be interred in his own burying-ground opposite the Murkle aisle of the church, and placed a stone over his grave with his family arms cut on it, which is still to be seen, but the ciphering is almost effaced. The son of Niel Mackay, who was called by his father's name of *Niel*, made frequent excursions in pursuit of the man who killed his father, but that person always contrived to elude him, and he at length fled from the country. He, however, killed James Sinclair of Borlum, who had been concerned in his father's slaughter. Donald, the cause of the whole fray, was also killed in this conflict at Thurso, so disgraceful to the state of the country at that period

## BATTLE OF LUNCARTY.\*

ABOUT A.D. 980.

IN the parish of Redgorton, upwards of four miles from the city of Perth, is the field of Luncarty, noted in the ancient history of Scotland for a fabulous tradition of the origin and rise of the Noble Families of Errol, Kinnoul, Tweeddale, and others of inferior rank, as related by Boece and Buchanan. In the reign of Kenneth III. an army of Danish invaders disembarked at the mouth of the Esk in Forfarshire, seized and plundered the nearest towns, and committed the most merciless ravages. If the description of Scotland by an author not inclined to depreciate his native country is to be credited, it is impossible to conjecture the inducements of the Danes to invade Scotland. Referring to this battle of Luncarty, he says—"A large fleet of those rovers was seen off Redhead in Angus, where for some days they lay at anchor, and during this time they consulted among themselves whether they should make a descent at that very place, or put to sea, and set sail for England, which was then, as now, the more opulent country. The soil was fruitful, the air wholesome, the lands well cultivated, the granaries full, the cities populous, and the people become too easy, not so patient of the hardships of war; besides, there were a great many Danes and Norwegians already settled in that kingdom. On the other hand, Scotland was a country considerable only by reason of its fierce

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\* Statistical Account of Scotland; Memorabilia of Perth; Adamson's Metrical History of Perth; Chalmers' Caledonia; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Abercrombie's Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation.

unconquered inhabitants—a race of men hardened by labour and strengthened by poverty ; few or no cities worth plundering, few lands worth wasting, no gardens, orchards, or baths for pleasure, no plenty of food or drink for feasting, no incitements to luxury ; nothing to be met with but steep hills, inaccessible fortresses, dangerous bogs, and withal a hardy robust enemy determined to dispute every inch even of that barren ground made fertile by nothing more than the scattered carcasses of former invaders, particularly Danes.” Thus far Dr Patrick Abercrombie in his “ Martial Achievements of the Scots Nation”—a work, though curious, of a very apocryphal nature. The worthy Doctor’s notion of the Scots in those times being “ strengthened by poverty” is a *little* at variance with the modern ideas connected with that misfortune.

The Danes, it is said, ravaged the whole county of Angus, and entered Perthshire in their desolating progress by the Carse of Gowrie. The writer just quoted observes, that Scotland, a “ country so much undervalued upon the score of its unfruitfulness, was nevertheless a sure inlet into England.” If this was the intention of the Danes, their disembarkation at the mouth of the Forfarshire Esk evinces that they were miserably deficient in geographical knowledge and ignorant of the country, for it was the height of folly to land there at all, when a few hours’ sailing might have conveyed them to the coast of East Lothian or Berwickshire ; and it was still more absurd to be found at Luncarty on their way to England. Be this as it may, we shall in the meantime follow the traditionary narrative of the battle. Kenneth III., who was then at Stirling, soon received information of the ravages of the invaders, from the fugitives who had escaped their fury. Assembling his forces, he appointed the ground at the confluence between the Tay and its tributary the Earn as the place of rendezvous. While here mustering his troops it was inti-

mated to the King that the Danes were besieging Perth. Alarmed at the supposition that a place so important might fall into the hands of the enemy, Kenneth immediately marched thither with such troops as he had collected. When the Scots first beheld the Danes they were stationed most advantageously on a hill, where they could not be attacked without great risk. Anxious for revenge the Scots drew up in order of battle and advanced against the enemy, who, being forced from their position by the archers and dartsmen, were compelled to engage. A sanguinary conflict soon took place, and the battle raged with terrible slaughter on the ground designated Luncarty. Even while the victory was doubtful, the Danish leaders sent a notice throughout their host that no man need ever return to the camp if they did not obtain the victory. This was responded by loud acclamations, and the Danes charged the Scots with such impetuosity, that the latter gave way and fled, keenly pursued by the enemy.

At this crisis of affairs a rustic man and his two sons happened to be engaged in tilling a neighbouring field. Seeing their countrymen running across this field, the father seized the yoke of his plough, and his sons whatever weapons were readiest, as arms, and stationing themselves in a convenient position, they endeavoured by persuasions and reproaches to revive the courage of the Scots. They even struck down some of the fugitives nearest to them, exclaiming that they, too, would be Danes to cowards. This conduct caused a reaction; the Scots rallied, and, led by this ploughman and his sons, faced about on the Danes with dreadful fury, uttering loud cries and yells of revenge, which were increased by the shouts of the baggage servants. The Danes, supposing that a fresh reinforcement had come to the assistance of the Scots, now in turn gave way, and sustained a complete defeat. Those who escaped the sword were drowned in the Tay, which was then swollen

by the rains and had overflown its banks. "This," says Buchanan, "is that victory obtained near the village of Luncarty, which was celebrated with the greatest rejoicings during many days, and the fame of which will extend to the latest posterity. When the victors were dividing the spoil, the countryman and his two sons were the object of universal applause, numbers of noblemen attesting that wherever they attacked the Scottish ranks were restored, and those of the enemy overthrown. When brought to the King, the man spoke modestly of his services, and on being offered splendid robes for himself and his sons to render their entrance into Perth more conspicuous, he declined the honour, and only wiping away the dust from the garments he had worn every day, and carrying the yoke he had used in battle, he entered the city preceded by an advanced guard, and followed at a considerable distance by a numerous train appointed by the King. The attention and admiration of all who had assembled to witness this spectacle were turned upon him only who had contributed to the triumph of the day."

Buchanan says that the name of this countryman was Hay, but there is another tradition that after the victory was gained, the old man, while lying on the ground wounded and fatigued exclaimed *Hay! Hay!* and that this word became the surname of himself and his posterity. To reward the signal service he had rendered, it was resolved in a convention of the States held at Scone, to give the old rustic the choice of the hound's chase or the falcon's flight over land as a suitable possession. The chance of the falcon's flight was preferred, and the bird was allowed to take its flight from Kinnoul Hill—

"Kinnoul, so famous in the days of old,  
Where stood a castle and a stately hold,  
Of great antiquity, by brink of Tay,  
Woods were above, beneath fair meadows lay."



The bird entered the Carse of Gowrie, and flew over an extent of ground several miles in length. It alighted on a stone near the banks of the Tay, upwards of a mile south of the mansion-house of Errol, which is still called the *Falcon Stone*. The old countryman was ennobled, and the King assigned three shields or escutcheons for the arms of the family, to intimate that the father and his two sons had been the three fortunate shields of Scotland. The Earls of Errol bear for their crest a falcon, and the supporters are two men in country habits holding the yokes of a plough over their shoulders, with this motto, *Servi jugum*, in allusion to their origin.

Such is the story gravely related by Buchanan and Boece of the battle of Luncarty, and "to confirm the truth of this ancient piece of history," says a writer in the Statistical Account of Scotland, "we have the uninterrupted tradition of the country, the testimonies of our most ancient historians, the undoubted marks of a battle, the armorial bearings of the Errol Family, the bows and the yokes, as far back as the twelfth century." But with all due deference to these statements, the account of the battle of Luncarty, so far as the origin of the Hays of Errol is concerned, is altogether a fiction. The legendary tale may give some explanation of the armorial bearings of the Family, but it is satisfactorily ascertained that the Hays of Scotland are a branch of the Anglo-Norman Hays who came into Britain with William the Conqueror.

The battle of Luncarty has been altogether denied, probably on account of the fictitious story of the origin of the Hays, but it is absurd to doubt the fact of the battle. Redgorton, or *Redgoretown*, the name of the parish in which Luncarty lies, is, according to an old tradition, derived from the battle, when many of the wounded were brought to the house of an ecclesiastic, which on that account was designated *Red-gore-town*, or *the town of the red*

gore. The country people pretended, and probably may do so still, to show the ridges where Hay and his sons were ploughing when they joined the battle, and these were distinguished from the rest of the field by small stripes of grass on each side, which no farmer had courage to break up till the *end of the eighteenth century* ! They affected to show the narrow pass where the Hays rallied their fugitive countrymen, which is now levelled, but which a writer mentions he had seen entire, when it much resembled the small Roman stations existing in many places of Scotland, though not so regular.

The most convincing proofs of the battle are the *tumuli*, which still exist, and the human bones, and the hilts and blades of swords, spears, and bits of bridles, occasionally found. There is indeed a probability that there had been several separate engagements from the situation of these *tumuli* or burying-places. A writer says—"I have seen a great number of *tumuli* scattered over the field of battle where the dead were buried, not raised in any regular order, or in one place, but wherever the slain fell in the greatest numbers ; these are now almost level with the rest of the ground. I have seen many of them opened, and the light ashes found in great quantities evince the nature of their contents." The graves of the Danish general and his officers are still indicated by large stones near some cottages which are called *Denmark*, or properly *Dane-Mark*, and near this place were dug up the handle and part of the blade of a sword, now in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoul. There is a rising ground called *Turn-again-hillock*, where the Danes began to retreat, and the hollow path is shown under cover of which the Highland clans surrounded the enemy. There were six or seven *tumuli* on the top of *Turn-again-hillock*, which were levelled in 1770, and it was evident that the earth had been artificially thrown up to cover dead bodies laid together. About three hundred yards eastward a large

*tumulus* was removed, on account of it interrupting the high road. In it were found skeletons almost entire not more than two feet and a half below the surface, the earth above them being a light gravel. In addition to these incontestible proofs the names of several places in the neighbourhood refer to the battle fought between the Scots and Danes at Luncarty, and the traditions of it evince the dreadful carnage which must have characterized a conflict the local recollections of which have been transmitted from generation to generation for many centuries.

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## SURRENDER OF PERTH.\*

A.D. 1651.

- ♦ THE victory of the Republican army over the Scots at Inverkeithing tended greatly to induce Charles II. to break up his camp near the Torwood, and at the head of from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand men he marched towards the Borders, with the intention of concentrating his forces at Carlisle. Cromwell withdrew his whole army to the north of the Forth, and after remaining one night at Fordel, the seat of Sir John Brown, during which the horses were turned in among that gentleman's standing corn, the English army advanced to Perth. Nothing of any interest occurred during the march. When Cromwell and Lambert arrived at Perth they found the gates shut against them. The inhabitants of the city were enthusiastic royalists, and cherished a mortal hatred to the Republican
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\* Mercer's Chronicle, MS. Advocates' Library; Memorabilia of Perth; Cromwelliana; Statistical Account of Scotland; Sir James Balfour's Annals of Scotland.

army. A gentleman named Davidson ordered carts to be driven along the streets, and drums to be beaten at all the ports and throughout the town to deceive the English generals. This was merely a *flourish* of defiance, for in reality Perth could not have held out a few hours.

Cromwell invested the city and summoned the Lord Provost to surrender, offering at the same time honourable terms. Those terms were at first refused, and hostilities commenced. The citizens were probably induced to offer resistance by the opportune arrival of Lord Duffus with six hundred men. Several persons were killed on both sides, and it is stated that Cromwell from one of his batteries played his cannon a whole night upon the town. The terms were at last accepted on the 2d or 3d of August, and the English soldiers entered the city. The Lord Provost that year was Andrew Grant of Balhagils, and as it was his duty to attend Cromwell and his officers, he conducted them to the residence of Mr Davidson, the gentleman already mentioned who had made a peculiar display of his zeal against the Republican general. Here a suitable entertainment was provided, during which Cromwell asked the Provost what could have induced him in his defenceless situation to think of holding out the town. The Provost calmly replied, that they had intended to resist until they heard that the King was in England. Cromwell sneeringly designated him a *silly body, below his notice*, and, being made acquainted with Mr Davidson's sentiments, he said if he had time he would hang him.

There was at that time in Perth a merchant named Andrew Reid, who was reckoned the wealthiest burgess in the "Fair City." When Charles II. was crowned King of Scotland at Scone on the 1st of January 1651, he borrowed from Mr Reid the sum of 80,000 merks, though another authority limits the sum to 40,000. It is said that the King also contracted a shop account with Mr Reid to the extent

of 60,000 merks—a statement more than probable, when the well known condition of the King's finances is considered. Charles gave the merchant a bond for the sum advanced to defray the expenses of the coronation, but as he was soon afterwards obliged to quit his dominions, he was of course unable to discharge the debt. Mr Reid, who probably thought that the King's cause was desperate for the present, entered the room in which Cromwell was conversing in Mr Davidson's house, and was introduced to him. He presented the King's bond to the English general, and requested payment. Cromwell read and returned it, saying, that he was neither heir nor executor to Charles Stuart. "If," replied Mr Reid, "your Excellency is neither heir nor executor, you are surely a *vicious intro-mitter*." Cromwell does not appear to have comprehended the meaning of this Scottish legal phraseology, and turning to those present, he declared that it was the boldest observation ever made to him. In the "Memorabilia of Perth," published in 1806, it is said that "The bond is to be seen in the hands of some of Mr Reid's descendants;" and it is probably still in existence. After the Restoration the King never could find it convenient to discharge the debt, though the heirs of Mr Reid repeatedly demanded it from him. If this debt were recoverable now, with the interest and compound interest, the heirs of Andrew Reid, merchant and burgess of Perth, during the time of Cromwell, would be among the richest persons in the British empire.

It is related that immediately after Cromwell had left Mr Davidson's house, the side wall of it fell. That gentleman observed, that he wished it had fallen a quarter of an hour sooner, though he himself, like Samson, should have perished in the ruins! Mr Davidson is described as having been possessed of considerable property in the town, and a notary and fiscal of court by profession.

Cromwell erected a citadel on the South Inch, at no great



distance from the present immense structure called the *Depot*. To procure stones for this building, he demolished one hundred and forty dwelling-houses, an hospital, some school-houses, and the Market Cross. He also took about three hundred tombstones from the Greyfriars' churchyard. This fortification was destroyed after the Restoration.

The English general did not remain long in Perth. The progress of Charles, and the movements of the Scottish army in the south, excited the greatest trepidation, and Cromwell marched into England, leaving Scotland under the government of General Monck. On the 28th of August Cromwell joined the Republican army under Generals Lambert and Harrison, and commenced his vigorous operations against the Royalists.

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### SIEGE OF DUNDEE.\*

A.D. 1651

WHEN Cromwell returned to England in pursuit of Charles II. and the Scottish Royalists, General Monck was left to prosecute his plans, and to complete the conquest of the country beyond the Tay and the range of the Grampian Mountains. Monck lost no time in accomplishing the orders of Cromwell, and one of the places he invested was the sea-port burgh of Dundee. This was the last, and

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\* Nicoll's Diary; Sir James Balfour's Annals; Statistical Account of Scotland; Journal of the Campaigns in Scotland; History of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland; Burnet's History of his own Times; Life of General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, by Thomas Gumble, D.D., one of his Chaplains.

certainly the most destructive, siege which occurs in the annals of this town.

Dundee was at this time walled, and a place of very considerable strength. So secure was it considered, that during Cromwell's invasion many of the citizens of Edinburgh and other towns had sent their most valuable effects thither for protection, under a special guard of Edinburgh citizens. The Rev. Dr Gumble, the chaplain of General Monck, and the biographer of that great man, describes Dundee as a rich and thriving place, and mentions that sixty vessels in the harbour were sent away laden with booty, consisting of plate, money, and other valuables, all of which were lost in crossing the bar of the Tay.

General Monck appeared before Dundee on the 26th of August, and invested the town, but before he commenced hostilities he ordered some troops of cavalry to scour the adjacent country, and take into custody every person of consequence whom they found. It happened that the Presbyterian Committee of Estates were then sitting at Alyth, about sixteen miles from Dundee, in the county of Perth. This Committee consisted of several noblemen, gentlemen, and ministers, among whom were the Earl of Leven, who had been left by the King with the chief command, the Earl of Crawford, lieutenant-general, the Earl Marischal, Lord Ogilvie, Sir Adam Hepburn of Humble, and Sir James Foulis of Colinton. Among the ministers was James Sharpe, minister of Crail in Fife, afterwards Archbishop of St Andrews. Those noblemen and gentlemen were surprised by five hundred cavalry under the command of Colonel Aldridge on the 28th, taken prisoners, and carried to the castle of Broughty, three miles below Dundee, where they were shipped for England. All this was done without the slightest knowledge on the part of the burgesses of Dundee, who little anticipated the fate they were themselves to encounter.

On the afternoon of the last day of August, which happened to be a Sunday, Monck began to cannonade the town, and continued till ten on the following morning, twice offering terms to the besieged, which were refused. It appears that Lord Duffus the governor, ignorant of the apprehension of the noblemen and gentlemen already mentioned, trusted to them for assistance, and the people of the town, also depending on relief from them, stood gallantly on the defensive. But resistance was vain against the superior force of the English general, especially after assistance from the expected quarter was hopeless. To stimulate his soldiers Monck promised them the pillage of the town for twenty-four hours.

On the 1st of September the town was taken by storm, the walls were demolished, and the Republican soldiers rushed in furiously among the inhabitants. The carnage which ensued is an indelible stigma on Monck. The number of persons put to death is estimated at not much less than the sixth part of the citizens, or nearly thirteen hundred individuals, including two hundred women and children. Some tombstones of those put to death are still to be seen in the burying ground of Dundee, which is known by the extraordinary soubriquet of the *Howff*. Many persons of the highest rank, who had repaired to the town as a place of security and strength, were taken. Among these were the Earls of Buchan, Tweeddale, and Buccleuch, Viscount Newburgh, Lords Balcarras, Elibank, and Ramsay, and the Master of Burleigh. There were fifteen gentlemen bearing titles of knighthood, eleven gentlemen of landed property, nine members of the Faculty of Advocates, twenty-four writers, merchants, and citizens of Edinburgh, besides several ministers from the south of the Forth, all of whom had sought shelter in Dundee. A contemporary diarist states that two of the ministers of the town were killed, and that the third, named Duncanson, was spared simply on

account of his great age. It was during or shortly after this siege, while the Earl of Buccleuch was residing in Dundee as a place of security, that the celebrated Anne Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth was born, and the house is (or was) still pointed out. Her birth is recorded in the Register of Baptisms belonging to the town.

In the destruction of so many inhabitants, the strangers who acted as defenders of the town were involved. Robert Lumsden of Innergelly in Fife, who commanded the town, took possession, at the entrance of the English, of the great tower or steeple, as it is called, of the church built by David Earl of Huntingdon—a massive structure one hundred and fifty-six feet high, which is still entire. This gentleman was obliged to surrender at discretion, and he and his companions were inhumanly put to death in the church yard. Two battalions of Lord Duffus' regiment are said to have been slaughtered in the same place, and another party of soldiers suffered a similar fate in the square called the Fish-Market. The head of Lumsden was cut off, and fixed on a spike in one of the abutments at the south-west corner of the steeple, and the same indignity was manifested to others. There is a tradition that the carnage did not cease till the third day, when a child was seen in the lane called the *Thorter Row* sucking its murdered mother.

Sir James Balfour states that the English obtained plunder to the extent of more than two millions and a half, but he must of course mean Scots money. "It is reported," says another contemporary diarist, "by creditable men that were in the town at that time, that the English army had got above L.200,000 sterling, partly of ready gold, silver, and silver work, jewels, rings, merchandise, and merchant wares, and other precious things *belonging to the town of Edinburgh*, besides all that belonged to the town of

Dundee and other people of the country, who had sent their goods for safety to that town." Thus, by the headstrong folly of the burgesses of Dundee, much valuable property belonging to the citizens of Edinburgh and others was irrecoverably lost, for it did not even benefit the English soldiers. Dr Gumble, who strongly censures the conduct of his countrymen in plundering the town, informs us, as already intimated in the present narrative, "that most of the wealth being shipped, to be transported for Leith and England, in several vessels taken in the harbour, there being sixty of all sorts taken, the ships were cast away within sight of the town, and that great wealth perished *without any extraordinary storm*—a just judgment, which teacheth us that though the laws of war may sanction those outrages and plunderings, Divine Justice does not allow but rather chastises them."

A serious charge is brought by Sir James Balfour against the citizens of Dundee respecting their conduct on this occasion. "The townsmen," he says, "did no duty in their own defence, but were *most of them all drunk, like so many beasts*;" and two of the ministers earnestly advised the surrender of the town, aware, says Sir James, that "such a *drunken debauched people* could do no good against so vigilant and active an enemy." This disgraceful charge is substantiated by General Monck's chaplain, who relates the following anecdote:—"Though it is supposed there were more fighting men within than the enemy without, yet the General had very good intelligence by the means of a Scotch boy, who frequently got over the works, in the sight of their own sentinels in the daytime, by way of sport and play, without any notice on their part. This youth, for he was very young, used to bring word in what condition the town was—that at *nine o'clock* the strangers and soldiers took such *large morning draughts*, whether to make them forget the



misery which their country was in at the time, or their own personal troubles and losses, that before twelve o'clock the most of them were *well drenched in their cups.*"

There is another charge brought against the people of Dundee on this occasion by a contemporary diarist, which illustrates the gossip of an age without newspapers, or proper channels of information. It was reported, he says, that the "clownish carles of Dundee" ordered the citizens of Edinburgh, who were in the town, to guard their own property, to be stationed at the weakest parts of the defence, and would not allow any of the town's people to mingle with them. This scheme was projected with the intention that, if the town was taken, the people of Dundee would throw all the odium on the citizens of Edinburgh, and accuse them of having betrayed the place. But it appears that they were disappointed in this crafty design, for Monck's soldiers never assaulted those parts of the town, which was of consequence to the Edinburgh citizens so far as it regarded them, for only about twenty-two of them were killed. The rest, however, were robbed without exception by the English, and stripped even to the shirt.

The fate of Dundee spread terror into the other districts. The towns of Montrose and Aberdeen submitted to General Monck, "being sensible of the fruits of obstinacy by the suffering of their neighbours in that case." Monck marched to Inverness, which he garrisoned, and built a fort to protect his troops from the sudden assaults of the Highlanders. "After this," says Burnet, "Scotland was kept in good order. Some castles in the Highlands had garrisons put into them, which were so exact to their rules, that in no time the Highlanders were kept in better order than during the Usurpation. There was a considerable force of seven or eight thousand men kept in the country; these were paid exactly, and strictly disciplined. The pay of the army brought so much money into the kingdom that it continued

all that while in a very flourishing state. Cromwell built citadels at Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little forts. There was good justice done, and vice was suppressed and punished; so that we always reckon these eight years of usurpation [from 1651 to 1659] a time of great peace and prosperity."

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### ANGUS OF THE ISLES—BATTLE OF THE BLOODY BAY—RAID OF ATHOLE.\*

AFTER the unfortunate death of James II. at Roxburgh Castle, a Parliament was held at Edinburgh which was attended by the powerful Earl of Ross and all the Island chiefs. No records exist of this Parliament, but its proceedings displeased the Earl of Ross, and the banished chief of the House of Douglas, looking chiefly to the King of England for restoration to his former rank, used all his influence to induce the Earl to form a league with Edward IV. This was in 1461, and on the 19th of October the Earl of Ross, by the advice of his kinsmen and vassals, assembled a council in his castle of Ardtornish. The King of England had previously dispatched the exiled Earl of Douglas and his brother Sir John Douglas of Balvany, to meet Ross or his ambassadors, in the month of June that year. On the present occasion Ross assumed the style of an independent prince, and granted a commis-

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\* Douglas' Peerage by Wood; Gregory's History of the Western Highlands and Islands; Bishop Leslie's History of Scotland; Tytler's History of Scotland

sion to his *trusty and well-beloved cousins*, Ranald of the Isles, and Duncan Archdean of the Isles, to confer with the deputies of Edward IV. Those deputies were Lawrence, Bishop of Durham. the Earl of Worcester, Lord Wenlock, the Prior of St Johns, and a gentleman named Stillington, Keeper of the Privy Seal.

The deputies met at Westminster, and concluded a most extraordinary treaty, the grand design of which was the conquest of Scotland by the vassals of the Earl of Ross and the auxiliaries furnished by Edward. According to the conditions of this treaty the Earl of Ross, the celebrated Donald Balloch of Isla, who had some years before routed the royal forces under the Earls of Caithness and Mar, and John, the son and heir of the said Donald, and all their retainers, agreed to become the sworn vassals of Edward, and to assist him in all his wars, upon the payment to each of a stipulated sum of money. It is amusing to know that the sums which those personages were to receive for their important services were—to the Earl only L.200 sterling annually in time of war, and one hundred merks in time of peace; to Donald Balloch L.40, and to his son John L.20, in time of war, and during peace half of these sums respectively. It was also concluded that when Scotland was subdued, the whole of the kingdom north of the Forth was to be equally divided between the Earls of Ross and Douglas, and Donald Balloch, while Douglas was to be put in possession of his extensive estates between the Forth and the English Borders. When all this was effected, the money paid annually to the Earl of Ross and his associates was to cease.

While this novel and daring project, which exhibits a curious disclosure of the state of the country, was in contemplation, the Earl of Ross thought proper to raise the standard of rebellion. Assembling a large force under the command of his illegitimate son Angus. and the

veteran Donald Balloch, whose life had been one continued scene of turbulence, they made themselves masters of the Castle of Inverness, and there issued proclamations in the name of the Earl, who already had assumed the powers of a sovereign in the North. Those proclamations were addressed to all the inhabitants of the burghs and sheriffdom of Inverness, which included not only the present county of Inverness, but also Nairn, Ross, and Caithness, and the people were commanded to obey the said Angus as the Earl's lieutenant, under pain of death, which Angus was authorised to inflict upon the refractory—to pay to him all the taxes usually belonging to the crown, and to refuse obedience to King James.

It is not certain in what manner this extraordinary rebellion was suppressed. The Earl of Ross was summoned before Parliament for treason, yet though he failed to appear, the process of forfeiture against him was suspended, and he was even allowed to retain possession of his vast estates for about fifteen years after this period. It was in 1475 that the treaty between Edward IV. and the Earl was made known to the Scottish government, and it was in consequence resolved to proceed in right earnest against the latter as a rebel. He was summoned in his castle of Dingwall to appear before the Parliament at Edinburgh, and the Earl of Argyle received a commission to prosecute the decree of forfeiture. On the appointed day the Earl of Ross failed to appear, and the sentence was pronounced. The extent and formidable appearance of the preparations both by sea and land, under the command of the Earls of Crawford and Athole, to carry the sentence of the Parliament into effect, induced the forfeited Earl to sue for pardon by the intercession of the Earl of Huntly. He even appeared in person at Edinburgh, and with many expressions of contrition surrendered himself to the clemency of James III. The Queen and the States of Parliament

advocated his cause, and in July 1476 he was restored to the forfeited Earldom of Ross, and the Lordship of the Isles. He then voluntarily resigned that Earldom, the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, and all the castles, forts, and other holds thereunto belonging; and in return he was created a Peer of Parliament, by the title of Lord of the Isles. The succession to the new title and estates was secured to his illegitimate sons Angus and John, the former of whom soon afterwards married a daughter of the Earl of Argyle.

Angus of the Isles, early accustomed to rebellion, and being of a violent temper, soon obtained an ascendancy over his father, of which circumstances enabled him to take advantage. The resignation of the Earldom of Ross, and of the lands of Kintyre and Knapdale, had irritated the Island chiefs descended from the original family, who alleged that the new Lord of the Isles had made improvident grants of land to the Macleans, Macneills, Macleods, and other tribes. The vassals consequently came to be divided into two factions—the clans just named adhering to the Lord of the Isles, and the various branches of the great Clan Donald making common cause with his turbulent son and heir Angus.

This restless personage not only behaved with great violence to his father, but contrived to involve himself in various feuds, especially with the Mackenzies of Kintail. Kenneth Mackenzie had for some real or imaginary cause repudiated his wife, Lady Margaret of the Isles, sister of Angus, and the latter, assisted by his kinsmen, resolved to make his quarrel with the Mackenzies a pretence to regain possession of the whole or a part of the Earldom of Ross. He invaded Ross at the head of a numerous band of Island warriors. The Mackenzies turned out to oppose him, and a conflict ensued at a place called *Lagebread*, where they were defeated by the Islanders with consider-



able loss. It is traditionally said that the Earl of Athole commanded the troops opposed to Angus of the Isles on this occasion, but it nowhere appears that the former had any occasion to interfere in the feud between the Mackenzies and their enemies.

Angus of the Isles was now such a formidable opponent, that the Government had recourse to the Earls of Crawford, Huntly, Athole, and Argyle, to reduce him to obedience. Argyle and Athole procured an interview between him and his father, in the hope of reconciling the contending parties, but they were disappointed, and another conflict widened the breach. This was a sea fight between the factions, in which Angus again triumphed, and caused his opponents to retire with great loss. This engagement took place in a bay of the Island of Mull, near Tobermory, and is still traditionally known as the *Battle of the Bloody Bay*.

Not long after this conflict, the name of which sufficiently intimates the ferocious slaughter which ensued, the Earl of Athole crossed privately to Isla, and carried off the infant son of Angus, called *Donald Dubh*, or the *Black*. It is somewhere stated that Angus, who was married to the Earl of Argyle's daughter, had no issue, and the legitimacy of young Donald Dubh was afterwards denied by the Government; but the men of the Isles always maintained that he was the lawful son of Angus, and as such they brought him forward at a future period as heir to the Lordship of the Isles. Athole placed young Donald Dubh in the hands of his maternal grandfather Argyle, and as the infant was considered a captive of consequence, he was carefully guarded in the castle of Inchconnell in Lochow, one of Argyle's strongholds. When Angus discovered by whom his child had been carried off he was frantic with rage. Summoning his adherents, he sailed to the neighbourhood of Inverlochy, where he left his galleys, and at the head of a chosen body of Island warriors he

made a rapid and secret march into the district of Athole, where he committed the most appalling excesses. This expedition is known as the *Raid of Athole*, and, by all accounts, a fearful one it was. The inhabitants, taken by surprise at the unexpected appearance of this ferocious chief, could offer no resistance. The Earl of Athole and his Countess took refuge in a chapel dedicated to St Bride—a sanctuary to which many of the people also fled for shelter with their most valuable effects. But an edifice consecrated to religion could not protect those within it from the vindictive Island chief. He dragged from it the Earl and Countess of Athole, and seized them as prisoners; and his followers, loaded with plunder, conveyed them to Inverlochy. Here he embarked them in his galleys, and sailed for Isla; but in the voyage from Lochaber to the “green-clad Isla” many of his galleys sunk in a dreadful storm which he encountered, and his plunder was irretrievably lost in the depths of the ocean.

Notwithstanding his turbulence and ferocity, Angus of the Isles was under the influence of the religious superstitions of the age. The loss of his galleys in the storm, which he believed to have been occasioned by his desecration of the chapel of St Bride, had such an influence upon his mind that he soon liberated his prisoners, without procuring what seems the chief object of his *raid* into Athole, the release of his son. He even performed a humiliating penance in the chapel he had violated. But the career of this Island chief soon terminated after this event. He marched to Inverness to attack his old enemy Mackenzie of Kintail, when he was assassinated by an Irish harper, before the year 1490.

## SIEGES OF THE CASTLE OF MERCHISTON.\*

A.D. 1571, 1572.

AT the head of the common called Burntsfield Links, belonging to the city of Edinburgh, and near the little village called Boroughmuirhead, stands the ancient castle of Merchiston, a baronial residence in good condition, and celebrated as the birth-place and patrimonial residence of the great John Napier, the inventor of Logarithms. This castle, a building of no strength, and without defences, was in those years of troubles which succeeded the flight of Queen Mary into England the scene of many contentions, and the future abode of science and philosophy often resounded with the clash of arms and the violence of mutual strife. The dreadful state of Scotland during those times is eloquently described by Archbishop Spottiswoode. "A new civil war," says that venerable prelate, "did then (1571) break out, which kept the realm in trouble the space of two years very nigh, and was exercised with great enmity on all sides. You would have seen fathers against their sons, sons against their fathers, brothers fighting against brothers, nigh kinsmen and others allied together as enemies, seeking one the destruction of another. Every man, as his affection led him, joined to the one party or other; one professing to be the *King's men*, and the other the *Queen's*. The very young ones, scarce taught to speak, had

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\* Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, by Mark Napier, Esq.; Bannatyne's Memorialles, printed by the Bannatyne Club; Archbishop Spottiswoode's History; The Historie and Life of King James the Sext, printed by the Bannatyne Club, from a MS. in the Library of the Marquess of Lothian at Newbattle Abbey.

these words in their mouths ; and were sometimes observed to divide, and have their childish conflicts in that quarrel. But the condition of Edinburgh was of all parts of the country the most distressed. They that were of quiet disposition and greatest substance were forced to forsake their houses, which were, partly by the soldiers, partly by other necessitous people, who made their profit of the present calamities, rifled and abused."

The Lothians were often overrun with fire and sword in those unhappy feuds, and almost every baronial residence or castle was plundered. Among these the old fortalice of Merchiston, on account of its situation, was often assailed. Sir Archibald Napier, the seventh Laird or Baron of Merchiston, and father of the immortal philosopher, was its then proprietor, a man of high character, but who, although a staunch friend to the Reformation, was, like his immediate neighbour, Fairley of Braid, what is called a *quiet man*, and took part with neither faction. The Laird of Braid was exposed to similar military visitations, of which the following is a specimen, as recorded by Richard Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox. On Friday the 25th of May 1571, a dozen of soldiers came to Braid at supper-time, and rifled the miller's house, the miller being at supper with the Laird, not as his *guest*, but in conformity to the practice then and long afterwards observed, of all the domestics and servants taking their proper places at the family table, and dining or supping with their master. Of this custom there is an admirable illustration in "Old Mortality," when Sergeant Bothwell enters the hall of Milnwood, and finds old Morton, his nephew, Cuddie Headrig, his mother Mause, and the servants, all at dinner together. When the soldiers on the present occasion saw the miller hastily approaching to prevent their plunder, they seized him, and led him to the Laird's gate. The Laird himself had by this time appeared, but they treated him with the utmost contempt, ordering

him to come out and surrender to Captain Melville, or they would burn the house about his ears. From the mention of Captain Melville, it appears that this was a party in favour of Queen Mary, as he was one of the eight sons of Sir James Melville of Raith, and his lady, Helen Napier of Merchiston, who were all devoted adherents of Queen Mary. It may be noticed, that soon after this affair at Braid, Captain Melville was killed by the igniting of a barrel of gunpowder which he was in the act of dealing out to his soldiers on the hill of Craigmillar Castle. The Laird of Braid, being a *quiet man*, though more courageous than old Morton of Milnwood, told the soldiers that he would have nothing to do with them, and that if Captain Melville, whom he knew well, wanted him, he ought to have sent very different messengers. Still continuing their insulting expressions, and abusing the miller, the wrath of the quiet Laird was roused, and he rushed into the house for a weapon of defence. He soon appeared, flourishing a double-handed sword, followed by several of his domestics. Some of the soldiers discharged their pieces at the Laird, who was, however, unhurt, and brought one of them to the ground by a stroke of his sword. Two of them, whose pieces were still loaded with three bullets, now fired, to rescue their companion. The Laird and his servants were still untouched, but the soldiers unfortunately killed a comrade. Three of them were taken prisoners, and the rest of them, after discharging their pieces, fled to Edinburgh, where they circulated a report that the Laird of Braid was at the head of a company of soldiers wanting to attack them. This alarm being given, a number collected to oppose the Laird, but in their progress towards Braid they were stopped by the Laird of Merchiston, who informed his cousin, Captain Melville, that the report was false, and intimated to him that he had better go no farther, as a party was approaching from Dalkeith to protect the Laird.

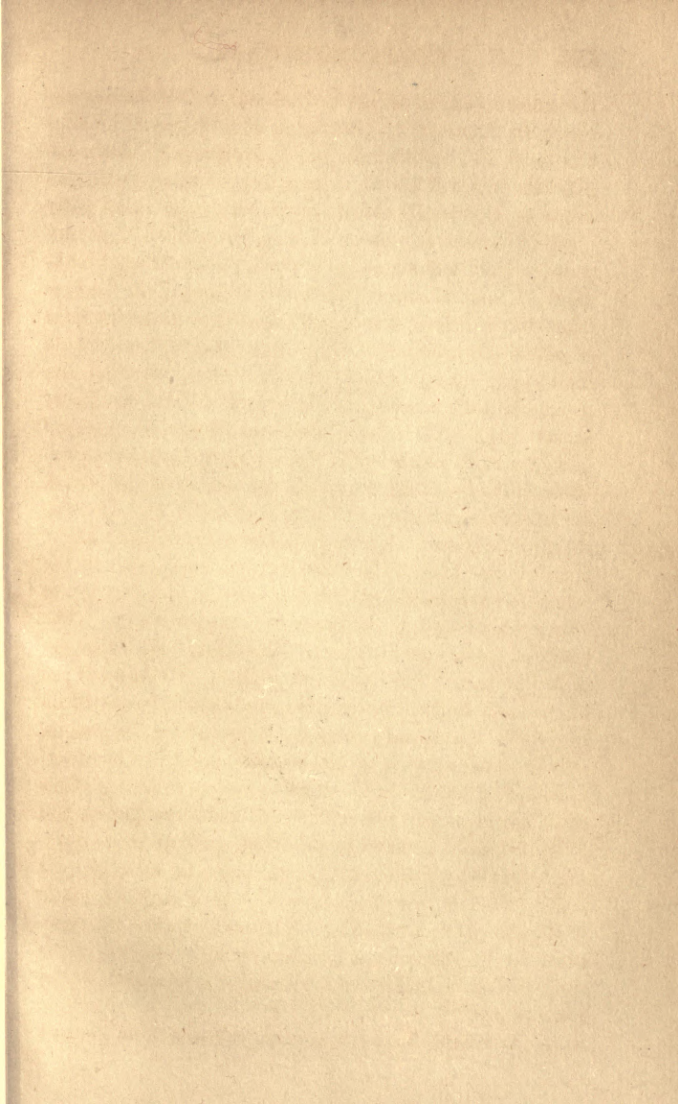


Such incidents, which then occurred daily, are striking illustrations of the state of the country, when force alone was the sole protection. But Sir Archibald Napier was not long allowed to remain unmolested. His castle of Merchiston was the most prominent place in that neighbourhood, and formed an important station on the south-west approach to Edinburgh, which the King's party were endeavouring to reduce by famine. Sir Archibald's distinguished son, John Napier, had recently returned from the Continent, being driven home in all probability by that state of affairs which led to the massacre on St Bartholomew's Day. He was busily engaged in his scientific avocations, but it was not to be expected that amid such contentions the peaceable inhabitants of Merchiston Castle would be suffered to enjoy the pursuits of science unmolested within its walls. Sir Archibald Napier incurred the displeasure of the Queen's party by taking no active share in the civil brawls, and upon the 18th of July he was apprehended by the Laird of Minto, and conveyed a prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh. It is also related by an old historian, that after the appointment of the Earl of Mar to the Regency in 1571, Sir William Kirkaldy, who commanded the Castle of Edinburgh, bombarded the house of Merchiston with iron balls from his great guns, because certain soldiers of the King's party occupied it, and intercepted the provisions destined for the Castle and the city. Kirkaldy was a relation of the Laird of Merchiston, and he thus appears to have entertained the latter, when in his custody, with the any thing but agreeable pastime of battering his family residence.

The Laird of Merchiston had married Elizabeth Mowbray, his cousin, a daughter of John Mowbray of Barnboul Castle near Cramond, the ruins of which still form a prominent object on the shore of the Frith of Forth, within the pleasure-grounds of the Earl of Rosebery. At

the commencement of 1572, the Laird of Dundas was entertaining Maitland of Lethington and his lady at Dundas Castle in the neighbourhood of Barnboulgal. Although Maitland was well known to be a *Queen's man*, yet his presence in Dundas Castle was no protection, and that party resolved to become masters of it—a project which is supposed to have been suggested by the fertile invention of Kirkaldy. Robert Mowbray, the eldest brother of the Lady of Merchiston, undertook to secure this ancient castle, the ruins of which still indicate its importance. “He obtained from Edinburgh,” says Mr Mark Napier, “thirty mounted soldiers, who were placed in concealment under a bank near the iron gate of Dundas. Two men, disguised in ragged garments, with pistols under them, lurked close to the gate, while Mowbray and a comrade, also disguised and armed, took up their stations in a house in the village of Dundas, close to the place. It happened, however, that one David Ramsay, the Laird of Dundas' servant, went down to the village *to get a morning drink*, and entered the very house where Mowbray and his comrade were on watch. The result of Davie Ramsay's early potation was upon this occasion, at least, fortunate for his master. He detected the adventurers under their disguise, and instantly started off to give the alarm, pursued by Mowbray and his companion, who fired their pistols at him without effect. The enterprise failed, and Sir John Mowbray, in consequence of his son's participation, was summoned before the Regent and Privy Council, confined in prison for two or three days, and only released upon finding security that he would not suffer the *rebels* (the Queen's party) to occupy his castle of Barnboulgal as a garrison. Not satisfied with this, however, the Regent occupied the place with soldiers of his own, and again committed the Laird to confinement in the town of Ayr.”

Sir Archibald Napier was soon released from *durance*





W. R. Scott

Robt Scott

*Grand Olden Castle*



vile in the Castle of Edinburgh, and he appears to have retired to an estate in the district anciently called the Lennox or Menteith. In the meanwhile, as the old baronial fortalice of Merchiston was possessed by the King's party, on the 5th of May 1572, the Queen's troops issued from the city to besiege it. They succeeded, after a considerable struggle, in obtaining possession first of the outworks, and finally of the castle, with the exception of the *donjon keep*, to which the King's soldiers retreated as a place impregnable. Finding it impossible to dislodge them, the victors set fire to the outhouses, with the intention of smoking the garrison into a surrender, but the King's party in Leith marched in great force to raise the siege, and compel the victors to retire. The besiegers were commanded by one Captain Scougall. The assailants from Leith were exposed to the fire of Edinburgh Castle, from the guns of which upwards of forty shots were discharged to cover the original besiegers. Scougall, their commander, was mortally wounded, but the Queen's troops were eventually driven back to the city, scampering over Burntsfield Links and the adjacent fields in all directions, impetuously pursued by the Laird of Blairquhan. Among the incidents of this skirmish, a contemporary journalist records that "ane cannon bullet dings the revel, the spur, and the heel of the sock and hose of ane of the horsemen's legs," without injuring him.

On the 10th of June following the soldiers at Leith belonging to the King's party laid siege to the castle of Niddrie-Seton in the neighbourhood of Craigmillar, and on the same day, by way of retaliation, the entire disposable force in Edinburgh in favour of the Queen, with as many of the citizens as chose to join them, and a small train of artillery, made another attempt against Merchiston Castle. This enterprise, which was conducted by George Earl of Huntly, was almost successful. The assailants battered the



wall of the old fortalice with their cannon, while their cavalry scoured the fields on the south between it and the hills of Braid and Blackford, where the villas and the village of Morningside are now the ornaments, bringing in forty head of cattle and sheep. The cannon were played against Merchiston Castle from two to four o'clock, and great "*slaps*" were made in the walls. The principal commander of the castle being absent, it was proposed by the garrison to surrender the place if the Earl of Huntly would allow them to depart in an honourable manner, but while this negotiation was in progress a number of people assembled from the city, and from the farm-houses near the Pentland Hills. Although attracted to the scene of action by the noise of the guns and from mere curiosity, the Earl of Huntly and the besiegers took it into their heads that they were menaced by the King's forces. He instantly sent his battering train back to Edinburgh, which arrived in safety, but he was not so successful when he returned with his soldiers. The King's party, who were again advancing from Leith, overtook him as he was leading his men over the fields now occupied by the streets and squares of the southern districts of the city, and rushed on his forces with such fury, that they threw away their arms, and fled in all directions. A few were killed on both sides, and some of Huntly's men were carried prisoners to Leith. The Earl had his horse slain under him by a shot from the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

Another conflict occurred before Merchiston Castle, of a more serious nature, on the last day of the same month of June. The inhabitants of Edinburgh were suffering great privations by famine, and a party of twenty-four horsemen were sent out to forage. "The well stocked fields in the neighbourhood of that fortalice were the constant scene of enterprise, and upon this occasion the foragers collected many oxen, besides other spoil, which they were driving

triumphantly into the town. They were, however, pursued by Patrick Home of the Heucht, who commanded the Regent's light horsemen. The foraging party, whom hunger rendered desperate, contrived to keep their pursuers, amounting to eighty, at bay, until they were passing the gate of Merchiston Castle, when the Regent's garrison issued forth and drove back the cattle. The Edinburgh horsemen instantly alighted from their horses, which they suffered to go loose, and *faught creuallie*. A strong body of infantry quitted the town to support this brave little band, and turned the fight in their favour. All the loss fell upon the party of the Regent. Home of the Heucht, their leader, Patrick Home of Polwarth, besides four other gentlemen, were killed. Of the Queen's party a few were wounded, and only one foot soldier lost his life, who was killed by a shot from the battlements of Merchiston."

Such are a few notices of this fine old fortalice, still entire and habitable in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh—a structure venerable as the birth-place of the illustrious inventor of the Logarithms, and still the property of the Noble Family of Napier. It is happily observed that Merchiston was at that time "no retreat for the lovers of mathematics and alchemy, or for those who only sought its battlements to consult the stars."

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### THE BISHOP'S LEAP.\*

A.D. 1567.

THE Earl of Bothwell, who had been created Duke of Orkney at his marriage with Queen Mary, after his flight

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\* Napier's Memoirs of Napier of Merchiston ; History of the Douglasses ; Edmonstone's View of the Ancient and Present State of the Zetland Isles ; Peterkin's Notes on Orkney and Zetland.

from Carberry Hill, where she surrendered herself into the hands of her insurgent nobility, betook himself, overwhelmed with shame and remorse, in the direction of his castle of Dunbar. He stood for a moment gazing at its massive towers, but he saw it was no place of security for one so odious as himself, and he instantly started northward to seek a refuge among the islands from which he derived his new ducal title. He was Lord High Admiral of Scotland, and he contrived to fit out and arm some light piratical vessels of great fleetness, admirably adapted to the dangers of those narrow and intricate seas. He first attempted to seize and fortify himself in the castle of Kirkwall, but he was frustrated by the vigilance of the constable who commanded it, and who probably had received instructions from Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, as that prelate, although he had celebrated the marriage between the Earl and the Queen, was now the mortal enemy of the former, and anxious for his apprehension.

The persons to whom the Earl of Moray entrusted an expedition to seize the Earl, who was now at the head of a band of pirates in the Orkneys, were Sir William Murray of Tullibardine, and Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange, the daring characters of whom marked them as fit for such an enterprise. The rejection by the Earl of their challenge at Carberry Hill to fight, because they were not his equals in rank, had left them a personal insult to revenge, and they were accordingly associated together in this difficult and dangerous undertaking. On the 19th of August 1567, their armament was complete, and they sailed from the Orkneys accompanied by Bishop Adam Bothwell. But the guilty Duke of Orkney, as the Earl of Bothwell was now called, was destined for a different and even a more wretched fate than to die on his own deck.

The pursuers, with five ships heavily armed, and having on board four hundred soldiers, soon reached the Orkneys,

whence they were directed by one Gilbert Balfour to Shetland for the object of their search. It was not long before they descried two vessels cruising off the east coast of Shetland, well known for its fearful whirlpools, currents, and tides. These were vessels belonging to the Duke of Orkney, manned by desperate seamen on the look-out. Sir William Kirkaldy, who commanded the Unicorn, the swiftest of the Government ships, shot a-head, and approached Bressa Sound, through which the pirates steered. The pursuers pressed onwards, and the utmost exertions were made by the crew of the Unicorn to gain their object. The chase was so close that when Kirkaldy came in by the south of the Sound, the pirates escaped by the north passage. Continuing the pursuit northward, the military baron, whose vessel contained the Bishop of Orkney, strained every nerve in vain. The pirates were familiar with these narrow and dangerous seas. They knew well how lightly their swift vessels could dash through the boiling eddies which disclosed sunken rocks, and they saw at once the certain fate of the unwieldy ships of their pursuers if they dared to follow them. Steering upon breakers, although their keel grazed the rocks, the pirates carried their vessel through the foam, and soon found themselves in a safe sea.

Kirkaldy, in defiance of the remonstrances of his experienced sailors, ordered every sail to be set to impel his vessel in the very same dangerous track. He rushed on the breakers, and in an instant the Unicorn was a wreck. There was only time to secure a boat, and save the ship's crew and the soldiers. But there was still one person, heavily armed, who clung to the wreck, and it appeared almost impossible to save him from inevitable destruction. His cries were disregarded, and another moment of delay would have terminated his existence, when by a desperate effort he sprung into the already crowded boat, causing it to

reel with his additional weight. The leap, encumbered as this person was with a corslet of proof, was considered almost miraculous. "Who would have surmised," says a writer, "that this athletic man-at-arms, the last to quit the wreck, was a *bishop*—the Bishop who had so lately joined the hand of him he pursued with that of Queen Mary—the very Bishop who a month before had poured the holy oil on the infant head of James VI., and stood proxy for the extorted abdication of that monarch's mother! He was Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. The rock from which he leapt can be seen at low water, and is called the *Unicorn* to this day."

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### BELL-THE-CAT'S DUEL.\*

REIGN OF JAMES IV.

MASTER DAVID HUME of Godscroft, as he designates himself on the title-page of his curious work, entitled the "History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus," relates a story of the great Archibald sixth Earl of Angus, known by the soubriquet of *Bell-the-Cat*. This nobleman, still popularly remembered in Scotland, is described as having been "a man every way accomplished both for mind and body; he was for stature tall, and of a strong composition; his countenance was full of majesty, and such as bred reverence in the beholders, wise and eloquent of speech, upright and square in his actions, sober and moderate in his desires, valiant and courageous, a man of action and undertaking; liberal also of heart and hand, loving and kind to his friends,

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\* History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus; Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.



which made him to be beloved, revered, and respected by all men."

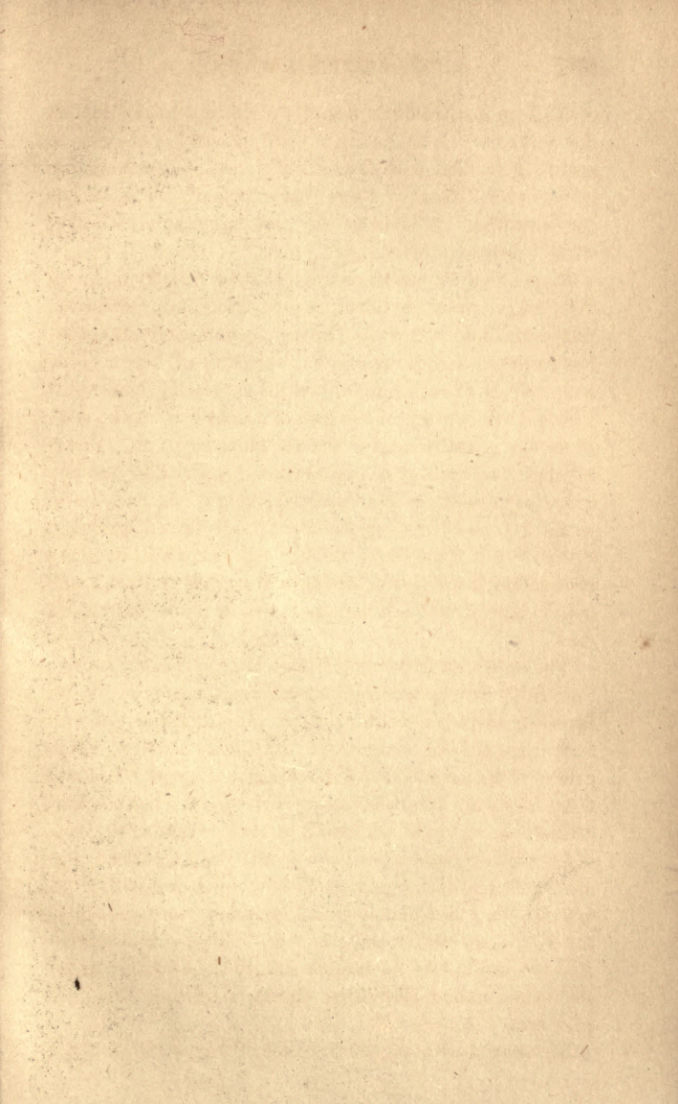
Among the other qualities of Bell-the-Cat personal valour was conspicuous, and a duel which he fought is thus adduced in proof. It happened one evening, when King James IV. was sitting at table in social conversation with his friends, that the discourse turned on the character and accomplishments of several noblemen who were absent, and the Earl of Angus was pronounced by the whole of them to be superior to his peers. But a gentleman named Spens of Kilspindy thought proper to call in question this opinion, and made several observations in disparagement of the Earl, calling in question his personal courage. This was reported to Bell-the-Cat, and, as is commonly the case with such stories, by the time it reached him it was greatly aggravated and distorted to excite his indignation. A Douglas was not likely to sit patiently under such an insult offered in presence of the King, and least of all was such a man as Bell-the-Cat disposed to pocket any affront in silence. Although greatly irritated at Spens, the Earl resolved to "*bide his time*," and he soon had an opportunity of calling him to account. The Earl, during one of his progresses from Douglas Castle to his stronghold of Tantallon, which in ruined grandeur proudly overlooks the German Ocean at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, sent his servants and retinue the nearest way, keeping only one to attend him, and each of them had a hawk on his fist to amuse themselves while riding. The Earl took a road by Borthwick in Mid-Lothian towards Fala, and dismounting at a rivulet near the west end of the latter village, he ordered his domestic to wash the birds. Unfortunately for Spens he happened to be riding in that district, and when the Earl descried him at a distance he said to his attendant—"Is not this the man who called my manhood in question? I will go to him, and give him a trial of it, that we may try

who of us is the better man." "No, my Lord," replied the servant, "it is beneath your Lordship's dignity to meddle with him. I shall do it sufficiently, if your Lordship will give me leave." "I see," said the Earl, "that he has one with him. It shall be thy part to grapple with him, while I deal with his master."

Fastening their hawks to prevent them from flying away, the Earl mounted his horse, accompanied by his domestic, and galloped up to Spens. Having overtaken him, Bell-the-Cat angrily asked the reason for speaking of him so contemptuously at such a time, and for expressing his doubts whether the courage of the Earl of Angus was as undoubted as his personal qualities were admitted to be. Spens attempted an apology or explanation, but the Earl told him it was of no use. "Thou art a big fellow," he said, "and so am I; one of us must pay for it." "Then," answered Spens, "if it must be so, there is not an earl in Scotland from whom I will not defend myself as well as I can; and, if I am able, I will kill him, rather than allow him to kill me."

They alighted from their horses and drew their swords, their respective domestics imitating their example. After thrusting at each other for a short time, Bell-the-Cat with one stroke cut his antagonist's thigh-bone asunder, which caused almost immediate death by loss of blood. The two domestics were still belabouring each other, when the Earl ordered them to desist, saying to the servant of Spens—"Go thy way, and tell my gossip the King that there was nothing here but fair play. I know my gossip will be offended, but I will get me into Liddesdale, and remain in the Hermitage till his anger is over." It is supposed that Bell-the-Cat did as he intimated, and took refuge in his stronghold called Hermitage Castle, until the King was pacified.

The sword with which the Earl of Angus cut asunder





FLODDEN FIELD.



the thigh-bone of Spens was presented by his descendant, the Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres, when he defied the Earl of Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.

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## BATTLE OF FLODDEN.\*

A.D. 1513.

THIS battle, so disastrous to the Scots, is one of the most remarkable events in Scottish history. It was long remembered as the greatest calamity which for many years had overtaken the nation, and scarcely a family of importance was not bereaved of a husband, a father, a brother, or a son. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that "Flodden Field" is the theme of MARMION—one of the most delightful conceptions of its illustrious author, whose fame is known throughout all lands, and who thus describes his early predilections—

"And ever by the winter hearth  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' sleights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;  
Of patriots' battles won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold.

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\* Halle's Chronicle of England; Lindsay's (of Pitscottie) History of Scotland; Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Drummond's History; Noble's Historical Genealogy of the Royal House of Stuart; Sir Walter Scott's Marmion; Tytler's History of Scotland; Weber's edition of the Battle of Flodden, a Poem of the Sixteenth Century, with Historical Notes; Lambe's edition of the Same; Arnot's History of Edinburgh; State Papers published under the authority of his Majesty's Commissioners, illustrating the Reign of Henry VIII.



Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When pouring from their Highland height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away."

The traditionary accounts of the preliminaries, the battle, and the results of Flodden Field, are numerous and interesting. The causes of the war which terminated in this disastrous battle are narrated by all our historians, on which account it is unnecessary to repeat these minutely in the present narrative. It was begun by James IV. at the instigation of France, and carried into effect by his own rashness and folly. But the war was also accelerated by continued brawls and affrays of the Borderers, of which Sir Walter Scott records an instance. In the year 1516 Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, Warden of the Middle Marches, was struck through with a lance by William Heron, and dispatched by Starked and Lilburn, all English Borderers—a slaughter which, amongst other causes of quarrel, gave rise to this war between the English and the Scots. Henry VIII., who had succeeded his father Henry VII. in 1509, gave up Lilburn to the Scots, but Starked for the time escaped. The former was sent a prisoner to Fastcastle, with Heron of Ford, a brother of the murderer. Lilburn died in that stronghold, and Andrew Kerr, the son of Sir Robert Kerr, contrived to procure the assassination of Starked, whose head was exhibited in one of the most prominent parts of Edinburgh.

James, in opposition to the wishes of his queen Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., and the remonstrances of his experienced nobility, finding his negotiations with the King of England to procure peace to France ineffectual, seriously prepared for war. He daily inspected his artillery at the Castle of Edinburgh; his navy, stationed in the Frith of Forth, off the fishing village of Newhaven, also occupied his attention; and to provide a secure retreat for

his ships in case of any sudden attempt or attack, he built a fortalice on the rocky islet of Inchgarvie, which lies opposite to Queensferry, in the middle of that narrow strait contracted by the Frith, not two miles in breadth. Above the Frith of Forth again expands itself, and a most ample accommodation for anchorage can be obtained in fine roadsteads and capacious bays. With a fortalice on Inchgarvie and a battery on each side of the Forth, no hostile vessels could pass the Ferry without encountering certain destruction. Some particulars are preserved of the state of the Scottish King's fleet at this time. There were thirteen large ships at Leith, besides ten smaller vessels, and a ship belonging to Lynne, taken by one William Brownhill; at Newhaven lay two great ships, called the James and the Margaret, formerly damaged, but now repaired, and a long vessel, of thirty oars on each side like a galley, was constructing to attend the large ship built by James called the Great St Michael, then lying above the Queensferry off Blackness Castle. During these operations James usually went very early in the morning to Newhaven, and returned to Edinburgh at noon to dinner. It is recorded, that while inspecting his artillery in the Castle, one of the new guns burst, to the great jeopardy of the King and many spectators. Concerning the Great Michael, it is stated that it was larger and stronger than any ship in the English or French navy. The oak forests of Fife, with the exception of that of the royal demesne of Falkland, were almost exhausted in the construction, and a considerable supply of timber from Norway. It was two hundred and forty feet in length, though only thirty-six feet in breadth, the length being regarded as essential to a ship of war, but its sides were ten feet thick, and could defy the cannon of that age. The expense was estimated at about L.7000 sterling—a very large sum at that time, exclusive of the artillery, large and small. The mariners amounted to three hundred, the

gunners to one hundred and twenty ; it could receive one thousand warriors, and was commanded by Sir Andrew Wood and Robert Barton, both eminent in the naval records, such as these are, of Scotland.

But the chief residence of James IV. at this period was at Stirling, and we find West, the envoy of Henry VIII., stating in a letter written to that monarch on the 1st of April 1513, that the Scottish King had been for a week secluded in one of the monasteries in that town, so that no access could be obtained to him. It also appears from the same authority that James regularly attended his chapel every forenoon with his queen Margaret in his *traverse*, namely, his private retired seat. This obviously refers from what follows to the ecclesiastical observances of the year, it being the week before Easter, commonly called *Passion Week*. On one occasion, "when the Passion was preached," says West, "and the sermon done, the Queen sent for me." James was present, and observed, in reference to their conversation on public affairs, that he must appeal from Henry's judgment. West asked to whom, and the King replied laughing—"I shall appeal to Prester John."

The breach between Henry VIII. and James IV. was farther aggravated by the former refusing to pay the legacy left to his sister Margaret, and there is a letter from that Queen to her brother still extant, in which she upbraids him for his pitiful conduct concerning their father's legacy, desiring that no more may be said about it, as her royal husband was every day more beneficent to her, and would pay her the sum from his own resources. This indeed James had himself declared, when Henry was so mean as to offer to pay the legacy if James would consent to peace, which he scornfully rejected. But Henry had a powerful and crafty antagonist in the person of Andrew Forman, Bishop of Moray, the Scottish ambassador at the French court, who

was a man of versatile talents, long initiated in the arts of negotiation, and who appears to have acted in all his proceedings to further his own advancement even at the expense of his country. It is remarkable that two years afterwards he was accused by the Government of Scotland to the Pope of having incited James to the ruinous war which terminated in the death of that prince. This able but unprincipled ecclesiastic nevertheless contrived to be at the same time the favourite of his sovereign, and of the courts of London, Paris, and of Rome. From the first he had received the Bishopric of Moray and other important appointments: by the English monarch he had been presented to the rich Priory of Coldingham; in France his conduct had secured to him the Archbishopric of Bourges; and his devotion to the Papal Court was soon to obtain for him the Archbishopric of St Andrews and Primacy of the Scottish Church.

Bishop Forman was intimately acquainted with the character and foibles of James, and knew well how to allure him to the measures of the French court. La Motte, the French ambassador, arrived in the Frith of Forth with four ships laden with flour and wine, besides some English prizes he had taken in his voyage. But the most valuable portion of his cargo consisted of a French golden coinage called *crowns of the sun*, which he profusely distributed to the Scottish King and his nobility. At the same time letters were delivered to James from Anne of Bretagne, the Queen of the French monarch, written in an amorous strain, as if from a high born lady in distress, appealing to his chivalrous feelings, terming him her knight, assuring him that she had suffered much blame in the defence of his honour, and beseeching him to advance only three steps into England with his army for the sake of her who considered him her knight and defender. James also received from this princess a present of fourteen thousand crowns, and a valuable ring.

from her own finger. Such flattering compliments made the intended impression on the mind of James.

In June 1513, Henry VIII. sent a large army into France, and soon after proceeded to take the command in person. The overthrow of that kingdom seemed to be inevitable, and James, alarmed for the safety of his French ally, as also apprehensive, he pretended, for his own consequent fate, ordered his fleet to prepare for sea. Gordon of Letterfourie, a son of the Earl of Huntly, was constituted Admiral, and ordered to convey the Earl of Arran with about three thousand soldiers to France. Very meagre accounts are preserved by historians of the number of vessels and state of the fleet, but the Great Michael, the Margaret, and the James, are specially mentioned as prominent ships. The squadron sailed from the roadstead of Leith on the 26th of July, the King remaining on board the Great Michael to animate the troops till the fleet passed the Island of May at the entrance of the Frith of Forth. The King then disembarked, and returned to Stirling, little suspecting the conduct which Arran would pursue. Instead of proceeding to France, that nobleman, whose rank and command of the troops gave him a decided superiority in influence over Gordon the Admiral, thought proper to order the fleet to sail to Ireland. Coasting the north of Scotland, he proceeded through the straits of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and at length entered Belfast Loch, as the bay at the head of which stands the town of Belfast is designated. He advanced against Carrickfergus, which he took and plundered under circumstances of great barbarity, abandoning the town to an almost total conflagration. After this exploit Arran sailed to Scotland, and landed at Ayr to place his spoils in safety. Enraged at his conduct, James sent Sir Andrew Wood with a herald-at-arms to supersede Admiral Gordon, and appointed the Earl of Angus to command the troops; but the Scottish fleet had sailed for France



before the mandate arrived. Of the actions of Arran's troops little or nothing important is recorded. He returned to Scotland in November, two months after the battle of Flodden. A part of the fleet mouldered in neglect, while a part, including the Great Michael, was sold to Louis XII.

On the day that this fleet first sailed, when James disembarked from the Great Michael, he sent his chief herald with a letter to the English King, then about to form the siege of Terouenne, in which he recited all his grievances, and insisted on Henry's return to his own dominions. That monarch received the Scottish King's letter on the 11th of August, and when he perused it he uttered invectives of scorn and indignation against him, which he desired the Lion-King-at-Arms to repeat to his master; but that functionary cautiously refused, telling him that he would take charge of a letter, as his sovereign could only be so answered, or by the English King complying with what was demanded from him. A letter full of indignities was accordingly written, but it never reached James, as the herald was not able to procure a passage from Flanders till after the battle of Flodden.

In the meanwhile several predatory incursions took place on the Borders. Lord Home, Warden of the Marches, collected between three and four thousand of his followers, and marching into England, plundered and burnt several villages, and collected considerable spoil. But Lord Home was not permitted to retain his booty, or return from this inroad with impunity. The Earl of Surrey had sent Sir William Bulmer from Doncaster with two hundred mounted archers, to defend the Marches from petty incursions on the part of the Scots, and that officer now summoned the gentlemen of the English Border to his assistance. They readily responded to his call, and with their followers increased Sir William

Bulmer's band to nearly a thousand men. They stationed themselves in ambush amid some tall broom in a plain called Milfield, or probably Broomridge, near Milfield, and suddenly surprised the Scots on their return. The English archers made great havoc among the Scots, and nearly six hundred of the latter fell. Lord Home fled, having lost his banner, and leaving his brother, Sir George Home, and more than four hundred troopers, in the hands of the English, who resumed possession of the spoil, among which there were a great many horses.

James, now intent on war, summoned the whole military force of the Lowlands, Highlands, and the Isles, to assemble on the Boroughmuir, within twenty days, and accommodated with provisions for forty days, beyond which period the Scottish feudal soldiers were not bound to serve, unless their expenses were discharged by the sovereign. Although this summons was in opposition to the advice of his council, James, who had always been popular, was readily obeyed, and the array was great, notwithstanding the general feeling that the war was imprudent. Some idea of the estimation in which James was held may be formed from the fact generally admitted, that one hundred thousand men in due time crowded to the royal standard on the Boroughmuir.

While the nobility and chiefs were mustering their feudal followers and retainers, James proceeded to Linlithgow from Stirling to hold a council of state on public affairs. The now ruined palace of Linlithgow was generally the jointure residence of the Scottish queens, and so splendid was it when entire that Mary Guise, consort of James V., and mother of Mary, declared that it was a more princely palace than any of the royal residences of France. Hence the appropriate commencement of Sir David Lindsay's Tale in MARMION.

Of all the palaces so fair  
Built for the royal dwelling  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling ;  
And in its park in jovial June  
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,  
How sweet the blackbird's lays !  
The wild duck bells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry in the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.

A quaint author informs us that at this time James "came to Linlithgow, where he was at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his prayers to God to send him good success in his voyage." Whatever forebodings the King may have occasionally felt, he was ever attached to superstition since he had appeared among the insurgent nobility on the unhappy field of Sauchie against his father, which was in the month of June, and the annual return of that month always oppressed him with melancholy. Sir Walter Scott happily alludes to this fact in the stanzas which follow the above quotation—

But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year ;  
Too well his cause of grief you know—  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King.  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.  
In offices as strict as Lent  
King James's June is ever spent.

It was on this occasion that James received the celebrated and apparently mysterious warning to desist from his expedition into England. Tradition differs as to the scene—an apartment of the palace, and St Catharine's aisle on the south of the church, both being pointed out, but the popular

belief inclines to the latter. The only place of worship in Linlithgow was originally a chapel in the royal palace, but the present parish church, dedicated to St Michael the Archangel, and supposed to be founded either by or in the reign of David I., was also royal property. It is generally stated that when the King was at vespers, or evening service, in the aisle already mentioned, the pretended ghostly visitor appeared to him. According to Lindsay of Pitscottie, the man who appeared came in *at the kirk door*, and he also states "that the royal family had a private entrance from the palace by a door in the north wall of the church."

It was in the evening, when the light of the Gothic edifice was somewhat obscured by the number of persons, men-at-arms, and others, that this extraordinary attempt to alarm the superstitious feelings of James was practised, and the whole story, it has been appropriately observed, is so well attested, that we have only the choice between a miracle and an imposture.

In Katherine's aisle the monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth shirt and iron belt,  
And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him, in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming.

The statement respecting the "stalls of state," in which the Knight Companions of the Thistle were sitting on this occasion, must be received as a poetical licence, because it introduces the proceedings of the son and successor of James IV., the Chapel and Parliament Hall having been erected by James V. The story of this device to deter the King from the projected enterprise is minutely related by Lindsay of Pitscottie, probably on the information of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, then a very young man, who was present. While the King was engaged in his devotions, a man entered the aisle by the *kirk door*, clad in a blue

gown, and belted with a piece of linen cloth; a pair of buskins were upon his feet, and the other parts of his dress conformed to those now mentioned. He was uncovered, and displayed a bald forehead, with long yellow hair resting on his shoulders. This fantastic person seemed to be upwards of fifty years of age, and held in his hand a long staff. He called loudly for the King, alleging that he had something important to communicate to him. When he approached the place where James was kneeling at prayers, he offered no obeisance, but rudely said—"Sir King, my mother hath sent me to thee, desiring thee not to pass at this time where thou art purposed, for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor any who pass with thee. Further, she bade thee *mell* with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body or thou theirs, for if thou do it thou wilt be confounded and put to shame." By this time the evening service was concluded, and James was about to look up, and return an answer to his pretended ghostly monitor, when in the presence of the King, and "of all the lords that were about him for the time, the man vanished away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanished away as if he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen."

The description in *MARMION* of this strange scene ought not to be omitted. Sir David Lindsay is supposed to be the narrator, as he was present, and communicated the whole affair to Buchanan, who says, "If I had not received this story from him as a certain truth, I had omitted it as a romance of the vulgar."

I too was there, and sooth to tell,  
Bedeafened with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,  
Through the stained casement gleaming;  
But while I marked what next befel,  
It seemed as I were dreaming.



Stepped from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
 In azure gown, with cincture white,  
 His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
 Down hung at length his yellow hair—  
 He stepped before the monarch's chair,  
 And stood with rustic plainness there,  
 And little reverence made;  
 Nor head, nor body, bowed nor bent,  
 But on the desk his arm he leant,  
 And words like these he said,  
 In a low voice, but never tone  
 So thrilled through vein, and nerve, and bone,  
 ' My mother sent me from afar,  
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,  
 Woe waits on thine array;  
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare,  
 James Stuart, doubly warned, beware;  
 God keep thee as he may.'  
 The wondering monarch seemed to seek  
 For answer, and found none;  
 And when he raised his head to speak,  
 The monitor was gone.  
 'The marshal and myself had cast  
 To stop him, as he outward past;  
 But lighter than the whirlwind's blast  
 He vanish'd from our eyes;  
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
 That glances but, and dies.

It is the common belief that the whole was a device of Queen Margaret and some of the nobility to deter the King from the enterprise. This is farther apparent from the warning given to James not to *mell with women*, for the Queen, as we shall see, had good grounds to be jealous on account of his love intrigues. The phrase, *My mother sent me*, alludes to the Virgin Mary, and is in accordance with her supposed interference with the affairs of this world cherished as the belief of those times—the ghostly monitor affecting to represent St John the Evangelist, who according to the Roman Catholic legend became her adopted son. It is also stated that St Andrew, in *propria persona* as the tutelar saint of Scotland, was the adviser of James on this

celebrated occasion ; but it is by no means clear why that apostle should be introduced with propriety, for the expression *my mother has sent* could only be used by St John. There is a tradition at Linlithgow that this man eluded the grasp of Sir David Lindsay and John Inglis the Marshal, who were standing beside the King, and of others who attempted to seize him, by gliding behind a curtain which concealed a private stair leading towards the upper part of the church, and that on leaving this building he crossed the court, and entered the palace by a small door under the window of the chapel. It is said that he was a servant of the Queen, which is probable from his alluding so pointedly to the King on the subject of incontinence.

But prudence and superstition failed to influence the mind of James, and equally fruitless were the tears, the caresses, and the entreaties of Margaret, that if he must war with her brother, at least not to conduct his forces in person, and to recollect that on his infant son rested the hopes of an affectionate people. To preserve the Queen from any pecuniary embarrassments in case of his death, James gave her a private order on the treasury for eighteen thousand crowns. The west corner of the quadrangle of the palace of Linlithgow is terminated at the top by a small pepperbox-looking turret, which projects higher than all the rest of the palace, and receives the popular name of *Queen Margaret's Bower*. "This," says Mr Chambers, "is not now easily accessible on account of the ruinous state of the stair, but it is described as seated all round with stone, and as having once a small round table of the same material in the centre. The occasion of the thing having received its name is a circumstance which seems to have been entirely overlooked in the history of Scotland. Hither, says tradition, when the King set out for Flodden, the disconsolate Margaret, after finding all methods of dissuasion ineffectual, retired to weep over the

disaster which she anticipated, but could not prevent. Alas ! the tears shed by this royal dame, during the whole summer day which she is said to have spent in her lamentations, were but the meagre presages of floods which the expected calamity drew from the eyes of her female subjects." This fact, however, is noticed by Sir Walter Scott, when he introduces the subject of the King's chivalrous gallantry in connection with the Queen of France, and Lady Heron of Ford, though the latter is noticed by anticipation, as James was not acquainted with her till he entered England.

And thus for both he madly planned  
Tho ruin of himself and land !  
And yet the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's face, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell.  
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

James, regardless of every entreaty, proceeded to Edinburgh, and found his army encamped on the Boroughmuir. That spacious common, which extended from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills, was in 1513 "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." The royal standard was displayed, as on similar occasions, from the *Hare Slane*—a large stone now built into the wall on the left hand of the road leading to Braid, immediately before entering the village of Morningside. On this common upwards of one hundred thousand men were collected from the Lowlands, the Highlands, and the Isles, under their respective chiefs, in compliance with the King's command that every male adult of each family capable of bearing arms should muster for the royal service against England except the eldest son. This order was founded on the assumption that, if all the others

of the family were cut off, the eldest son would maintain the females and junior members, and while

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
And weeps the weary days  
The war against her native soil,  
Her monarch's risk in battle broil ;

James surveyed his host with enthusiasm from the embattled fortress of the city, for

Thousand pavilions, white as snow,  
Spread all the Boroughmuir below,  
Upland, and dale, and down ;  
A thousand did I say ? I ween  
Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
That chequered all the heath between  
The streamlet and the town.  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular :  
Oft giving way, where still there stood  
Some reliques of the ancient wood,  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
And tamed the glaring white with green,  
In these extended lines there lay  
A martial kingdom's vast array.  
For from Hebrides, dark with rain,  
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
And from the southern Redswire edge  
To farthest Ross's rocky ledge ;  
From west to east, from south to north,  
Scotland sent all her warriors forth,  
Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
Of myriads up the mountain come :  
The horses tramp and tingling clank,  
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,  
And chargers thrilling neigh ;  
And see the shifting lines advance,  
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,  
The sun's reflected ray.

Nor marked they less when in the air  
A thousand streamers flaunted fair ;  
Various in shape, device, and hue,  
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue

Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,  
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,\* there  
 O'er the pavilions flew.  
 Highest, and midmost, was descried  
 The royal banner, floating wide,  
 The staff, a pine tree, strong and straight,  
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone  
 Which still in memory is shown,  
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight,  
 Whenc'er the western wind unroll'd  
 With toil the huge and cumbrous fold,  
 And gave to view the dazzling field,  
 When, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
 The ruddy lion ramped in gold.

The stratagem at Linlithgow having been found ineffectual to restrain the King in his enterprise, another was used while the army lay encamped on the Boroughmuir, to dispirit and disperse the array. This was by summoning at the Cross of Edinburgh at midnight the chief leaders to appear before an infernal tribunal. The story is related by Lindsay of Pitscottie. It appears that James took up his residence before his march southward in the Abbey of Holyrood, the present palace of which he was actually the founder, though it has been commonly ascribed to his son James V. "The King being in the Abbey for the time," says Lindsay, "there was a cry heard at the market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming, as it had been, a summons, which was named and called by the proclamation thereof the *Summons of Plutcock* (Pluto), desiring all 'men to compear, both earl and lord, and baron and gentleman, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his name), within the space of forty

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\* "Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to wear them." One of the pennons displayed on the Boroughmuir on this occasion is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The motto on it is *Veritas vincit*, with three harts' heads, and was carried by William Keith, second son of William, third Earl Marischal of Scotland. This gentleman was killed at Flodden.



days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time, under the pain of disobedience.' Whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night walkers, or drunk men for their pastime, *or if it was a spirit*, I cannot tell. But it was shown to me that an indweller of the town, Mr Richard Lawson, being *evil disposed* (unwell), walking in his gallery stair foreanent the Cross, hearing this voice proclaiming the summons, thought marvel what it should be, and cried to his servant to bring him his purse; and when he brought it to him, he took out a crown, and threw it over the stair, saying, 'I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and take me all whole in the mercy of God, and of Christ Jesus his Son.' Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me there was no man escaped who was called in this summons but that one man alone who made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons."

This story, which is clumsily told by Lindsay, and in which he shows his credulity by imagining the possibility of any supernatural agency, is finely delineated by our national minstrel.

- Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
Rose on a turret octagon;  
    (But now is razed that monument,  
    Whence royal edict rang,  
And voice of Scotland's law was sent—  
    In glorious trumpet's clang.  
    O! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
    Upon its dull destroyer's head!—  
    A minstrel's malison is said.)  
Then on its battlements they saw  
A vision, passing nature's law,  
    Strange, wild, and dimly seen;

Figures that seemed to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirmed could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien.

Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound, and blazon fair

A summons to proclaim ;  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
 Where flings the moon upon her shroud

A wavering tinge of flame ;  
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,

This awful summons came :  
 ' Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
 Whose names I now shall call,  
 Scottish, or foreigner, give ear !  
 Subjects of him who sent me here,  
 At his tribunal to appear,

I summon one and all.  
 I cite you, by each deadly sin  
 That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within :  
 I cite you by each brutal lust  
 That e'er defiled your earthly dust—

By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
 By each o'er-mastering passion's torn—  
 By the dark grave and dying groan,  
 When forty days are past and gone,  
 I cite you to a monarch's throne

To answer and appear.'  
 Then thundered forth a roll of names ;  
 The first was thine, unhappy James !

Then all thy nobles came ;  
 Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
 Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle—  
 Why should I tell their separate style ?

Each chief of birth and fame,  
 Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
 Foredoomed to Flodden's carnage pile,

Was cited there by name ;  
 And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
 Of Luttesward and Scrivelbay,  
 De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
 The self-same thundering voice did say—  
 But then another spoke :

' Thy fatal summons I deny,  
 And thine infernal lord defy,  
 Appealing me to Him on high,  
 Who burst the sinner's yoke.'  
 At that dread accent with a scream,  
 Parted the pageant like a dream,  
 The summoner was gone.

Although this and similar devices to dispirit the army became common topics of conversation, the preparations still continued. Robert Borthwick, the master gunner of Edinburgh Castle, cast seven pieces of artillery, which were designated the *Seven Sisters*, and altogether, according to Lindsay, the King mustered "thirty shot of great artillery, and thirty field pieces, with all their ordnance of powder and bullet." It must not be supposed, however, that these instruments of war were in good condition, or well understood. On the contrary, the artillery was in a wretched state; and, as it respects the army, never perhaps was such a motley gathering seen in Scotland, and certainly not on the Boroughmuir. The description of this vast assemblage is given with great animation by the author of *MARMION*.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
 Glance every hue and squadron through;  
 And much he marvelled one small land  
 Could marshal forth such various band;  
 For men-at-arms were here,  
 Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,  
 Like iron towers for strength and weight,  
 On Flemish steeds of bone and height,  
 With battle-axe and spear.  
 Young knights and squires, a lighter train,  
 Practis'd their chargers on the plain,  
 By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,  
 Each warlike feat to show;  
 To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain,  
 And high curvett, that not in vain  
 The sword-sway might descend amain  
 On foeman's casque below.

He saw the hardy burghers there  
 March armed, on foot, with faces bare,  
 For visor they wore none ;  
 Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight,  
 But burnished were their corslets bright,  
 Their brigantines and gorgets light,  
 Like very silver shone.  
 Long pikes they had for standing fight,  
 Two-handed swords they wore,  
 And many wielded mace of weight,  
 And bucklers bright they bore.

On foot the yeoman too, but dressed  
 In his steel jack, a swarthy vest,  
 With iron quilted well ;  
 Each at his back, a slender store,  
 His forty days' provision bore,  
 As feudal statutes tell.  
 His arms were halbard, axe, or spear,  
 A cross-bow there, a hagbut here,  
 A dagger knife and brand.—

— The Borderer, bred to war,  
 He knew the battle's din afar,  
 And joyed to hear its swell.  
 On active steed, with lance and blade,  
 The light-armed pricker plied his trade,  
 Let nobles fight for fame :  
 Let vassals follow where they lead,  
 Burghers to guard their townships bleed.  
 But war's the Borderers' game.  
 Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
 To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
 O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;  
 Joyful to fight they took their way,  
 Scarce caring who might win the day,  
 Their booty was secure.

Next Marmion viewed the Celtic race,  
 Of different language, form, and face,  
 A various race of man.  
 Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,  
 And wild and garish semblance made.  
 The chequered trews and belted plaid,  
 And varying notes the war-pipes brayed  
 To every varying clan :

Wild through their red or sable hair,  
Looked out their eyes with savage stare,  
On Marmion as he past :  
Their legs above the knees were bare,  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
And hardened to the blast.

At length the command was given to the army to march ; the tents on the Boroughmuir were struck, and the assemblage of one hundred thousand men, headed by James in person, proceeded on the fatal expedition. The army left the Boroughmuir on or after the 19th of August accompanied by the Earl of Angus, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, all the Magistrates, and a great number of the citizens. The former appointed a gentleman named George Tours, of Inverleith, to officiate as Provost, and four persons to discharge the office of the Bailies, till their return, ordering them to make “ane sufficient watch for keeping of the town by the persons that happen to remain at home, *the quarter of them ilk night.*” The King’s progress resembled a march to a tournament rather than to encounter an enemy. He soon passed the Tweed with his numerous army, and on the 22d of August he encamped at Wessel, or Twissel, where the Till joins that river. Here he remained at least two days, for on the 24th he held a kind of Parliament, consisting of those members who were in the army, and passed an act in which it was ordained that the heirs of all who fell in the war should be free from the feudal burdens due to the King, whatever might be their age.

The proceedings of James after he entered England were too faithful presages of the result of the enterprise. Instead of employing his numerous array to overwhelm the northern parts of England, and intimidate the enemy by distant destruction, while he would have enriched and secured the attachment of the army by spoil, he idly spent some days in the siege of the Castle of Norham, which surrendered on the 29th of August. There can be little



doubt that instead of obtaining possession of a strong, yet to the Scots a useless fortalice, he might have secured Newcastle, Carlisle, Durham, and even York, but James, whose chivalrous bravery was undoubted, was no general. Marching up the banks of the Tweed, he took the castle of Wark situated above Coldstream, and then venturing a few miles farther into England he took the castles of Etal and Ford, all of which were partly demolished. We are told that while engaged in these exploits, only worthy of an ordinary Border chief, the Scots ravaged the surrounding country, and having collected considerable booty, numbers of them returned home. It is said that this desertion was farther promoted by a threatened scarcity of provisions, and the continued severity of the weather—not many hours passing without rain during the whole expedition. The author of *Marmion* has finely sketched the conduct of James in these useless exploits, while he was allowing the English to collect their forces, and offer him battle. The Lord of Tantallon Castle and his guests are supposed to receive intelligence of the campaign.

By hurrying posts, or fleeting fame,  
With every varying day :  
And first they heard King James had won  
Etal, and Wark, and Ford ; and then  
That Norham's castle strong was ta'en.  
At that sore marvelled Marmion ;—  
And Douglas hoped his monarch's hand  
Would soon subdue Northumberland ;  
But whispered news there came,  
That, while his host inactive lay,  
And melted by degrees away,  
King James was dallying off the day,  
With Heron's wily dame.

This alludes to the lady of Sir William Heron of Ford, whose siren charms cost the King dear. Sir William Heron, an English Border gentleman, was at this time a prisoner at Fastcastle in East Lothian, having been sur-

rendered to the Scots by Henry VIII. on account of his connection with the slaughter of Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford already mentioned. Lady Heron was possessed of great attractions, and she resolved to take advantage of the presence of the Scottish King to procure the liberation of her husband, or to get him exchanged for Sir George Home. Entangled by her charms James indulged an infatuated passion, which dissolved him into indolence and love; while one of his illegitimate sons, Alexander Stuart, Archbishop of St Andrews, became the admirer of the lady's daughter. It is alleged by some writers, without the slightest foundation, that this enervating snare was laid for James by the Earl of Surrey, the English general, as if any human prudence could have foreseen such infatuation. Lady Heron is also said to have been permitted by James to go to the English camp on her promising that she would convey to him intelligence of the plans of the enemy, and that while she pretended to serve her royal admirer she was in reality furthering the views of Surrey. The Scottish historians impute to the King's imprudent passion the delays which led to the fatal defeat at Flodden, and it is certain that she came and went between the Scottish and English armies. There can be no doubt that many irretrievable days were wasted by James at Ford in this amorous dalliance, and even when Surrey found him and defeated him on the fatal field, he was only within a short distance of Lady Heron's castle. At the same time it may be stated that the only account given by the English historians of any intercourse between James and Lady Heron is confined to a message sent to the former by the Earl of Surrey from Alnwick. An article of it bears that Elizabeth Heron, wife of William Heron of Ford, then a prisoner in Scotland, having solicited King James to preserve the Castle of Ford from demolition or plundering, he had consented, on condition that "the said Elizabeth Heron should bring and deliver to him,

on the forenoon of the 5th of September, the Laird of Johnston and Alexander Home, then prisoners in England." Surrey offered to restore those prisoners upon receiving an assurance that the Castle of Ford would be protected under the King's seal, and he farther promised to restore Sir George Home and a gentleman named Kerr, on condition that James would set Heron at liberty from his captivity in Scotland. The answers by the King's herald to these proposals of Surrey was, that "his master would thereto make no answer."

While James was thus idling his time in the company of Lady Heron, the utmost discontent prevailed among his motley and many of them half civilized warriors. Exposed to continual rains among the upland heaths and cloudy mountains of the Cheviot range, and confined to the barren frontier of England, the leaders and their followers became dissatisfied at the progress of an enterprise which promised little booty and as little glory. The consequence was that the Scottish army gradually melted away, till there remained of the 100,000 not above 30,000 men, among whom were all the noblemen and gentlemen who had joined the army at the Boroughmuir—considerations of honour preventing them from following the common example.

Having followed James to this point of inactivity, it is now necessary to glance at the preparations of the English to repel the invaders. Henry VIII. was then in France, but the Earl of Surrey, lieutenant-general of the northern counties of England, lost no time in collecting forces to oppose the Scottish King. He raised an army of 26,000 men, and marched to the confines of the two kingdoms, guided by the information of Lady Heron, who communicated to him all the movements of James. In passing through Durham, Surrey received the consecrated banner of St Cuthbert to animate his troops. He was at Newcastle on the 30th of August, where he was joined by Lord Dacre

and several noblemen and gentlemen of rank and influence in that neighbourhood, and after consulting with them, he resolved to take the field at Bolton in Glendale on the 4th of September. When he arrived at Alnwick, within six miles of the place of rendezvous, on the 3d of that month, he found that the heavy rains had so injured the roads as to retard the march of his troops, and he remained at Alnwick on the 4th. Here he was joined by his son Thomas Howard, now Lord Admiral, who brought with him, according to one authority, about 1000 men, but another historian states that the Admiral joined his father with 5000 soldiers from the King's army in France, whom he had landed at Newcastle.

Immediately after this junction the arrangements of the English army were settled. The first line was commanded by the Lord Admiral of England, consisting of those troops he had landed at Newcastle, and the forces of the Bishopric of Durham, and others. This line also contained Lords Clifford, Conyers, Latimer, Ogle, Lumley, Scrope of Upsale, Sir William Bulmer, and various knights and esquires. The right wing of the line was commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, marshal of the army, with whom were Sir John de Bothe, Sir Thomas Butler, several esquires, the men of Hull, and the royal tenants at Hatfield. The left wing was headed by Sir Marmaduke Constable, who had with him his own sons and kinsmen, Sir Thomas Percy, and upwards of a thousand men of Lancashire. The rear was led by the Earl of Surrey, general-in-chief, with whom were Lord Scrope of Bolton, Sir Philip Tilney, Sir George Darcy, Sir John Stanley, several other knights and esquires, the citizens of York, the Bishop of Ely's retainers, and the Abbot of Whitby's tenants. Lord Dacre was captain of the right wing of Surrey's line, and commanded his own men; the left wing was headed by Sir Edward Stanley, under whom were the remainder of the forces from the

county palatine and the town of Lancaster. One historian mentions that this order was afterwards somewhat changed, but it is unnecessary to enter into minute particulars.

Surrey now thought that he was sufficiently strong to encounter the Scots, and as he was desirous of bringing matters to a decision by battle, knowing well the difficulty of supporting his troops in a barren district during such a severe season, he sent a herald to the Scottish King on Sunday the 4th of September, offering him battle on the Friday following. The herald was charged with the most irritating reproaches and defiances to James, and Surrey's son the Lord Admiral added, that having in vain sought the Scots on sea, he was now ready to meet them in the van of the English army, and as he expected no quarter from his enemies, he would give none unless to the King himself, if he should fall into his hands. These challenges were intended to rouse the spirit and resentment of James, and induce him to hazard a contest with a diminished and disheartened army at the will of the English leaders. James accepted the challenge, and sent one of his own heralds to inform Surrey that to meet him in the field was so much his wish, that if he had been in Edinburgh, he would have left the most important business for this purpose. He also sent a short written answer to the charge of breach of faith, and concluded by stating that on the justice of these proceedings he rested his quarrel, which by God's help it was his purpose to maintain with his arms on the day Surrey had named.

Some of the Scottish peers remonstrated with James on the imprudence of his resolution, reminding him that he was actually in the situation of Randolph Earl of Moray and Douglas of Liddesdale, as narrated in a previous portion of this work, and beseeching him to imitate the example of those great leaders. The Earl of Angus, whose age and experience entitled him to respect, earnestly entreated the



King to consider well the step he should take, but James only answered—"Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." This unpardonable affront caused the Earl to leave the field with tears of indignation, but he left two sons, commanding them and his followers to abide the issue, and they both fell, with two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas. The old Earl, broken-hearted at the calamities of his house and country, retired to a monastery, where he died about a year after the battle of Flodden.

Although James was obstinately attached to his own purposes, yet he was aware of his inferiority in point of numbers, and of the reluctance of the nobility to advance farther into England. This induced him to select an advantageous situation near the castle of Ford, and to that fatal ground he removed on the 6th of September. "This," says a writer, "was the hill of Flodden, lying over against that place (Ford) on the other side of the Till, westward. It is the last and lowest of those eminences which extend on the north-east of the great mountains of Cheviot, towards the low grounds on the side of the Tweed, from which river Flodden is distant about four miles. The ascent to the top of it, from the side of the river Till, where it runs in a northerly direction, just by the foot of the declivity on which the castle and village of Ford stand, is about half a mile, and over the Till at that place there is a bridge. On the south of Flodden lies the extensive and very level plain of Milfield, having on its west side high hills, the branches of Cheviot; on the north Flodden, and other moderate eminences adjoining to it; on the south and east a tract of rising grounds, nigh the foot of which is the slow and winding course of the Till. The nearest approach of the English army towards Flodden was through this plain, in every part whereof they would have been in full view of the Scots, and the latter had a great advantage in possessing an eminence which, on the side towards the

English, had a long declivity, with hollow and marshy grounds at its foot; while the top of it was of such an extent of almost level ground, as would have sufficed for drawing up in good order the forces by whom it was occupied."

Sensible of these advantages on the part of the Scots, the Earl of Surrey, who was encamped at Wooller-haugh, to which he had marched on Tuesday the 6th of September from Bolton in order of battle, sent a herald to King James on the 7th with a letter subscribed by himself, Dacre, Clifford, Scrope, Latimer, Lumley, Percy, and other noblemen and knights. In this letter James was reminded of the readiness with which he had accepted the offer of battle on the Friday following, but that instead of remaining where the herald had first found him, he had removed to a situation more like a fortress or camp than an equal field for a trial of strength. He therefore desired the King to come down from the high grounds, and meet him the following day on the side of Milfield Plain between the hours of twelve and three, declaring that he would be ready if James would send an intimation to this effect. But the King was not so thoroughly imprudent, and the Scottish nobility had determined at all hazards not to abandon their advantageous position. He even refused to see the herald, but sent one of his attendants to say that such messages were not becoming an Earl to send to a King—that he would use no sinister arts to obtain the victory—and that he trusted to no advantages of ground.

The army of Surrey was now reduced to great straits for want of provisions, and to such an extent indeed, that we are told on the day of the battle the English had no victuals, and for two days previously they had drank only water. Finding that this project of enticing the Scots from their advantageous position failed, and that he must either retire or bring them to action the English general on the

8th of September proceeded with great skill to a decisive measure. Passing the Till, which is a deep and slow river, he advanced over rugged ground and eminences on its east side, and encamped at Barmoor-Wood, about two miles from the Scottish army, where he passed the night. An eminence on the east of Ford screened the English from observation, and from this height the High Admiral reconnoitred the Scots, who discharged a few cannon. On the morning of the 9th, the Earl of Surrey wheeled in a north-westerly direction almost to the confluence of the Till with the Tweed, the former of which he again crossed; the vanguard and artillery passed by the bridge of Twisel, which is still standing beneath the splendid pile of Gothic architecture called Twisel Castle; and the rear guard by a ford called Milford, but as there is no ford of that name now in the neighbourhood, and as the ford nearest to the bridge of Twisel is at the mill of Heaton, about a mile farther up the river, it is probable that this is the ford indicated. Surrey by this movement obtained an easy access to Flodden Hill, and a battle was rendered unavoidable. He had placed his army between James and any supplies from Scotland, while he struck the King with surprise, who seems to have relied on the depth of the river on his front.

Even so it was—from Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host  
Leave Barmoor-Wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watched them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge.  
High sight it is, and haughty, while  
They dive into the deep defile;  
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,  
Beneath the castle's airy wall.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,  
Troop after troop is disappearing;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,  
Upon the eastern bank you see,

Still pouring down the rocky den,  
 Where flows the sullen Till.  
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
 Standards on standards, men on men,  
 In slow succession still,  
 And bending o'er the Gothic arch,  
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
 To gain the opposing hill.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the while,  
 And struggles through the deep defile ?  
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?  
 Why sits that champion of the dames  
 Inactive on his steed ;  
 And sees, between him and his land,  
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?  
 What vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?  
 O Douglas, for thy leading wand ;  
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !  
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
 Or well skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,  
 And cry—" St Andrew and our right !"   
 Another sight had seen that morn  
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
 And Flodden had been Bannockburn !—  
 The precious hour has passed in vain,  
 And England's host has gained the plain ;  
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
 Around the base of Flodden Hill.

These enthusiastic exclamations are founded on the fact that James might have prevented the movements of the English, and we must impute his apathy or forbearance either to his want of military skill, or to the extraordinary declaration which it is said he often made, that " he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore he would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to the passage of the river. The Scottish King could have repeatedly attacked the enemy, either in the rear, when marching over the rugged grounds, or when

passing the ford of the Till, but he seems not to have entertained even a suspicion of the countermarch of the English, and he had simply ordered a battery of cannon to be erected on the east side of Flodden, to defend the bridge between the village and Castle of Ford and his camp, part of which battery was recently, and probably still is, in existence. It is stated, however, that James was induced to persist in maintaining his position, when an attack would have been certain victory, by imagining that Surrey intended to cross the bridge of Berwick, and ravage the fertile district of the Merse, to procure subsistence for his famishing army; and an Englishman named Giles Musgrave, who had insinuated himself into the King's confidence, encouraged him in this delusion—the intention of that person being to induce him to leave the heights and pursue the English. Be this as it may, James was determined to maintain his ground, and to wait for Surrey the whole of the appointed day.

The Scottish nobility, who from the commencement of the campaign had been averse to a battle, endeavoured from the movements of the English to persuade James to retire into Scotland without delay, which they maintained he could now do without the least violation of his honour, as the English were plainly moving away from him. A council of the nobility was called, in which Lord Lindsay made a proposition that “the King remove, and certain of his Lords with him; and whom he thinks most expedient to take the matter in hand, to jeopardy themselves for the King's pleasure, their own honour, and the commonweal of their country.” James overheard this project, which was unanimously approved, and burst in among them, exclaiming, in a furious rage—“My Lords, I shall fight this day against England, though you may have even sworn the contrary; and though you may all leave me, and shame yourselves, you shall not shame me as ye devise. As to



Lord Lindsay, I vow to God that as soon as I see Scotland I shall hang him up at his own gate." Shortly after this, Borthwick the master gunner appeared before the King, and requested permission to attack the English army with his artillery while passing the bridge of Twisel, which he could have done to great advantage; but James replied to Borthwick, *like a man*, says Pitscottie, *that had been reft of his wits*—"I shall hang thee, quarter thee, and draw thee, if thou fire one shot this day. I am determined that I shall have them all before me on a plain field, and see what they can do."

The English now appeared in order of battle, and the Scots, after setting fire to their tents, hastened to take possession of an eminence near Brankston which might have proved of importance to the enemy, who had now passed the rivulet of Sandyford. This village of Brankston is between one and two miles north-west of the hill of Flodden, and the battle is sometimes designated from it by the English historians. The southern wind blew the smoke caused by the blazing tents between the two armies, and enabled the English to advance unperceived almost to the base of the hill. This movement of the enemy threw the Scots into confusion, and Surrey resolved to commence an immediate attack.

The English advanced in three, or, as some allege, four divisions. The van was commanded by the Lord High Admiral of England and his brother Sir Edmund Howard, Knight Marshal of the army, at whose request the Admiral's battalion was drawn close to his own. The centre was led by their father the Earl of Surrey, and the rear by Sir Edward Stanley. Lord Dacre, with a large body of cavalry, formed a reserve. In front was the English artillery, in the space between the divisions. The Scots were arranged in four divisions. Their left wing, under the Earls of Huntly and Home, was opposed to Sir Edmund Howard; the Earls of

Crawford and Montrose fronted the High Admiral; James led the centre opposed to Surrey; and the right wing was commanded by the Earls of Lennox and Argyle; while the reserve was committed to Bothwell, and consisted of his own followers, supported by those of other chiefs, connected with the Lothians. The commanders of the divisions in the Scottish army are differently given by Bishop Leslie, Buchanan, and others, but there is now no doubt that Lennox and Argyle were attacked by Stanley, while Huntly and Home assailed Sir Edmund Howard, and Crawford and Montrose were defeated by the Lord High Admiral's division.

The battle began between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday the 9th of September, though the English cannon had done some execution before the action commenced. The Scots moved down the hill in deep silence, and when the High Admiral perceived them descending in four large bodies armed with long spears, he requested his father to extend and strengthen the van by drawing up the middle division on its left. The Earls of Huntly and Home charged Sir Edmund Howard, and threw his division into such disorder as would have caused a complete defeat of that wing of the English army, if Lord Dacre had not advanced to his support. But the Lord High Admiral, strengthened by Dacre's cavalry, stood firm against the assaults of the division under Crawford and Montrose, and after a sharp conflict put the Scots to the rout, killing those noblemen. On the left, the success of the English was still more decisive, for the Scottish right wing, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, rushed impetuously down the hill, and were attacked by Sir Edward Stanley in the rear. The brave clansmen were unable to sustain the charge, and especially the severe execution of the Lancashire and Cheshire archers, led by Sir William Molyneux, Sir Henry

Kickley, and others. Argyle and Lennox were slain on the spot, and the two wings of the Scottish army were now totally routed, as also that division under Crawford and Montrose. The Scots derived no advantage from their artillery, which were planted so high as to shoot over the heads of the English, while the cannon of the latter were well directed. Borthwick, the master gunner, and several in the centre of the Scottish army, were killed, and the inferior gunners were completely driven from their pieces.

The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, continued in the meantime engaged in close and dubious contest. No remonstrances of his attendants could prevent him from exposing himself to the thickest of the battle, and having dismounted with his nobles, who crowded round the person of their sovereign, they all struggled on foot with a mass of English billmen. Although galled by the incessant discharge of well directed arrows, James, supported by the reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury that the standard of Surrey was almost overthrown, notwithstanding the gallant exertions of that brave nobleman. At this critical moment that part of the left wing led by Crawford and Montrose having been routed, Huntly having retired, and Home's battalion, separated from the centre, being compelled to act on the defensive against Lord Dacre's cavalry, the High Admiral and Sir Edward Stanley returned to the scene of action, and assailed on each side the remnant of the Scottish army fighting round their King, also attacked by Lord Dacre's horse. The Scottish centre, arranged in the form of a circle, maintained the shock, though assailed on every point by the victorious English, and disputed the battle till the approach of night, when Surrey drew back his forces ; for the centre not having yet been broken, and the left wing being victorious, he had reason to doubt the event ; nor was he certain of the victory till the returning dawn discovered that the defeat of the Scots was complete.

As for the Scottish King, he fell amid heaps of his warlike peers and gentlemen, immediately after Sir Adam Forman his standard-bearer was killed. He pushed into the middle of his enemies, by whom, with many wounds, and especially a mortal one on the head, he was slain. An unhewn piece of rock, still called the *King's Chair*, indicates the place where James fell. It is about three miles from Coldstream. The hill or field of Flodden is not more than six miles from that town, but the battle terminated three miles from the spot where it commenced. Planted clumps of trees now mark this interesting locality.

Such was the fatal battle of Flodden, the tidings of which filled the whole of Scotland with grief and consternation, and at which not fewer than 10,000 Scots were slain. The nobility disdained their lives in defence of their sovereign, and there is perhaps no conflict in history which displays such a havoc among men of rank. Among those slain were the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishops of Caithness and of the Isles, the Abbots of Kilwinning and Inchaffray, twelve earls, thirteen barons, five eldest sons of peers, and upwards of fifty gentlemen of distinction, chiefs of families. There is scarcely a family of eminence in Scotland but has an ancestor killed at Flodden, and in every county the battle was long remembered, and is still mentioned with a sensation of horror and sorrow. The loss of the English might amount to about 5000 men, and few persons of distinction were slain, for the battle was decided in their favour chiefly by their archers. Sir Brian Tunstall, of Thurland Castle, called in the romantic language of the times *Tunstall the Undefined*, perhaps from his white armour and banner as well as from his unstained loyalty and knightly faith, was one of the few Englishmen of rank who fell at Flodden. Of the Scots it is finely said by the Author of *MARMION*—

The stubborn spearmen still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
 The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard flight—  
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
 As fearlessly and well,  
 Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
 Led back from strife his shattered bands ;  
 And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves from wasted lands  
 Sweep back to ocean blue.  
 Then did his loss his foeman know,  
 Their King, their lords, their mightiest low,  
 They melted from the field as snow,  
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
 Dissolves in silent dew.  
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
 While many a broken band,  
 Disordered, through her currents dash,  
 To gain the Scottish land ;  
 To town and tower, to down and dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife and carnage drear  
 Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
 And broken was her shield.

There are many traditionary anecdotes preserved respecting this fatal battle. One is connected with the Mackenzies, whose young chief, John Mackenzie of Kintail, was taken prisoner. Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, and Farquhar Macintosh, son and heir of the chief of the Clan Chattan, had been imprisoned by the King in Edinburgh Castle in 1495, probably on account of their lawless conduct in 1491, and partly by a dread of their influence among



the Islanders. Two years afterwards they made their escape from Edinburgh Castle, but on their way to the Highlands they were treacherously seized at the Torwood by the Laird of Buchanan. Mackenzie offered resistance and was killed, and his head, along with Macintosh, who was taken alive, was presented to the King, who rewarded the perpetrators of this deed. The foster-brother of this Kenneth Oig Mackenzie, who rejoiced in the name of Donald Dubh MacGillecrist Vic Gillereoch, was with the rest of his clan at Flodden with his chief. In the retreat of the Scottish army Donald Dubh heard some one near him say to another, "Alas, Laird ! thou hast fallen !" When Donald inquired who this Laird was, he was told that he was the Laird of Buchanan. Eager to revenge the death of his chief and foster-brother, though it had happened fifteen years before, the Highlander drew his sword, and rushing on the Laird, killed him on the spot, exclaiming, " If he hath not fallen, he shall fall."

Among others, the burghers of the royal burgh of Selkirk behaved with great gallantry at the battle of Flodden, in revenge for which the English afterwards laid it in ashes. " The Selkirk party," says Mr Chambers, " were a hundred in number, and James was so well pleased with their appearance that he knighted the town-clerk, William Bridone, who commanded them, upon the field of battle. Few survived the dreadful day, but among the rest was the gallant town-clerk, whose sword is still in the possession of his lineal descendants." The beautiful song, *The Flowers of the Forest*, refers to the loss sustained by the community of Selkirk at Flodden, and expresses the pathetic lamentations of the wives and daughters of the slain on that memorable field, where their " brave foresters were a' wede away." When the few survivors were returning, they found by the side of Lady-wood-edge the dead body of a female, the wife of one of their fallen comrades, with a child sucking

at her breast. There is a tradition in Selkirk that she had accompanied her husband, and was on her return home, but this is by no means probable. This person, we are told, anxious about her husband, had come that distance to meet him, but exhausted with cold and hunger she sunk and expired. In commemoration of this incident, it is traditionally said that the present arms of the burgh were adopted, which bear a female holding a child in her arms, seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion, and in the background a wood.

Some trophies of Flodden are still preserved in Selkirk, and we are told that a standard was carried annually on the day of riding their *marches* before the Incorporation of Weavers, by a member of which it was taken from the English at the battle. The following legend respecting this standard, which went by the soubriquet of the *Weaver's Dish-Clout*, on account of its being inferior in appearance to the modern standards of the other Incorporations, is related by Mr Chambers. "There was one family of the name of Fletcher, consisting of five sons, the youngest of whom not relishing the King's order, fell a-crying, and expressed the utmost unwillingness to proceed upon so hazardous an enterprise. The eldest brother, enraged at such symptoms of cowardice, struck him on the face, and said he would himself go in the young poltroon's place. He did so, and in the event was the only one of his family that survived the conflict. He took from an English leader and brought home with him a pennon, which is still kept in Selkirk by the successive deacons of the weavers, and which was till lately exhibited annually at the ceremony called the *Riding of the Common*. It is of green silk, fringed round with pale silk twist, about four feet long, and tapering towards the extremity most remote from the staff. Some armorial bearings, such as an eagle and serpent, were once visible upon it, but scarcely a lineament can be discerned amidst

the tatters to which it is reduced. The people have entertained too little veneration for this memorial of the warlike glory of their ancestors, and the boys of the last generation, who, like all other boys whatsoever, were incapable of sentiment, used to call it the *Weaver's Dish-Clout*, and pelt it with stones when it was exhibited, to which cause its dilapidation is chiefly to be ascribed."

One of the peers slain at Flodden was the Earl of Caithness. This nobleman had been forfeited by James III., and the sentence still remained in force, yet his rank was acknowledged, and he joined the army with his retainers. When the English were pressing hard on James at Flodden he perceived a knight and his followers advancing in gallant order, all clad in green. He asked those beside him who they were, but the answer was that they could not tell. At length the King exclaimed, "If that be William Sinclair, I will pardon him." The knight was William Sinclair, the name of the Earl of Caithness. The King immediately wrote on a drum-head a pardon and removal of the forfeiture, which the Earl carefully cut out, and delivered to one of the clan Gun, charging him to return instantly to Caithness, and deliver the valuable document to his lady, that, whatever might befall him, his family might be secured in his restored honours and estates. The Earl and all his men were slain, and such was the impression which their fate made in the remote district of their birth, that, as he and his followers had passed the Ord of Caithness on a Monday to join the royal army, the Sinclairs had a mortal aversion to pass that promontory on Mondays, or to wear any dress of a green colour. It is said that this deed, granted to the Earl of Caithness on the field of Flodden, was preserved by his descendants the Earls of Caithness until the death of Earl Alexander in 1766, when it was secured by his son-in-law and executor the Earl of Fife, with whose family it still remains.

During the night after the battle a considerable body of Lord Home's followers, chiefly Border freebooters, pillaged the slain, and that nobleman is even charged with standing aloof during the most dangerous part of the battle, when he might have effectually assisted his sovereign. It is also stated that when required by the Earl of Huntly to hazard the relief of the King, he answered—"The man did well that day who stood and saved himself." While the followers of Home were engaged in pillaging their dead countrymen, the freebooters of Tindale and Teviotdale, who had been hovering all the day of the battle in the neighbourhood, were similarly employed in rifling the tents and stealing the horses of the English.

The statements in prejudice of Lord Home are so vague and contradictory that they deserve no credit. It is admitted by the old English historians that Home's division dispersed that of Sir Edmund Howard—a merit unjustly ascribed to the Earl of Huntly, who, it is said, was *among the first who fled!* Lord Home is even charged with assassinating James, as the latter passed the Tweed in his pretended flight from the field, for it has been alleged, in defiance of the clearest evidence, that the King was not killed at Flodden. "Some have recorded," says Drummond of Hawthornden, "that when the fortune of the day inclined to the English, four tall men, mounted upon lusty horses, wearing upon the points of their lances for cognizances streamers of straw, setting the King on a sorrel hackney, conveyed him far out of sight, and that he was seen beyond the Tweed, between Kelso and Dunse, after which what became of him is uncertain. Many hold that he was killed in the Castle of Home.—One Carr, a follower of Lord Home, on the same night the battle was fought thrust the Abbot of Kelso out of his abbey, which he durst not have attempted if the King had been alive. Another, David Galbraith, in the time of John the governor (the Duke of



Albany regent), vaunted that however John had wronged the Homes, he was one of six who had abated the insolence of King James, and brought him to know he was mortal." It is well known that James wore an iron chain about his waist, as a voluntary penance for his rebellion against his father. In a manuscript history of Scotland written by the Earl of Nithsdale, and preserved in the Scots College at Douay, it is stated that, " during the usurpation of Cromwell, a skeleton, girded with an iron chain, and inclosed in a bull's skin, was found among the ruins of the old castle of Roxburgh; and that the iron chain, which King James IV. did at no time lay by, made people generally believe that it was the body of that prince which they had discovered; but that the nation being then in subjection, there was no way to make a farther trial of the matter, so that the skeleton was interred without any ceremony in the common burial place." This story agrees in some respects with the rumour current after the battle that James was slain by some of Lord Home's men near Kelso. Sir Walter Scott observes respecting this calumny against Lord Home, stating the scene to be *Home Castle* instead of *Roxburgh*—" This tale was revived in my remembrance by an unauthenticated story of a skeleton wrapped in a bull's hide, and surrounded with an iron chain, said to have been found in the well of Home Castle, for which, on inquiry, I could never find any better authority than the sexton of the parish having said that, *if the well were cleaned out he would not be surprised at such a discovery*. Home was the chamberlain of the King, and his prime favourite. He had much to lose (in fact he did lose all) in consequence of James' death, and nothing earthly to gain by that event; but the retreat or inactivity of the left wing, which he commanded, after defeating Sir Edmund Howard, and even the circumstance of his returning unhurt and loaded with spoil, from so fatal a conflict, rendered the propagation of any calumny against him easy and



acceptable."—Pinkerton also says—"It is impossible to perceive, from the past or subsequent conduct of Home, what advantage he could hope from the death of the King, who highly favoured him and his family, but it is easy to discern that Home's power excited great jealousy during the ensuing Regency, and that his enemies exerted every art to blacken his character before the Regent was instigated to put him to death."

Other reports made the King's fate of a romantic nature. It was believed by the common people that James, inconsolable for the carnage of his nobility and subjects, had "passed over the seas, and according to his promise visited the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine, and that there for his other offences, and the bearing of arms against his father, he spent the remainder of his tedious days." But this was one of the idle reports which passed among the vulgar of that day. It was objected to the English that they never could show the token of the iron belt, to prove that the Scottish King had fallen, but it may be easily inferred that James was very likely to have laid it aside on the day of battle as encumbering his personal exertions. A better evidence can be produced in favour of the now undoubted fact that James fell at Flodden, from the circumstance that his sword, dagger, and turquois ring, are still preserved in the Heralds' College in London. According to a curious French Gazette of the battle, James was killed within a lance-length of the Earl of Surrey, and so desperate was the resistance offered that none of his division were made prisoners.

\* The body of the Scottish King was discovered by Lord Dacre, and that nobleman must have known James intimately from his late embassies to Scotland. It was recognized by Sir William Scott and Sir John Forman, two of the King's confidential servants, who were made prisoners. The body was conveyed to Berwick, where Surrey was, by

Dacre, and he says in a letter—"how he was treated on the occasion by one Langton of Berwick, is well known but not yet punished." It is generally stated that James was interred at Shene, now Richmond, in Surrey, in a monastery there, by the special permission of Leo X., as he had died under a sentence of excommunication for infringing the solemn pacification with England. At Berwick the King's body was embowelled and embalmed, then inclosed in a leaden coffin, and transported to Newcastle. The Earl of Surrey presented the armour worn by James to Queen Catharine, who on the 16th of September wrote a letter to Henry VIII., dated from Woburn in Bedfordshire, on her way to our *Lady at Walsingham*, in which she says,—“My husband, for harshness of Rouge-Cross, I could not send your Grace the piece of the King of Scots' coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer. It would have better for him to have been in peace, than to have his reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in burying the King of Scots' body, for he hath written to me so.”

Henry VIII. was then in France, and he applied to the Pope for leave to inter the royal corpse, which had been brought from Newcastle to London, and presented to the Queen at Richmond. Leo X. replied to Henry in a letter still extant, dated the 29th of November, that as he was credibly informed, the Scottish King had exhibited “some signs of repentance for the crime that had occasioned his being excommunicated in the last agony of death,” he empowered the Bishop of London to comply with the English King's desire, and to inter the body in the Cathedral Church of St Paul with the usual solemnities. It was, however, royally interred at Richmond. Stowe, in his Survey of London, records a humiliating story respecting the body of the unfortunate James. When the monastery was

dissolved it was taken up, and in the reign of Edward VI. it was thrown into a lumber room containing old timber, lead, and stones. Some workmen employed there wantonly cut off the head, which was secured by one Lancelot Young, glazier to Queen Elizabeth, who, "*feeling a sweet savour to come from thence*, and seeing the same dried from all moisture and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red, brought it to London, to his house in Wood Street." This person kept it for a time, but at last he caused the sexton of St Michael's Church, Wood Street, to bury it among the promiscuous bones in the charnel-house. Notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Leo X. requesting Henry VIII. to allow the body of James to be buried with royal honours in St Paul's by the Bishop of London, that prince remained inflexible, and the subsequent disgrace of the royal remains, as above narrated, is probably too true. James IV. fell in the 25th year of his reign, and 39th of his age.

The terror which spread throughout Scotland when the result of this unfortunate battle was known is already mentioned, and the calamity was aggravated by the prospect of a long minority—the Fifth James being not a year and a half old at his father's death. In the language of an eloquent writer—"No event more immediately calamitous than the defeat at Flodden darkens the Scottish annals. Shrieks of despair resounded through the kingdom. Wives, mothers, daughters, rushed into the streets and highways, tearing their hair, indulging in all the distraction of sorrow; while each invoked some favourite name, a husband, a son, a father, a brother, a lover, now blended in one bloody mass of destruction. While the pleasing labours of harvest were abandoned, while an awful silence reigned in the former scenes of rural mirth, the castle and the tower echoed to the lamentations of noble matrons and virgins; the churches and chapels were filled with melancholy processions to

deprecate the divine vengeance, and to chaunt with funereal music masses for the slain. Nor, amid the pangs of private distress, was the monarch forgotten—the valiant, the affable, the great, the good, who in an evil hour had sacrificed to precipitation a reign of virtues, who in the vigour of his life had fallen in a foreign land, and whose mangled body was the prey of his enemies.” The tidings of the fatal overthrow reached Edinburgh on the day after the battle, and overwhelmed the citizens with grief and confusion. The streets were crowded with women, clamouring, weeping, and seeking intelligence of their friends. It is already stated that the Lord Provost and Magistrates had accompanied the King, and that George Tours, or George of Tours, with four other persons were left to discharge the duties of Provost and Bailies till their return. In such a state of excitement were the citizens, that George Tours and his coadjutors deemed it necessary to issue a proclamation, ordering all the inhabitants to assemble for the defence of the city at the tolling of the common bell, and commanding that “all women, and especially vagabonds, do repair to their work, and be not seen on the streets clamouring and crying, under pain of banishment forth of this city, and that without mitigation of the sentence.” The Town Council ordered a guard to be raised for the defence of the city; the walls were repaired and fortified, and money was levied to purchase artillery to resist the expected victorious invaders.

But the English general, although victorious at Flodden, on the very border of Scotland, was in no condition to prosecute his triumph, and the apprehensions of the Scots were fortunately unfounded. After the battle Surrey ordered divine service to be celebrated, and created forty knights on the field. He then directed his march southwards. He was soon afterwards created Duke of Norfolk—a title which had been conferred by Richard III. on his

father, who fell fighting on the side of that tyrant at Bosworth Field. His son, the High Admiral, was created Earl of Surrey, and Sir Edward Stanley was also elevated to the peerage by the title of Lord Mounteagle.

The victory of Flodden was celebrated by the English wits and poets of that age in most exulting strains, and some of their effusions are still preserved. King James is called the *Scot Jemmy*, and the Scots are politely designated *fools and sots*. The gallant conduct of the Scots is studiously concealed, and ridiculous hits are made at the King's fate and the nation in general. The Scots were too depressed to reply to those effusions, if they ever found their way into the country. All was gloom, sorrow, and despondency, and many years elapsed before Scotland recovered from this great disaster. Their feelings are admirably expressed in the fine old melancholy ballad written after the defeat, entitled *The Flowers of the Forest*, which is well known, and has been often printed.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border !

The English for ance by guile wan the day ;

The flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,

The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewes milking,

Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sghing and moaning on ilka green loaning—

The flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

## A LAWNMARKET CONFLICT.\*

A.D. 1640.

IN 1640, the well known street in the Old Town of Edinburgh, called the Lawnmarket, was the scene of one of

\* Memorie of the Somervilles ; Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.



those personal combats which peculiarly distinguished the Scottish capital for a long series of years. Major Somerville, a relation of *Broad Hugh Somerville of the Writes*, mentioned in a preceding narrative, and one Captain Crawford, had a quarrel, which originated in the following manner during the siege of Edinburgh Castle by the Covenanters. Somerville was devoted to the interest of the latter party, while Crawford was zealous for the Cavalier cause. The Castle had by this time been surrendered by General Ruthven to the Covenanters, who were in possession of the fortress, now commanded by Major Somerville. Nevertheless Captain Crawford, who is accused of considering himself to be a privileged person who might go into the Castle whenever he pleased, walked up one day to the gate, which was closed, and made a loud noise for admittance. The sentinels told him he could not enter until they acquainted Major Somerville with his name and quality. Irritated at this opposition, Captain Crawford designated Somerville by a very opprobrious epithet in French, and exclaimed in a towering passion—"Your Major is neither a soldier nor a gentleman; and if he were without this gate, and at a distance from his guards, I would tell him he was a *culzeon* (poltroon) to the boot." Having thus delivered himself, the valiant Captain began to march off.

It happened that Major Somerville immediately made his appearance, and was informed by the sentinels of the sentiments of Captain Crawford respecting him. The Major in a furious passion ordered the gate to be opened, and soon overtook Crawford, who was at no great distance from it. Coming up to him he seized him by the arm, and said—"Sir, you must allow me to accompany you a little way, and then you shall know more of my mind." The Captain, who it is said appeared "conscious of his own miscarriage," told him that he would wait on him where

he pleased. They accordingly went down the south side of the Castlehill, crossed the Grassmarket, and proceeding up the Candlemakers' Row, they went to the back of the Greyfriars' Church, where there was then a retired green between the church and the city wall. Here Major Somerville drew his sword, and said—"I am now, Sir, without the Castle gate, and at a distance from my soldiers; draw quickly, and make good your threat."

The valorous Captain Crawford, however, was by no means inclined to have a tilt with his antagonist, and, instead of putting himself in an attitude of defence, he civilly took off his hat, and begged the Major's pardon for saying anything to his prejudice, which he believed the soldiers had very much exaggerated. The Major was astonished at this unexpected submission, and pushing him with his left hand, said to him contemptuously—"You have neither the discretion of a gentleman nor the courage of a soldier; get you gone for a cowardly fool, fit only for Bedlam." He then left Captain Crawford, and returned to the Castle. On the way he met three of his own officers, who had followed to know the result of the quarrel. They found Major Somerville at the south end of the alley still in existence called the Castle Wynd, leading from the Grassmarket to the esplanade. When they were informed of what had passed between the Major and the Captain, they " marvelled much at the impudence and baseness" of the latter.

It appears that Captain Crawford had taken offence at not being invited to a dinner given that day in the Castle by Major Somerville to the Cavalier General Ruthven, after he had surrendered the fortress, and before he marched out with all the honours of war. Shortly after the Major had returned to the Castle, he sat down to dinner with his guests, and it is quaintly said that "there is no doubt, considering the quality of the giver and receivers, the entertainment was great, *and they drank liberally, most of them*

*being soldiers!*" Captain Crawford, with whose reputation for courage the public had probably taken sundry liberties in consequence of his conduct in the Greyfriars' churchyard, resolved to settle his affair of honour with Major Somerville, and to challenge and fight him on the High Street at the most public time of the day. An opportunity was afforded him about a week after the former offence had been committed. Major Somerville had occasion in the forenoon to wait on the Committee of Estates and General Leslie, then sitting in the Parliament House, on some important business, and when proceeding thither from the Castle, he was assailed by Captain Crawford in the Lawnmarket near the Weigh House—an edifice which stood in the middle of the street at the head of the West Bow. Having previously left his cloak in a shop at the south side of the Lawnmarket, the Captain, armed with a long broadsword and a Highland dirk, came up to Major Somerville and said—"If you are a pretty man, draw your sword"—at the same time pulling out his own sword and dagger. The Major was at first startled by this bold interruption while in discharge of his duty, more especially as his immediate attendance on the Committee of Estates was necessary—a fact which probably Captain Crawford well knew, and which his Cavalier principles would induce him to hold in great contempt. The result of the encounter is given in a graphic and picturesque manner by the Noble author of the "*Memorie of the Somervilles*." We are told that the Major's "honour and preservation gave him no time to consult the convenience or inconvenience he was now under, either as to the present charge or disadvantage of weapons, having only a large cane in his hand, which he usually carried when walking, and the sword which General Ruthven had recently given him. It hung in a shoulder-belt far back, as the fashion then was, and he was forced to guard two or three strokes with his cane before he got out his sword, which

being now drawn, he soon put his adversary on the defensive, by bearing up so close to him, and pressing his thrusts, that the Captain, for all his courage and advantage of weapons, was forced to give way, with difficulty parrying the redoubled thrusts which Somerville made at him.

“ The combat, for so in effect it was, although accidental, began about the middle of the Lawnmarket. Somerville drives down the Captain, still fighting, near to the goldsmiths' shops, where, fearing to be nailed to the boards, these shops being then all of timber, he resolved a notable blow to revenge all his former affronts. Making, therefore, a feint, having parried Somerville's thrust with his dagger, the Captain suddenly turns his hand, and by a back blow with his broadsword he thought to have *hamshekelled* (hamstringed) him on one if not both of his legs, which Somerville only prevented by nimbly leaping backward, interposing the thick cane in his left hand, which was cut in two by the violence of the blow. And now Providence so ordered it that the Captain, missing his mark, overreached himself so far that he could not recover his sword in time to a fit posture of defence before Somerville, having beaten up the dagger in the Captain's left hand with the remaining part of his own stick, instantly closes with him, and with the pummel of his sword he strikes him to the ground, and at first, because of his baseness, he was inclined to transfix him, but his heart relented. At that moment some of his own soldiers happened to come up, who were so incensed at this attack on their commanding officer, that they were ready to cut the Captain in pieces, if he had not been rescued out of their hands, and safely conveyed to prison, where he was put in irons, and continued in a most wretched condition somewhat more than a year. But at length, having written a most submissive and pitiful letter to this gentleman's lady, who then resided at Gilmerton, which she communicated to him, being at that time in England as



governor of the town of Durham, he was pleased to write in the Captain's favour to the Committee of Estates and Magistrates of Edinburgh that he might have his liberty, which was granted after he had brought upon himself perpetual banishment."

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## NAVAL BATTLES OF THE SCOTS—STATE OF THE SCOTISH NAVY.\*

REIGNS OF JAMES III. JAMES IV. AND JAMES V.

THE Scottish Navy commenced in the reign of James III., before which it was almost entirely neglected, at least there is a great lack of information respecting it previous to the time intimated. The Monks were the chief ship-owners, and their peaceful barks, as well as those, such as they were, belonging to private individuals, were almost exclusively occupied in mercantile affairs, seldom disturbed by foreigners, who took little interest in a country so miserably cultivated as Scotland was for several centuries. If we are to judge from existing evidence, comparatively few foreign ships visited the country previous to the accession of James III., and the little trade was chiefly conducted by the natives, who exported from Flanders and other adjoining countries the most ordinary necessities of life. Sometimes we read of *fleets* in early Scottish history. Somerled, Thane of Argyle, had a fleet of fifty-three ships in 1158, and another of a hundred and sixty in 1164. When

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\* Pinkerton's History of Scotland; Dalrymple's Fragments of Scottish History; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; Lindsay's (of Pitcairney) History; Campbell's History of Leith; Collection of Old Ballads, with Introductions, &c., published in 1727; Popular Poetry, (vol. ii.) entitled Garlands and Songs, (Private Collection.)



King Alexander III. fought against the Manks in 1275, he conveyed his troops in a fleet. But it must be recollected that what are dignified by the name of *ships* were simply boats or vessels managed by oars, for it does not appear that even sails were in use.

In the reigns of James III. and his successor flourished Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, who under the former monarch possessed that barony in tack, and who was invested in the property of it by James IV. on account of two signal victories he obtained over the English at sea about the beginning of his reign. Of the personal or family history of Admiral Wood nothing appears to be known. He is traditionally said to have been a native of Leith, and during the early part of the reign of James III. he commanded two ships, the one called the *Flower*, and the other the *Yellow Carvell*. Distinguished for his bravery, ability, and loyalty, this *Nelson* of his day became one of the most public characters of that age, and his name is honourably preserved in the annals of his country.

The conduct of Admiral Wood after the insurrection which immediately preceded the murder of James III. is already mentioned in the narrative of that disastrous event. He was then cruising in the Frith of Forth, and his severe rebuke to the insurgent nobility after the encounter at Sauchieburn and the death of the King exasperated them in no ordinary degree. Anxious to get him into their hands, and revenge what they considered the insults he had offered them, they summoned all the skippers of Leith before them, to whom they proposed that if any of them would engage to sail and attack Wood, artillery and provisions would be furnished at the expense of the young King. But the Leith skippers unanimously declined the attempt, and one of them named Barton, who is also prominent in the naval annals of Scotland, declared that "there were not ten ships in Scotland which could give Captain Wood's two ships

combat, for he was well practised in war, and had such artillery and men, that it was hard dealing with him either by sea or land." This statement induced the insurgent nobility to abandon their project of seizing the obnoxious mariner.

In 1489 or 1490, an exploit of Wood interrupts the silence respecting Scottish naval transactions. Five English vessels entered the Frith of Forth, and plundered some vessels belonging to the Scots and their Flemish allies. Enraged at this aggression on the part of the English, James IV. and his Council resolved to stop their piratical career, and inflict upon them a suitable punishment. They could not, however, induce any seamen to sail against the enemy, and they were obliged to apply to Sir Andrew Wood, to whom were offered a sufficient number of men and artillery, royal favours and rewards. He accepted the proposal, and being furnished with the necessary crew, cannon, and arms, he sailed with his two vessels to encounter the enemy.

Wood found the English ships off Dunbar at the mouth of the Frith of Forth, and prepared to attack them, although greatly superior to him in number and well provided with artillery. A battle ensued, which was both sanguinary and obstinate; but Wood's courage and naval skill prevailed, and victory declared in his favour. The five English vessels were taken, and brought triumphantly into Leith; the Scottish captain was presented to James and his Council, who recompensed him by honourable rewards.

When the tidings of this exploit reached Henry VII. of England, he was deeply mortified at this humiliation of his flag by a power hitherto unknown in the annals of maritime warfare, and he offered a large annual sum to any commander who would capture Sir Andrew Wood. The sum offered by Henry is stated to have been no less than L.1000 sterling yearly to the person who succeeded in the attempt.

yet many were deterred by fear from embarking in such a perilous enterprise. At length an English officer, popularly called Sir Stephen Bull, offered his service, engaging to seize Wood and bring him dead or alive to England. Henry gladly accepted Sir Stephen Bull's tender of service in this enterprise, and ordered three large vessels to be well manned, victualled, and provided with suitable artillery.

The silence of the English annalists respecting these maritime affairs is in accordance with the meagre and imperfect information given by their original historians of this period. The meditated enterprise of Bull is one of the earliest instances on record of an equipment for a regular sea fight between the Scots and English. As it was in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. that the English navy became really important, the vessels in the reign of Henry VII., though designated *great ships*, must have been very small. The fleet fitted out by Edward II. against Scotland consisted of vessels navigated by seven, eight, or ten seamen, and called, according to the ideas of the time, *ships of war*; that of Edward III., though numerous, was altogether composed of small vessels; and even in the reign of Mary of England the ships were very diminutive. As it respects the Scottish vessels, especially those commanded by Sir Andrew Wood, which we may presume to have been superior to any others, they also must have been small. We find that the Great Michael, built some years afterwards, the James, the Margaret, and a new bark, were at most only about three hundred tons, two others were of one hundred, the largest of the residue not more than eighty. Sir Andrew Wood's vessels, the Flower and the Yellow Carvell, therefore, must have been considerably under two hundred tons burden.

As soon as Sir Stephen Bull's vessels were put in proper order, he sailed from the Thames in search of the Scottish Admiral. He reached the entrance of the Firth of

Forth, and anchored behind the Island of May, opposite the ancient royal burgh of Crail. This little rocky island was at that time inhabited by several families and ecclesiastics, the latter belonging to a religious establishment the ruins of which still exist. Here Bull procured fresh water, and several necessaries for his crews. He also seized some boats belonging to the inhabitants of the island, and to the fishing villages on the opposite Fife coast, retaining the mariners, that by their information he might not mistake his object.

Admiral Wood had escorted some merchant vessels to Flanders, and was on his return when Bull was waiting for him off the Island of May. On the morning of the 10th of August, a little after day-break, one of the English shipmasters observed two vessels under sail making for the Frith of Forth in the direction of St Abb's Head, and having communicated this circumstance to Bull, the detained Scottish fishermen were ordered to the tops, to intimate if the vessels were those of Admiral Wood. At first they declared that they could not tell, but being offered their freedom if this was the expected prey, the men immediately acknowledged that the Scottish Admiral was advancing. This announcement was heard with great joy by the gallant Captain Bull, who, with a hilarity which was rather premature, pierced several casks of wine, which he ordered to be distributed among his men, who became exceedingly merry. He then disposed of all at their proper stations, charged his artillery, and sailed to meet the Admiral.

Wood was meanwhile advancing, unconscious of any foe, until he perceived the three English vessels under sail bearing down upon him, evidently determined to fight. He instantly prepared to meet the enemy, and thus addressed his sailors in the boisterous phraseology of his profession—"These, my lads, are the foes who expect to



convey us in bonds to the King of England, but by your courage, and by the help of God, they shall fail. Set yourselves in order, every man to his station. Charge guns, let the cross-bows be ready; have the lime-pots and fire-balls to the tops; two-handed swords to the forerooms. Be stout, be diligent, for your own sakes, and for the honour of your country." Wine was then distributed to the crews, who responded to the Admiral's speech with loud acclamations. Captain Bull having taken a comfortable potation of claret, notwithstanding the earliness of the morning, also lectured his crews on the duties they were expected to perform.

The sun was now above the horizon, and his brilliant rays fell upon the English vessels, displaying their superior size and force to the Scots, who were nothing daunted by the survey. Wood skilfully attained the windward of the enemy, who discharged some of their artillery at the Scots without effect, and coming close to Captain Bull's ship, the action commenced with great gallantry on both sides. The noise of the cannon brought crowds of spectators to the coast of Fife and the shores of East Lothian, who expressed by their gestures and cries their hopes and fears. The whole day were the English and Scots engaged in close combat, and at the approach of night the action was undecided. Lying by to refresh and refit, they were again summoned to arms at the dawn of day. The fight continued obstinate, while the vessels, neglected by the helmsmen during the action, were driven before an ebb tide and south wind till they were near the mouth of the Tay. At length the valour of Sir Andrew Wood prevailed; the English vessels were captured and carried to Dundee, where the wounded on both sides were properly attended, and the dead interred. The Scottish Admiral presented Captain Bull to James IV., and was rewarded with the estate of Largo for his eminent services. The King behaved



with great generosity to Captain Bull and his men, and sent them and the ships as a present to their sovereign, with a message to the latter, intimating that Scotland could also boast of warlike sons both by sea and land, and desiring that Henry would no more invade the Scottish seas, otherwise a different fate would await the intruders. The King of England, although he did not relish such a message, thanked James for returning his mariners and his ships, and concealed his real sentiments.

The naval victory of Sir Andrew Wood over Sir Stephen Bull, as the latter is titled, is celebrated in the following old ballad, which, though of doggrel merit, is quaint and curious.

Sir Andrew Wood he was a man  
Of meikle worth, and brave,  
He fouchten for our noble King  
In ships upon the wave.

The King of England he was wroth  
That ane Scottishman, wi' twa,  
Should fechten out his many ships  
And tak them prisoners a'.

And he throughout his kingdom large  
Did proclamations make,  
Offering ane thousand pounds the year  
Sir Andrew Wood to take.

And up and spoke a bold captain,  
Sir Stephen Bull was he :—  
“ And I shall fight this Scottish man  
Till he shall prisoner be.”

Whereat the King of fair England  
Rejoiced exceedingly,  
And caused provide the said captain  
Ships and artillery.

And he past to our Scottish Frith,  
And sailed up and down,  
And of our fishing boats he took  
Full many and full soon.

But when Sir Andrew Wood he spied  
Wi' twa ships in his sail,  
Full merrily and blyth was he,  
And to their parts did hail

No enemies our bold captain  
Thought in the Scottish sea,  
And knowing no impediment,  
He sailed right pertly.

But when the English he did see,  
No fear had he at all;  
His men to battle did exhort,  
To conquer or to fall.

“ We fight now for our noble King,  
Our wives and bairns guid,  
And for their sakes we'll always shed  
The last drap o' our bluid.”

And he has pierced the auld red wine,  
And then to drink did gie,  
And every man to his neighbour swore  
From Southron ne'er to flee.

And stoutly forward then came they  
Afore the blowing air  
Upon the English captain's ships,  
To beat or fight nae mair.

So then the battle did begin  
Against the Southron fae;  
From rising to the setting sun,  
Upon a summer day.

The Scotsmen fought like lions bold,  
And many an English slew,  
The slaughter that they made that day  
Caused England's folks to rue.

The English fought full bold and fierce,  
As Englishmen do aye,  
And for the strokes they got, they gave,  
As I shall ne'er gainsay.

Yet when the evening came on,  
And they were forced to stay,  
They parted even as tigers mad  
Deprived of their prey.

But ere the sun began to rise  
High from his Eastern hed,  
The trumpeters began to blow  
Right loud from either side.

And then they fought with awful rage,  
And killed sae cruelly,  
That ne'er a battle e'er there was  
Sae terrible to see.

But ne'er a man can fight so well  
Not fighting for his ain,  
Nothing can make the arm so strong,  
Nor saves a country's stain.

The English, though they fought so bold,  
As never man might dae,  
Save Scottishmen, who never rest  
Until they won the day.

Sir Stephen was a prisoner made,  
His ships and sailors all,  
Hame to the King Sir Andrew took  
Afore his feet to fall.

Our noble King he was right glad,  
And used them courteously,  
Good gold he gave, and sent them with  
Their ships to their countrie.

“ Go tell the King of fair England  
That so I use the brave,  
But if e'er here again he sends  
'They'll find a watery grave.”

Sir Andrew Wood our brave captain  
Was thanked graciously,  
Rewards and honour he did get  
From his King and his countrie.

This battle fiercely it was fought  
Near to the rock of Bass,  
And when wi' Southrons we next fight,  
May ne'er worse come to pass.

Some years after this naval battle, in 1506, James IV.  
had acquired several vessels, and we find him enabled to

send a Scottish squadron to the Baltic to the assistance of his ally, John, King of Denmark and Norway; but this fleet returned without any achievement, as the success of the Danish arms rendered their assistance unnecessary. James also requested Louis XII. to send him ship-builders and wood from France. He received two large ships of war as a present from Louis in 1509. In 1511, the ship called the Great Michael was built by one Jaques Tarret, a Frenchman, either at Leith or Newhaven, but probably at the latter place, for James IV. erected a chapel and dock-yard there which originated its name of Newhaven, or, as it is sometimes called, *Our Lady's Port of Grace*, on account of the chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

The Great Michael was placed under the command of Sir Andrew Wood and Robert Barton, the latter connected with a family of the same name belonging to Leith who figure in the naval affairs of Scotland at that time. It is curious to note that the war between the English and the Scots, which terminated in the fatal disaster of Flodden, was partly caused by a naval engagement. A ship containing a valuable cargo commanded by John Barton was seized by a Portuguese squadron in 1476, in consequence of which letters of reprisal were granted to Andrew, Robert, and John Barton, his sons, to make retaliation whenever an opportunity occurred. In these letters of reprisal the Bartons and their assignees were authorised to seize all Portuguese ships until they were paid twelve thousand ducats by the King of Portugal. These letters were renewed by James IV. in 1506, and it appears that they carried on the war of retaliation with such success, as to supply by their Portuguese captures the want of distant trade. In the Poems of Dunbar, a *blackamoor woman* is mentioned among the *novelties* laid under contribution by the Bartons, who all became very rich. The justice of such letters, after an interval of thirty years, may be

doubted, and the contemporaries of the Bartons loudly accused them of piracy. At that period the people of Holland were subject to the House of Austria, and, probably at the instigation of the Portuguese, they had plundered some Scottish ships, and threw the crews and the merchants in them into the sea. This was in 1507, and James, enraged at this piratical offence, sent Robert Barton in a large vessel to resent it. He soon effected a retaliation, and returned with considerable booty, and with many chests *filled with the heads of the pirates*, which he exhibited at the Scottish Court.

Shortly after this, Robert Barton was seized with his ship the *Lion* at Campvere in Holland, upon a remonstrance of the Portuguese. The manner in which the Scottish "skipper" extricated himself from this misfortune does not appear, but his capture must have been of no long duration, as Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, and Governor of the Netherlands, complained in 1509 to James of the capture of some vessels by Andrew and John Barton. It is evident that those worthy "skippers" took every possible advantage of their letters of reprisal against the Portuguese, and they were extremely apt to fall into the mistake of capturing English vessels for those of the former nation. Their ships, the *Lion*, a large ship of war, and the *Jenny Pirwen*, an armed sloop, under the pretence of looking out for Portuguese traders, ranged along the coasts of England, and committed such extensive depredations as greatly to impede navigation. Andrew Barton was the commander in these piratical enterprises, and the mistakes he committed of plundering English vessels, under the pretence that they were Portuguese, occurred so frequent, that the attention of the English Government was at length seriously directed to his doings. Repeated complaints were made to the Privy Council by the English merchants, and in 1511 Lord Thomas and Sir Edmund Howard, sons of the Earl of Surrey, who distinguished themselves in the



battle of Flodden, were sent with two ships well armed and properly fitted out to encounter Barton. In a few days the Howards were separated by a storm, and Lord Thomas Howard, when in the Downs, fell in with the *Lion*, on board of which was Sir Andrew Barton. An obstinate and bloody conflict ensued, which was maintained with great determination on both sides, but the death of Barton decided the victory in favour of the English. He fell mortally wounded, and it is said that when dying he continued as long as he was able to cheer his men with his boatswain's whistle. Sir Edmund Howard, not less fortunate than his brother, fell in with the *Jenny Pirwen*, which after an engagement he took. Both vessels were brought into the Thames, and retained as lawful prizes, while the surviving crews, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, were dismissed upon their imploring mercy. The *Lion* had the honour of being the second ship of war in the English navy—the *Great Harry*, built in 1504, being the first. James IV. greatly resented the death of Andrew Barton, and despatched a herald to the English court, but all the satisfaction he obtained from Henry VIII. was, that the fate of pirates ought never to be the cause of dispute among princes.

This exploit is the theme of an old historical ballad, which contains several curious particulars, and is of respectable merit as a composition. As it is now seldom to be found, no farther apology is necessary for laying it before the reader in the present narrative—

When Flora with her fragrant flowers  
Bedeck'd the earth so trim and gay,  
And Iris with her dainty showers  
Came to present the month of May ;  
King Henry would a hunting ride,  
Over the river of Thames pass'd he,  
Unto a mountain top also  
Did walk some pleasure for to sec ;

Where forty merchants he espied,  
With fifty sail come towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
But on their knees did thus complain :  
“ An't please your Grace, we cannot sail  
To France a voyage to be sure,  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
And robs us of our merchant-ware.”

Vex'd was the King, and turning him,  
Said to the lords of high degree,  
“ Have I ne'er a lord within my realm  
Dare fetch that traitor unto me ?”  
To him replied the Lord Howard,  
“ I will, my liege, with heart and hand,  
If it please you grant me leave,” said he,  
“ I will perform what you command.”

To him then spoke King Henry,  
“ I fear, my Lord, you are too young.”  
“ No whit at all, my liege,” quoth he,  
“ I hope to prove in valour strong.  
The Scotch knight now I vow to seek,  
In what place so'er he be,  
And bring ashore with all his might,  
Or to Scotland he shall carry me.”

“ A hundred men,” the King then said,  
“ Out of my realm shall chosen be ;  
Besides sailors and ship-boys,  
To guide a great ship on the sea ;  
Bowmen and gunners of good skill  
Shall for this service chosen be ;  
And they at thy command and will  
In all affairs shall wait on thee.”

Lord Howard called a gunner then,  
Who was the best in all the realm,  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
And Peter Simon was his name ;  
My Lord called then a bowman rare,  
Whose active hands had gained fame,  
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
And William Horsely was his name.

"Horsely," quoth he, "I must to sea  
 To seek a traitor with good speed,  
 And of a hundred bowmen brave  
 I've chosen thee to be the head."  
 "If you, my Lord, have chosen me  
 Of a hundred men to be the head,  
 Upon the main-mast I'll hanged be,  
 If twelvescore I miss one shilling's breadth."

Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
 Went to the sea with pleasant cheer,  
 Not curbed with winter's piercing cold,  
 Though 'twas the stormy time of year.  
 Not long he had been on the sea,  
 More in days than number three,  
 But one Harry Hunt there he espied,  
 A merchant of Newcastle was he.

To him Lord Howard called out amain,  
 And strictly charged him to stand,  
 Demanding then from whence he came,  
 Or where he did intend to land.  
 The merchant then made answer soon,  
 With heavy heart and careful mind,  
 "My Lord, my ship it doth belong  
 Unto Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

"Canst thou show me," this Lord did say,  
 "As thou didst sail by day and night,  
 A Scottish rover on the sea  
 His name is Andrew Barton, knight?"  
 At this the merchant sighed and said,  
 "With grieved mind and well-away,  
 But over-well I know that wight,  
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

"As I, my Lord, did sail from France,  
 A Bourdeaux voyage to take so far,  
 I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
 Who robb'd me of my merchant-ware.  
 And mickle debts God knows I owe,  
 And every man doth crave his own,  
 And I am bound to London now,  
 Of our gracious King to beg a boon."

" Show me him," said Lord Howard then,  
 " Let me once the villain see,  
 And every penny he hath from thee ta'en,  
 I'll double the same with shillings three."  
 " Now God forbid," the merchant said,  
 " I fear your aim that you will miss.  
 God save you from his tyranny,  
 For little you think what man he is.

" He is brass within and steel without,  
 His ship most huge and mighty strong,  
 With eighteen pieces of ordnance,  
 He carries on each side along;  
 With beams for his top-castle,  
 As being all huge and high,  
 That neither English nor Portuguese  
 Can Sir Andrew Barton pass by."

" Hard news thou showest," then said this Lord,  
 " To welcome strangers to the sea;  
 But as I said, I'll bring him aboard,  
 Or to Scotland he shall carry me."  
 The merchant said, " If you will do so,  
 Take counsel then I pray withal,  
 Let no man to his top-castle go,  
 Nor strive to let his beams down fall.

" Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
 On each side of my ship," said he,  
 " And by to-morrow, my good Lord,  
 Again I will your honour see.  
 A glass I set as may be seen,  
 Whether you sail by day or night,  
 And to-morrow be sure before seven,  
 You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

The merchant set my Lord a glass,  
 So well apparent in his sight,  
 That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
 He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.  
 This Lord then swore a mighty oath—  
 " Now by the heavens that be of might,  
 By faith, believe me, and by troth,  
 I think he is a worthy Knight.

"Fetch me my Lion out of hand,"  
 Saith he, "with rose and streamer high,  
 Set up withal a willow-wand,  
 That merchant like I might pass by."  
 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
 And on anchor rise so high;  
 No top-sail at last he cast,  
 But as a foe did him defy.

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
 Thus scornfully to pass by,  
 As though he cared not a pin  
 For him and his company;  
 Then called he for his men amain,  
 "Fetch back yon pedlar now," quoth he.  
 "And e'er this way he come again,  
 I'll teach him well his courtesy."

A piece of ordnance soon was shot,  
 By this proud pirate fiercely then  
 Into Lord Howard's middle deck,  
 Which cruel shot killed fourteen men.  
 He called Peter Simon and said,  
 "Look how thy word doth stand in stead,  
 For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,  
 If thou miss twelvescore one penny breadth.

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,  
 Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
 In at his deck it came so hot,  
 Kill'd fifty of his men of war;  
 "Alas!" then said the pirate stout,  
 "I am in danger now I see;  
 This is some Lord, I greatly fear,  
 That is set on to conquer me."

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,  
 Came bravely on the other side,  
 Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
 And killed fifty of his men beside;  
 Then out, alas, Sir Andrew cried,  
 "What may a man now think or say?  
 Yon merchant thief that pierceth me  
 He was my prisoner yesterday."



Then did he on Gordion call,  
Unto the top-castle to go,  
And that his beams he should let fall,  
For he greatly fear'd an overthrow.  
Lord Howard call'd Horsely in haste,  
"Look how thy word do stand in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast,  
If thou miss twelvescore a shilling breadth."

Then up the mast-tree swerved he,  
This stout and mighty Gordion ;  
But Horsely he most happily  
Shot him under his collar-bone ;  
Then called he on his nephew, and said,  
"Sister's sons I have no mo,  
Three hundred pounds I give to thee,  
If thou wilt to the top-castle go."

Then stoutly he began to climb,  
From off the mast scorned to depart ;  
But Horsely soon prevented him,  
And deadly pierced him to the heart.  
His men being slain, then up amain  
Did this proud pirate climb with speed,  
Armour of proof he had put on,  
And did no dint of arrows dread.

"Come hither, Horsely," said this Lord,  
"See thou thine arrows aim aright ;  
Great means to thee I'll still afford,  
And if thou speed'st I'll make thee knight."  
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
With right good will and all his main,  
Then upon the breast hit Horsely he,  
Till the arrow did return again.

Then Horsely spied a private place,  
With a perfect eye in a secret part.  
His arrow swiftly flew a pace,  
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.  
"Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,  
A little I am hurt, yet not slain,  
I'll but lie down and bleed a while,  
And come and fight with you again.

“ And do not fear these English rogues,  
And of your foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St Andrew’s cross,  
Until you hear my whistle blow.”  
They never heard his whistle blow,  
Which made them all most sore afraid,  
Then Horsely said,—“ My Lord, aboard,  
For now Sir Andrew Barton’s dead.”

Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
With right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,  
Besides as many more were slain.  
This Lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
And quickly then cut off his head—  
“ I should forsake England many a day,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.”

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came  
With mickle joy and triumphing,  
The pirate’s head he brought along  
To present unto the King—  
Who briefly unto him did say,  
Before he well knew what was done,  
“ Where is the knight and pirate gay,  
That I myself may give the doom?”

“ You may thank God,” said Lord Howard,  
And four men in the ship,” quoth he,  
“ That we are safely come ashore,  
Sith you never had such an enemy ;  
There are Henry Hunt and Peter Simon,  
William Horsely and Peter’s son ;  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
For they did service in their turn.”

To the merchant therefore the King he said,  
“ In lieu of what he hath from thee ta’en,  
I’ll give to thee a noble a day,  
Sir Andrew’s whistle and his chain ;  
To Peter Simon a crown a day,  
And half-a-crown to Peter’s son ;  
And that was for a shot so gay,  
Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down

Horsely I will make thee a knight,  
And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell :  
Lord Howard shall Earl Surrey height,  
For this act deserveth well ;  
Ninety pounds to our English men,  
Who in this fight did stoutly stand ;  
And twelve pence a day to the Scots, till they  
Come to my brother king's high land."

Little is recorded of Sir Andrew Wood after his appointment to the command of the Great Michael, which was not of long continuance, as Lord Sinclair was captain of that ship in 1512, while Lord Fleming obtained the same charge in the Margaret. It is probable that he retired, when greatly advanced in years, to his estate of Largo in Fife. The Scottish Admiral is said to have indulged in his nautical propensities on shore, and the outline of a canal is still pointed out between Largo House and the parish church, which is alleged to have been formed by him for the purpose, like Commodore Trunnion, of sailing to the church on Sundays. His colleague, Robert Barton, is not again mentioned, and it may be presumed that his life was not distinguished by any remarkable occurrence, unless we are to consider him the same as Sir Robert Barton, who was made comptroller of the royal household in the minority of James V.

Some curious notices of Scottish naval affairs are preserved in various documents. In 1512 a Flemish vessel laden with Scottish goods was taken by the English, and carried into Berwick. Lord Dacre, in a letter to Henry VIII., advises its restoration, and states that he will endeavour to return to obtain those ships taken by the French envoy De La Motte, Robert Barton, and David Falconer, whom he designates pirates. In June that year, La Motte sunk three English vessels and captured seven, which he brought into Leith. It appears from the letters of James

IV. to Henry VIII. and Lord Dacre, that a piratical warfare was carried on some time between both nations, for the Scotch King complains that a ship belonging to David Falconer had been sunk, and himself sent prisoner to London.

It appears that Henry VIII. *modestly* demanded the Great Michael from James, and the latter replied that he might command all his ships on the condition that he made peace with France. The squadron which sailed on the 26th of July 1513, under the command of James Gordon of Letterfourie, having the Earl of Arran and about three thousand troops for the service of France on board, is already noticed in the narrative of the Battle of Flodden. The fleet probably did not consist of more than twenty vessels, among which were the Great Michael, the James, and the Margaret. The fate of this fleet is little known. Buchanan asserts that it was scattered by tempests, and that the Great Michael was suffered to rot in the harbour of Brest ; but on the other hand it is ascertained that the Great Michael was purchased by Louis XII. in April 1514, for forty thousand livres from the Duke of Albany in the name of the Scotch Government. Two other ships, probably the James and the Margaret, were also sold, and only a part of the fleet returned to Scotland. In May 1515, the Regent Duke of Albany arrived at Dumbarton with eight ships, apparently a part of the fleet of James IV., laden with warlike stores, and also with stronger implements of government—the gold and luxuries of France.

A writer of the sixteenth century, in his description of Scotland in 1521, mentions Leith as the chief port, and that between that town and Edinburgh there was a small rich village, famous for woollen manufactures, from which the best cloths in Scotland were designated. The Frith of Forth appears to have always been the rendezvous of the royal vessels, and Leith, on account of its proximity to the

metropolis, and having been anciently a place of wealth and importance, was generally the station. That seaport was in consequence often attacked by the English. In 1522, Sir William Fitz-William, Vice-Admiral of the English fleet, entered the Frith of Forth with a squadron of seven frigates, and destroyed the shipping of Leith. The vessels belonging to the port were also frequently taken and plundered by individual English adventurers, who, with a ship or two, were constantly prowling about the mouth of the Frith, and seizing all that were weaker than themselves; but it must also be confessed that the skippers of Leith in those times seldom scrupled to eke out their lawful earnings by occasional acts of piracy, and there were many of them who made almost an exclusive trade of plundering English ships, and committing depredations on the coasts of that kingdom, for which the almost constant hostilities of the two countries afforded easy advantages.

When the Earl of Hertford made the fatal *Raid* or expedition into Scotland in 1544, he found among the vessels in Leith two of "notable fairness," called the *Salamander* and the *Unicorn*. The former, with another ship called the *Morischer*, had been presented to James V. by the King of France, on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Magdalene; the Unicorn was built by the Scottish King. James had other two ships—the *Marivellibe* and the *Great Lion*, but these were not at the time in Leith. The names of other vessels belonging to the King are mentioned in the Lord Treasurer's Accounts.

Such are a few notices of the state of the Scottish navy during a part of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The inquiry is very obscure, and seems never to have occupied the attention of those who have investigated our national annals. There can be little doubt that the Scottish navy was always neglected previous to the reigns of James III. and James IV., and the premature deaths of those monarchs tended



to repress any inclination in the government to pursue their projects. Perhaps a naval enemy in that age was not to be dreaded. The military exploits of the Scots and the English were chiefly conducted on land, and their quarrels seem to have been of more difficult reconciliation than those of other countries. A long and inveterate animosity magnified their injuries, fomented their disputes, and, when they met in the field, made their battles bear a greater resemblance to a general massacre than to a fair contest.

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## BATTLE OF ROSLIN.\*

A.D. 1302.

THE romantic banks of the Esk, from Roslin to Lasswade, contain many objects of attraction. Here is the ruined and once princely castle of the St Clairs, who resided in it in almost royal splendour, though little notice is taken of it in history till the reign of James II., when we read of Sir William Hamilton's imprisonment for engaging in the opposition to that prince headed by the Douglasses. Nearly half a mile down the river is situated the house of Hawthornden, in the midst of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery to be found any where in the south of Scotland. The celebrated caves of Hawthornden are immortalized in Scottish history. It was from them that the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie sallied forth when occasion offered, during the contests for the crown be-

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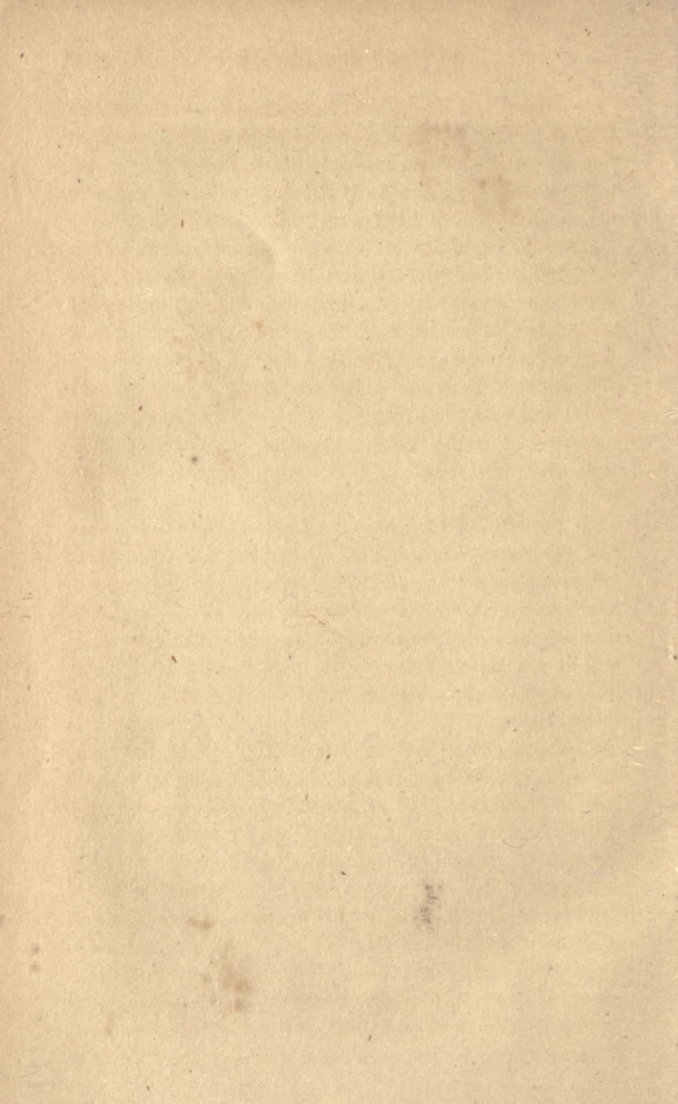
\* Chalmers' Caledonia; Abercrombie's Martial Achievements; Statistical Account of Scotland; Historical Account of the Family of Fraser; Sir Walter Scott's Lord of the Isles; Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland; Buchanan's History of Scotland; Wynton's Chronicle. Fordun's Scoti-Chronicon; Crawford's Officers of State.



W B Scott

Robt Scott

*Robert Scott*



tween Baliol and Bruce, and made dreadful havoc of the English. The peaceful groves and the wooded banks of this delightful locality have in the olden time oft resounded to the clash of arms, and the Esk has been coloured with the mingled blood of English and Scottish foemen.

After the expiration of a truce concluded between Edward I. and the Scots, the former, resolved to persist in his attempts to conquer the country, sent an army into Scotland under the command of Sir John Segrave, who conducted his troops to Edinburgh. For the conveniency of quarters Segrave marched his forces in three divisions, and unfortunately for the English general these were so far separated as to be unable to support each other. The army advanced to the Scottish capital, in number thirty thousand, according to the statement of some writers, while the whole force which the Scots could bring into the field to oppose such a formidable army consisted of little more than eight thousand men. The English are accused of plundering on every side; but it may be safely concluded that on account of the previous distraction of the times, as well as the unsettled state and poverty of the country, little of importance or value would fall into the hands of the invaders.

At the period of this invasion of Scotland by the English army, Sir William Wallace, in an assembly of the nobility at Perth, had resigned the commission with which he had been entrusted to administer the government of the kingdom, but which their pride, notwithstanding his splendid services, rendered of little avail. Sir Simon Fraser, then Warden of the Forest of Selkirk, and Sir John Cumine of Badenoch, were unanimously promoted to the chief command. Those two heroes resolved to offer battle to the English without being in any way intimidated by their vast superiority in point of numbers. The Scottish commanders came up with the first division of the English under Segrave near Roslin.



at break of day, having made a forced march during the night. The English general scorned to avoid the enemy, and, boldly advancing, he attacked the Scots. A battle ensued, in which his troops were completely repulsed with great loss, and himself dangerously wounded.

The second division of the English was soon informed of the disaster which had befallen their countrymen by those who escaped, and they hastened to revenge their defeat. They found the Scots in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action, busily engaged in plunder, and slaughtering their enemies. A second battle ensued, in which the English were again defeated, and several officers of distinction fell, among whom is mentioned Sir Ralph le Cofferer, who is so called because he acted as a kind of commissary-general, or was the paymaster of the army.

The third division of the English now appeared, and found the Scots busily engaged in putting their prisoners to the sword, to preclude them from any trouble of guarding them. This shocking circumstance is mentioned by Fordun, and sanctioned by Buchanan, who states that while the Scots were engaged with the third division of the English in this third battle, and were in "great terror, for many being wounded, and the greater part fatigued by the toils of the double fight, they saw themselves threatened with imminent danger in the combat, and certain destruction if they fled; at length, by order of the commanders, the *prisoners were slain*, lest, while all were engaged with the army, they should rise in their rear, and the servants being armed with the spoils of the slain, exhibited the show of a larger army to the enemy." This third battle is, however, controverted by the English historians. They assert that Sir Robert Neville and his men remained behind to *hear mass*, and that when they came up they repulsed the Scots in a great measure, and recovered many of the prisoners. It is added, in the true spirit of monkish craft—that "of all



those who stayed behind to hear mass, no one was either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner." This pretended miracle concerning Neville and his attendants proves that the loss of the English was very great. Lord Hailes says—"The truth of the story as to the miracle I take to be this. Neville, not suspecting the approach of an enemy, had remained in his quarters performing the devotions of the day, it being the first Sunday in Lent. Before he came up, the English had been totally routed and dispersed. Neville found some Scottish stragglers in the field, occupied probably in stripping the dead. He dispersed them, and retook some prisoners. All this, as well might have happened, was achieved without loss."

Sir James Balfour states that the English left twelve thousand men dead upon the field, and that the pursuit was continued as far as Biggar, during which many of the English were slain. Sir John Cumine, or Comyn, is the same who was within three years afterwards stabbed by Robert Bruce in the church of a monastery at Dumfries. This competitor of Bruce's crown, and mortal enemy of Bruce himself, is commonly called the Red Cumine. According to the traditional account, Bruce made this proposal to Cumine—"Support my title to the crown, and I will give you my estate; or give me your estate, and I will support yours." To the former Cumine agreed. The conditions were signed and sealed by both parties, and a mutual oath of secrecy was taken, but Cumine thought proper to violate it, and he revealed the whole matter to Edward I. Bruce was then at the English court, and the letters of his accuser were shown to him by the King. Bruce, if he did not allay the suspicions of Edward, found means to soothe him by mild and judicious answers. But the King secretly resolved to draw all the brothers of Bruce within his power, and cut off the whole family at one blow. The Earl of Gloucester discovered the danger of the Scottish hero, and sent a mes-

senger to him with some money and a pair of spurs, as if he was returning what he had borrowed. Bruce understood that this was a warning to save himself by flight, and he instantly set out for Scotland accompanied by two attendants. As much snow had fallen during the night, it being about the beginning of February 1305-6, he ordered a farrier to invert the shoes of his horses, lest he might be traced. When approaching the Western Marches of Scotland he observed a passenger on foot, whose behaviour excited his suspicions. This man was ordered to be seized, and he acknowledged himself to be the bearer of letters from Cumine to Edward, urging the death or immediate imprisonment of Bruce. Acting on the principle too common in those unscrupulous times, that *dead men tell no tales*, Bruce beheaded the messenger, and pushed forward to his castle of Lochmaben, where he arrived on the seventh day after his departure from London. Repairing to Dumfries, where the Red Cumine then resided, he requested an interview with his rival. They met in the church of a monastery before the great altar, the site of which is doubtfully ascertained, as scarcely a vestige exists of the buildings in which the assassination took place; but the spot generally pointed out by the local antiquaries is the site of an *outside stair*, in a recess at the south end of a small street called the Grey Friars' Lane, in the north-west quarter of the town. Bruce indignantly reproached Cumine for his treachery. "You lie!" exclaimed Cumine, and Bruce instantly stabbed him. Hastening out of the church, and leaving Cumine weltering in his blood, he called—"To horse." His attendants, Kilpatrick and Lindsay, perceiving him in extreme agitation, asked him what was the matter. "I doubt," replied Bruce, "I have slain Cumine." "You *doubt*," exclaimed Kilpatrick, "I'll make siccar!" (sure.) Rushing into the church, he fixed his dagger in Cumine's heart. The words—*I make sure*—are still the

motto of his descendants—the Kirkpatricks, Baronets, of Closeburn in Dumfries-shire.

As it respects Sir Simon Fraser, the other commander at Roslin, he disdained to enter into the capitulation with the English King formed by Cumine in 1304, by which the latter saved his own followers at the expense of his country, and he was banished three years from Britain, Ireland, and even from France. He was also fined in three years' rent of his estate. He was in 1306 taken prisoner in a battle fought at Methven in Perthshire against the English by Bruce, in which the latter was defeated, and compelled to take shelter with a few followers in the Western Highlands. In this conflict Bruce was thrice dismounted, and as often rescued and replaced by the gallant Sir Simon Fraser. After he was taken prisoner, he was committed to the custody of Aymer de Valence, who sent him to London, where he was executed under circumstances of great barbarity. His head was exposed on London Bridge, beside that of his friend Sir William Wallace.

There is a tradition that the Esk at Roslin after the battle was coloured several days with blood, and that where the river makes its debouchure into the Frith of Forth at Musselburgh, it had the appearance of a bloody bay. As to Roslin Castle, the residence of the steel-clad barons of the House of St Clair, much less is said of the sieges which it must have sustained than of the hilarities which enlivened its massive walls in former times. Although built on an almost insulated rock in the delightful glen of the river Esk, which is wooded to the water's edge, it is ill chosen for a castle, as it is completely commanded by hills on both sides of the river. Roslin, with its celebrated chapel, and Hawthornden with its caves, distinguished as the retreats of the brave asserters of their country's independence, as well as rendered sacred by the muse of Drummond, are still objects of interest to the admirers of

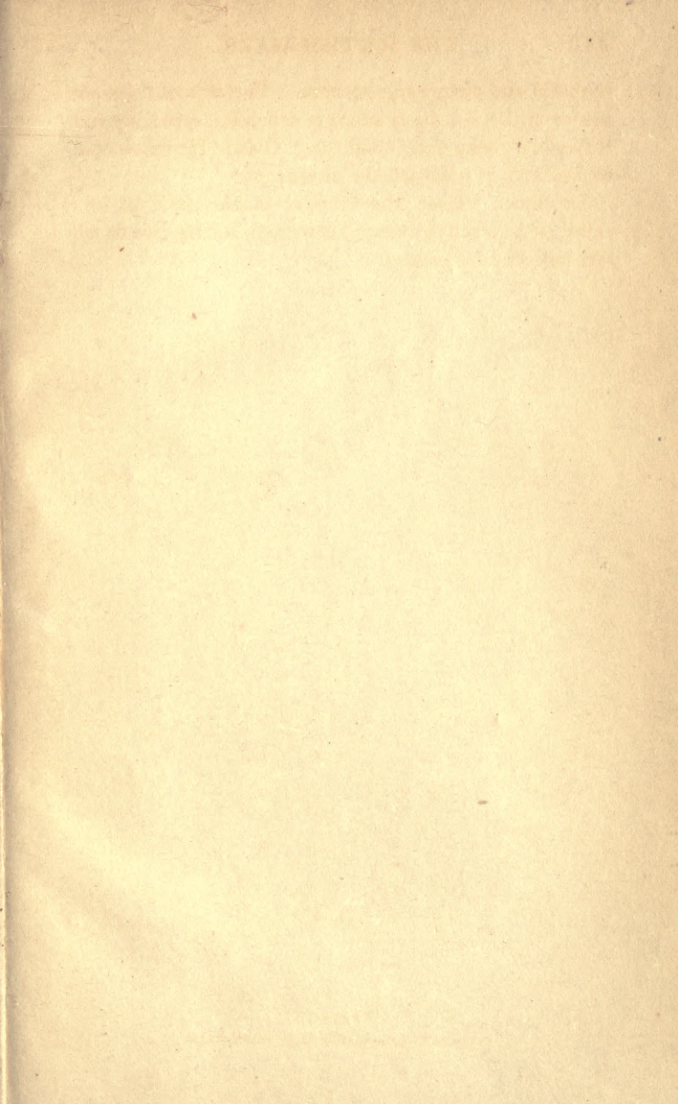
beautiful and picturesque scenery. Throughout the whole course of the Esk every scene is delightful, especially from "Roslin's rocky glen," and the "Classic Hawthornden," to Dalkeith, "which all the virtues love."

Sir Simon Fraser, the "flower of chivalry," as he is called, left no son to avenge his wrongs, and his two daughters inherited his estates.

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